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1886

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ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XIII.

PART II., MAY, 1886, TO OCTOBER, 1886.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XIII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1886, TO OCTOBER, 1886.

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IN SPRING-TIME—WHEN SHAKSPERE WAS A BOY.

(SEE PAGE 400.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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When Shakspere was a Boy

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

ON Henley street, in quiet Stratford town, there stands an old half-timbered house. The panels between the dark beams are of soft-colored yellow plaster. The windows are filled with little diamond panes; and in one of the upper rooms they are guarded with fine wire outside the old glass, which is misty with innumerable names scratched all over it. Poets and princes, wise men and foolish, have scrawled their names after a silly fashion, on windows, wall, and ceiling of that oak-floored room, because, on the 22d of April, 1564, a baby was born there — the son of John and Mary Shakspere. And on the following Wednesday, April 26, the baby was carried down to the old church beside the sleepy Avon and baptized by the name of William.

Little did John Shakspere and the gossips dream, when the baby William's name was duly inscribed in the register-book with its corners and clasps of embossed brass, that he was destined to become England's greatest poet. Little did they dream, honest folk, that the old market town and the house on Henley street and the meadows across the river, covered in that pleasant April month with cowslips and daisies and "lady-smocks all silver-white," would become sacred ground to hundreds of thousands of people from all quarters of the globe, who should come, year by year, on reverent pilgrimage to Shakspere's birthplace.

The baby grew up as most babies do; and when he was two and a half years old, a little brother Gilbert was born. As we walk through the streets to-day, we can fancy the little lads toddling about the town together, while father John was minding his glove and wool trade at the old house. John Shakspere, in those early days, was a well-to-do man. He was a chamberlain of the borough when little Gilbert was born; and in 1568 he was

elected High Bailiff, or Mayor, of Stratford, although he, in common with many of his fellow-burgesses, could not write his own name. He had land, too, at Snitterfield, where his father had lived; and his wife, Mary Arden, was the owner of Ashbies, the farm at Wilmcote, hard by.

Guild Chapel next door. And this was surely in the poet's mind when, in later years, he talked of a "pedant who keeps a school i' the church."

All boys learned their Latin then from two well-known books — the "Accidence" and the "Sententiæ Pueriles." And that William was no exception to

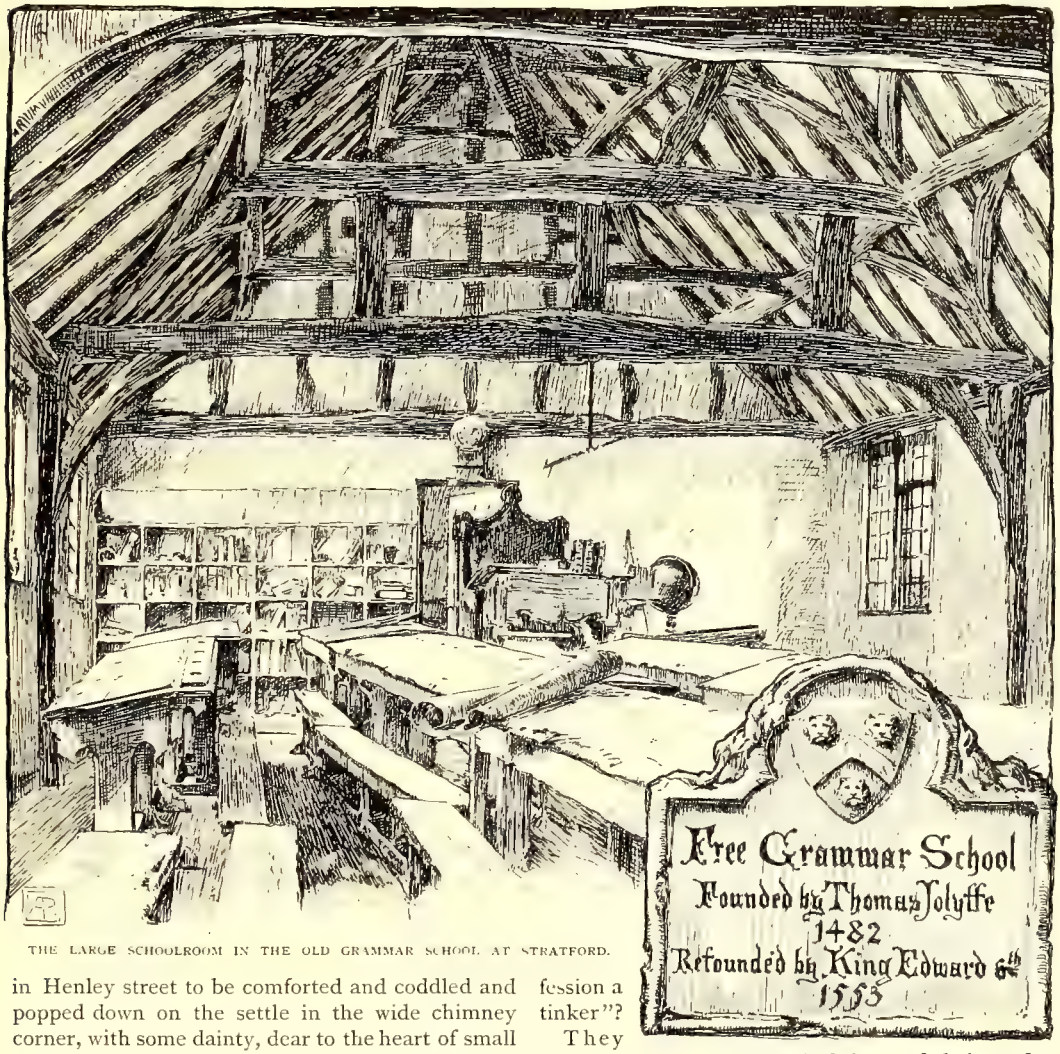


MARY ARDEN'S HOUSE AT WILMCOTE.

But, though the parents were illiterate, they knew the value of a good education. The Free Grammar School had been refounded a few years before by Edward VI. And although there is no actual record of his school days, we may take it as certain that little Will Shakspere was sent to the Free School when about seven years old, as we know his brother Gilbert was, a little later. The old Grammar School still stands; and boys still learn their lessons in the self-same room with the high pitched roof and oaken beams, where little Will Shakspere studied his "A, B, C-book," and got his earliest notions of Latin. But during part of Shakspere's school days the schoolroom was under repair; and boys and master — Walter Roche by name — migrated for a while to the

the rule we may see by translations from the latter in several of his plays, and by an account, in one of his plays, of Master Page's examination in the "Accidence." An old desk which came from the Grammar School and stood there in Shakspere's time is shown at the birthplace. And when we look at it we wonder what sort of a boy little William was — whether his future greatness made a mark in any way during his school days; whether that conical forehead of his stood him in good stead as he learned his Latin Grammar; whether he was quiet and studious, or merry and mischievous; whether he hid dormice and apples and birds' eggs in his desk, and peeped at them during school hours; whether he got into scrapes and was whipped. Just think of

Shakspere getting a whipping! No doubt he often did. Masters in those days were not greater, but rather less, respecters of persons than they are now, and they believed very firmly in the adage which is going out of fashion, that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. So we may think of little Will Shakspere coming out of the Grammar School and passing the old Guild Chapel and the Falcon Inn with two little red fists crammed into two little red and streaming eyes, and going home to mother Mary in Henley street to be comforted and coddled and popped down on the settle in the wide chimney corner, with some dainty, dear to the heart of small boys who got into trouble three hundred years ago just as they do now. Let us hope his cake was not like one he describes as "dough on both sides."

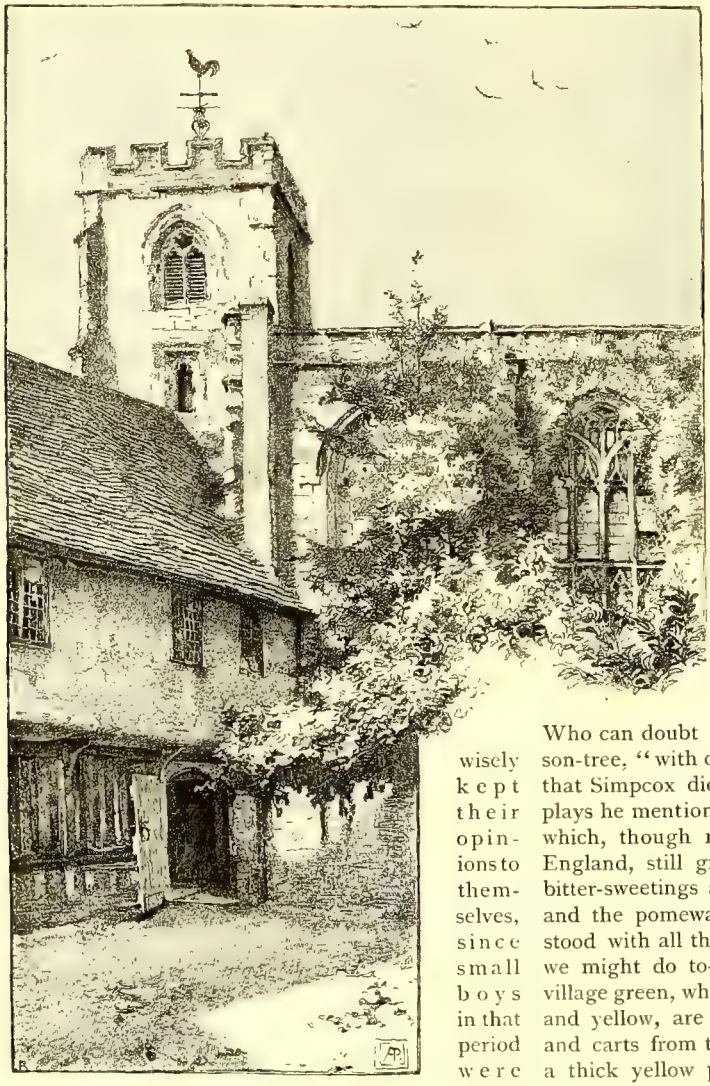


THE LARGE SCHOOLROOM IN THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT STRATFORD.

But I fancy that lessons bore a very small part in Will Shakspere's education. He certainly never knew much Latin; but he knew all about country things as only a country-bred boy can know about them. He and Gilbert must have run many a time to Ashbies, their mother's farm at Wilmcote, and watched the oxen plowing in the heavy clay fields; and cried, perhaps, as children do now "as the butcher takes away the calf"; and played with the shepherd's "bob-tailed cur"; and gossiped with Christopher Sly, who could tell them all manner of wonderful tales, for had he not been peddler, card-maker, bear-herd, "and now by present profession a tinker"?

They must have listened to their father and their uncle Henry up at the big farm close to Snitterfield church (where Henry Shakspere lived) as the two men discussed the price of a yoke of oxen at Stratford or Warwick fair, or debated whether they should "sow the head-land with wheat,—

with red wheat, Davy,"* or grumbled over the "smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons," or told the latest turn in the quarrel between "William Visor of Woncot" and "Clement Perkes of the Hill." Very likely the little hazel-eyed boys took William Visor's part, though they wisely kept their opinions to themselves, since small boys in that period were not allowed the liberty of speech they enjoy in these degenerate times. William Visor was a neighbor of the Ardens, and possibly a friend of "Marian Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wincot"; for Wincot, Woncot, and Wilmcote are all the same place. Or perhaps the young lads sided with Clement Perkes; for the Hill where he lived at Weston was known as Cherry Orchard Farm, a name full of tempting suggestions to little boys. And we know that Shakspere, like many less wise people, was fond of "ripe red cherries." He mentions them again and again. He and Gilbert, and their little friends the Sadlers and Harts and Halls, must have played bob-cherry, as we do now,—drawing up the stem of the cherry with our tongues, and, with a sudden snap, getting the round, ripe fruit between our lips,—and then have used the stones for "cherry-pit"—a child's game that is frequently mentioned by Shakspere and other old writers, which consisted in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole.



THE SCHOOL AND GUILD CHAPEL.

Stratford lies just at the beginning of the fruit-growing country, which stretches right down the Vale of Evesham to Worcester and the Severn; and little Will Shakspere was well versed in the merits of all kinds of fruits. There were the plum-trees, that make you think in the spring-time that a snow-shower has fallen upon a sunny day all over the Stratford district; while in the autumn the branches are laden with "the mellow plum." Who can doubt that little Will climbed the damson-tree, "with danger of my life," as he said later that Simpcox did at his wife's bidding?† In the plays he mentions apples of many sorts—some of which, though rare or extinct in other parts of England, still grow about his native place—the bitter-sweetings and leather-coats, the apple-johns and the pomewaters. Many a time he must have stood with all the boys of the place watching, as we might do to-day, the cider-making on some village green, when the heaps of apples, red, green, and yellow, are brought in barrows and baskets and carts from the orchards, and ground up into a thick yellow pulp in the crushing-mill turned by a horse, and that pulp is put into presses from which the clear juice runs into tubs, while the dry cakes of pulp are carted away to fatten the pigs.

There were grapes, too, growing plentifully in Warwickshire in his day; and "apricocks," "ripe figs, and mulberries," like those with which the fairies were told to feed Bottom the weaver. Blackberries and the handsome purple dewberries grew

* 2d Henry IV., Act 5, Scene 1

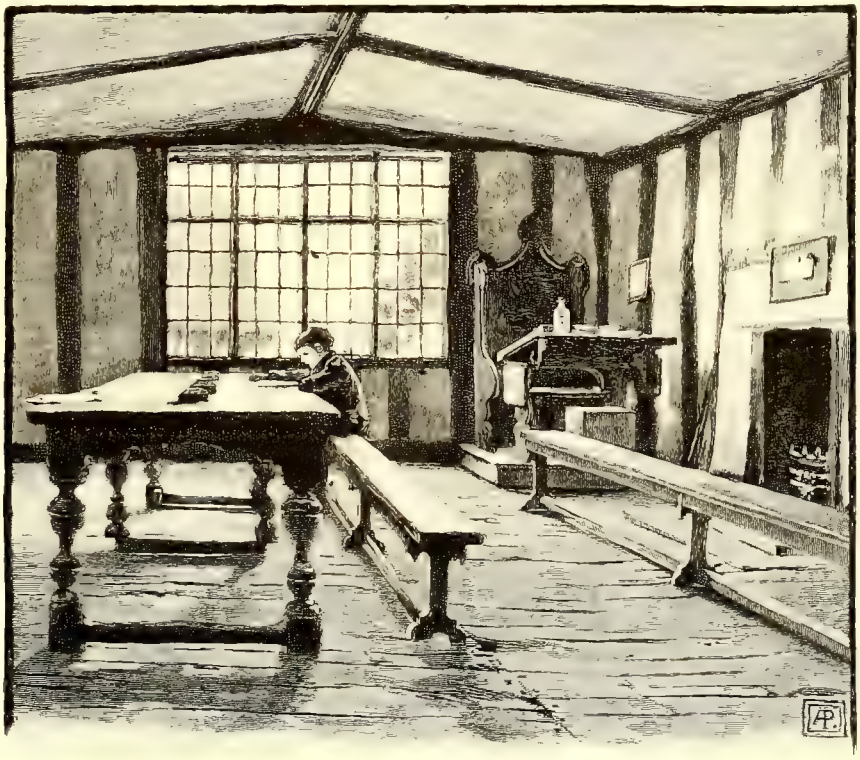
† 2d Henry VI., Act 2, Scene 1.

then as now, by the hedges in the orchards and in the shade of the Weir-brake just below Stratford mill, where, so says tradition, the scene of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was laid. In the Weir-brake, too, and in all the woods about their home, the Shakspere boys must have gone nutting — that most delightful harvest of the year, when you bend down "the hazel twig," so "straight and slender," and fill baskets and pockets with the sweet nuts in their rough, green husks, and crack them all the way home like so many happy squirrels.

All the hedge-rows were full then, as they are to this day, of wild pear-trees, wild apples, and "crabs," as crab-apples are called in England. Roasted "crabs" served with hot ale were a favorite Christmas dish in Shakspere's time. And I doubt not that the boys rejoiced at the house in Henley street as the time of year came round "when roasted crabs hiss in the bowl."

How snug the "house-place" in the old home must have looked with its roaring fire of logs, on winter evenings, when the two little boys of nine and seven, and Joan and Anne, the little sisters, huddled up in the chimney-corner with baby Richard in his cradle, while the mother prepared hot ale and "roasted crabs" for her gossips. Will, I warrant, as with twinkling eyes he watched Mrs. Hart or Mrs. Sadler or Mrs. Hathaway, from Shottery, thought that it was Puck himself, the very spirit of mischief, who had got into the bowl "in very likeness of a roasted crab."

It must have been a recollection of those winter evenings that made little Will, in later years, write his delightful "Winter Song":



THE GUILD COUNCIL-ROOM — NOW THE HEAD-MASTER'S CLASS-ROOM.

"When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

"When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

Among the gossips there would be much talk of wonders, appearances, mysterious occurrences,

and charms; and the children listened with all their ears, you may be sure. Perhaps one of Mistress Shakspere's friends possessed the power that some people in Warwickshire still are said to possess, of charming away warts by a touch and some murmured incantation; or curing toothache and all other aches and pains. There are plenty of people now who, after your second cup of tea is finished, will take the cup, twist the grounds around three times, turn it mouth downward in the saucer, and then, by looking at the tea-leaves which still stick to the bottom of the cup, will undertake to tell you what is going to happen — of presents you will receive, or people who are coming to see you. And many Warwickshire women still believe firmly that whooping-cough can be charmed away by the patient walking nine times over running water.

The boys' games of those days were much the same as they are to-day. Each game then, as now, had its regular season in the year. In the season for marbles, no one would dream of playing anything else. "Knuckle-hole" is still the favorite game in Warwickshire. The standing-up game, pitching the taw from a mark scraped across the ground, is, I am told by competent authorities, rather going out of fashion; but it is still played. The marble season lasts through the late winter, much to the distraction of mothers, who have to clean and mend their sons' nether garments, which are worn with kneeling and plastered with mud at that time of year. Then comes the spinning-top, whip-top, and peg-top time. Later again there is tip-cat for the boys, and hop-scotch for the girls.

On the corn-bins in the Warwickshire ale-house stables we can still find the lines rudely cut for "nine men's morris." This, in Shakspere's day, was a favorite game, and one much in vogue among the shepherd boys in the summer, who cut a "board" in the short turf and whiled away the long hours by playing it. Little Will must often have gone to watch his father play "shovel-board" at the Falcon tavern, in Stratford, on the board upon which tradition says he himself played, in later life. And at home, he and his brother must have played "push-pin," an old game which is still played in remote parts of the country. Two pins are laid on the table; the players in turn jerk them with their fingers, and he who throws one pin across the other is allowed to take one of them, while those who do not succeed have to give a pin. This is the game Shakspere alludes to in "Love's Labour 's Lost," when he says, "And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys."

Little Will knew a great deal about sport. All his allusions to sporting or woodcraft are those of a man who had been familiar with such things from his childhood. He and Gilbert must have set plenty of "springes, to catch woodcocks," and dug out the "earthconies" that delving in the commonland of Welcombe, swarmed those dingles that in later years he fought so hard to preserve from inclosure.

They must have fished many a time, as the Stratford boys do to this day, in the slow waters of the Avon, sitting quietly intent for hours upon the steep clay bank

"THE HEDGE-ROWS WERE FULL, AS THEY ARE TO THIS DAY, OF WILD APPLES, WILD PEARS, AND 'CRABS.'"



BOYS FISHING IN THE AVON — OPPOSITE THE WEIR-BRAKE.

> "to see the fish
> Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
> And greedily devour the treacherous bait."*

Then who can doubt that he often watched the hunting of the hare? Each line in his wonderful description of the hunted hare is written by a thorough sportsman and a keen observer of nature. How the purblind hare runs among a flock of sheep or into a rabbit-warren, or "sorteth with a herd of deer" to throw out "the hot scent-snuffing hounds." How they pause silent till they have worked "with much ado the cold fault cleanly out," and then burst into music again.

Of deer, Shakspere knew much — too much for his own comfort. In his childhood, there were herds at Fulbrooke,—and when he was older, at Charlecote, at Grove Park, and at Warwick. And probably there were a few roe in the wilder parts of the Forest of Arden, which came down within three miles of Stratford, and covered the whole of

* "Much Ado about Nothing," Act 3, Sc. 1.

the country north of the Avon, out to Nuneaton and Birmingham. We can fancy how the boys stole out to watch the Grevilles and Leycesters and Lucys and Verneys on some great hunting party, and whispered to each other,

> "Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves,
> For through this lawnd anon the deer will come."

But the time of all others in the year that we connect most closely with Shakspere is the sweet springtime, when the long cold winter — very long and very cold among those undrained clay-lands of Warwickshire — had come to an end. How closely little Will watched for

> "daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty";

and for

> "violets, cowslips, and pale primroses."

We can fancy the little boys hunting in some sheltered nook in the Welcombe woods for the first primroses; and climbing up Borden Hill just beyond Shottery, perhaps with Anne Hathaway from the pretty old house in the orchards below, to the bank — the only one in the neighborhood, —

> "where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows";

or wandering over the flat sunny meadows along the Avon valley, picking cowslips, and looking into each tiny yellow bell for the spots in their gold coats, —

> "Those be rubies, fairy favors,
> In those freckles live their savors," —

as they brought home baskets of the flower-heads for their mother to make into cowslip wine.

Spring, in this Stratford country, is exquisite. The woods are carpeted with primroses and wild hyacinths; while in the "merry month of May" the nightingale swarms among the hawthorn trees white with blossom.

On every village green there stood a painted May pole — one is still standing at Weston, near Stratford; and May-Day is still kept in Warwickshire with a "May feast" upon old May-Day, the 12th of May. Every one knows how the prettiest girl in the village was chosen Queen o' the May, and how all joined in the "Whitsun Morris-dance."

Long Marston, — "Dancing Marston," as it has been called ever since Shakspere's time, — a few miles from Stratford, was famous till within the memory of man for a troop of Morris-dancers, who went about from village to village, strangely dressed, to dance at all the feasts. Shakspere probably had the Marston dancers in his mind when he wrote of the "three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds," that made themselves all "men of hair," and called themselves "Saltiers," at the sheep-shearing feast which pretty Perdita presided over, in "The Winter's Tale." The sheep-shearing feast, which came when roses were out on the hedges and in the gardens, must have been a merry and important time for the Shakspere boys. John Shakspere was, of course, specially interested in the price of a



A BUNCH OF COWSLIPS.

tod of wool, for wool-stapling was part of his trade. Perhaps William himself was sent by his mother to buy the groceries for the feast, and stood conning the list as he makes the clown do, in "The Winter's Tale."

In the spring-time, too, came the peddler with all his wonders and treasures:

> "Lawn as white as driven snow;
> Cypress black as e'er was crow;
> Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
> Masks for faces and for noses."

Those last must have pleased the little boys more than all the rest of the peddler's goods. And perhaps it was from this very peddler that Will Shakspere bought the pair of gloves which, after the fashion of the day, he gave to Anne Hathaway at their betrothal.

But the great event of the year in the quiet country town was Stratford "Mop" or statute fair, on the 12th of October. The market-place was filled, as it is to this day, with clowns and mountebanks, wrestlers, and rope-dancers at their "rope-tricks." Oxen and sheep were roasted whole. A roaring trade was driven by quack doctors and dentists. All the servants in the country came and stood around to be hired, as the farm-hands and the maids for the farm-houses still do — the carters with a bit of whipcord in their hats; the shepherds with a lock of wool; the laborers with a straw. And next day, we need not doubt, there were many candidates for the town stocks, as there are now for the police court. There were bear-baitings, too, and bull-baitings — those cruel sports which have only been abolished in Warwickshire within the last hundred years. But in Shakspere's day bear-baiting was a popular and refined amusement. During Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, in 1575, there was a great bear-baiting in her honor, of which a curious and most sickening account still exists. And when Shakspere went to London his lodgings were close to the bear-garden, or "Bear's College," at Southwark, whither all London flocked to see the poor beasts tormented and tortured.

There was, however, one amusement which, from his earliest years, must have delighted little Will Shakspere above all others — I mean a visit from the players. That he inherited his love for the drama from his father is more than probable; for it was during the year of John Shakspere's High Bailiffship that plays are first mentioned in the records at Stratford. According to the custom of the day, when the players belonging to some great nobleman came to a town, they reported themselves to the mayor to get a license for playing. If the mayor liked them, or wished to show respect to their master, he would appoint them to play their first play before himself and the Council. This was called the Mayor's Play, every one coming in free, and the mayor giving the players a reward in money. Between the autumns of 1568 and 1569,

> "The Queen's and the Earl of Worcester's players visited the town and gave representations before the Council, the former company receiving nine shillings and the latter twelve pence for their first performances."

And there is little reason to doubt that our little Will, then between five and six years old, was taken to see them by his father, the mayor, as a little boy named Willis was taken at Gloucester that same year, being exactly William Shakspere's age; and, standing between his father's knees, Master Will probably there got his first experience of the art in which he was to become the master for all ages. We wonder what that first play was — some quaint, rude drama probably, such as the one little Willis saw at Gloucester, with plenty of princes and fair ladies, and demons with painted masks, and the "Herod" in red gloves, of the "Coventry Mystery" players.

Not only in Stratford, but in most of the towns roundabout, there are various records of players giving performances. When little Will was eleven years old, Queen Elizabeth came on her celebrated visit, in 1575, to Lord Leycester at Kenilworth; and as all the country flocked to see the great show, it is probable that the boy and his father were among the crowds of spectators and saw some of the plays given in the Queen's honor.

A year or two later, troubles began to multiply at the house in Henley street. John Shakspere got into debt. The farm at Ashbies was mortgaged. His daughter Anne died in 1579; and two years before her death, young William, then thirteen, was taken from school and apprenticed — some accounts say to a butcher — or, as seems more probable, to his own father, to help him in his failing wool-trade.

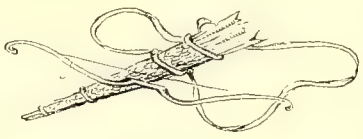
For the next five years nothing is known about Will Shakspere. Then we find him courting Anne Hathaway in the pretty old brick and timbered cottage at Shottery, its garden all full of roses and rosemary, "carnations and striped gillyvors." A year or two later, he is stealing one of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, — writing a lampoon on the worthy justice, — and flying to London from his wrath, to hold horses at the door of the Globe Theater before he joined the Lord Chamberlain's players, and became known to all posterity as Mr. William Shakspere, Writer of Plays.


May Song
Laura E. Richards
Is there anything new to sing about you,
May—my dear?
Any unhackneyed thing about you,
Pray, my dear?
Anything that has not been sung
Long ago when the world was young,
By silver throat and golden tongue?
Say, my dear!

So many have said that your eyes are blue,
May, my dear;
It must be a tiresome fact, though true,
May, my dear.
And if I, for one, my gracious Queen,
Should boldly assert that your eyes were green,
I would be a relief to you, I ween,
Eh, my dear?

We know at the touch of your garments fold,
May, my dear,
The daisies come starring with white and gold
The way, my dear.
We know that the painted blossoms all
Come starting up at your gentle call,
By dale and meadow and garden-wall,
May, my dear.

We know that your birds have the sweetest tune,
May, my dear;
And lovers love best beneath your moon,
They say, my dear.
And I might add that your perfumed kiss
Is considered productive of highest bliss;
But you must be so tired of hearing this!
Eh, my dear?



No, I really don't think there's anything fresh
Or new, my dear.
For the world is small, and available rhymes
Are few, my dear.
So if I say naught about vernal bowers,
And forbear to mention the sunlit showers,
I think I shall make the best use of my powers.
Don't you, my dear?

And yet I cannot help loving you so,
May, my dear,
That the old words, whether I will or no,
I say, my dear,
And how you are fair, and how you are sweet
My loving lips forever repeat,—
And is that the reason you pass so fleet?
Ah! stay, my dear!



THE GIRLS' TRICYCLE CLUB AND ITS RUN DOWN THE CAPE.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

TRICYCLES had become an every-day affair in Sherridoc, and since the formation of the Girls' Club, lady tricyclers were not an extraordinary sight. So Charlotte, or "Charley" Van Rensselaer, as she was called, and her brother Starrett excited but little comment as they wheeled swiftly down Haymarket street, moving noiselessly and easily through the throng of carriages and other vehicles, until, as the houses grew less frequent and the pavements stopped altogether, they rolled through the suburbs of the town and so into the open country, without stay or pause.

For they were making time. The club itself, thanks to the failure of the express company to deliver Charley's new "Columbia" when promised, had several hours' start on the road; and Starrett, like the obliging brother that he was, had remained behind in order that Charlotte need not ride alone nor the club be longer delayed by waiting for her.

Charley Van Rensselaer, her cousin Cornelia, or "Corny" Hadwin, and their warm friends Mattie Hyde and Arno Cummings, were four bright and active young girls of from thirteen to sixteen, who composed the Girls' Tricycle Club. Little by little they had won first the interest and then the consent of their somewhat conservative parents to this novel but exhilarating exercise, and having now become expert riders, they were off for a long run of eighty miles down Cape Cod from Sherridoc City to Curtin Harbor, where their parents had summer cottages. Faithful and clever Joe Marston, Mr. Van Rensselaer's colored servant, and an expert tricycler, had gone ahead with the club as guide and commissary-general, and Starrett Van Rensselaer, Charley's younger brother, was invited to accompany them as an escort, on the odd-looking "Royal Mail" he had borrowed for the trip,—bicycles not being allowed.

And now the door-yards broaden out and the houses become still more rambling. There are wide-spreading orchard boughs, and cool woody spaces here and there between the farms. Now a youngster scampers into the house shrieking, "Ma, Ma! Oh, come here, Ma! Here 's a girl a-ridin' three wheels at once!" and Charley, looking back, perceives the urchin's sisters and cousins and aunts peering at her from the door. Starrett too looks back, and laughs.

"You 'll have to get used to that," he says.

"I expect to," responds Charley serenely; "but you must remember that four of these things have gone on before us on this same road and they must have taken off a little of the novelty."

Over the brow of Haymarket Hill they go, and the long steep sweep into the valley of the Owassee lies before them. Charley, with her feet on the "rest," commences to descend. An amazed cow grazing by the roadside makes a charge on the singular vehicle, but the girl never flinches, and with one hand on the steering-bar and the other on the brake she avoids every stone, every rut, every gully in the road. The irate cow, after nearly plunging on its nose down the first steep incline, pauses to recover its senses and then returns slowly up the hill. Starrett waves it a laughing adieu. "Sensible bovine that," he says; "she knows that a stern chase is a long chase."

"My, though!" exclaims delighted Charley, "we 're just flying, Starrett! Are n't we?"

They are indeed. The bushes whiz past,—the wind sweeps their faces,—trees, stones, fences flit by like phantoms. Charley feels like a bird on the wing. Such exhilaration is there in a good tricycle "coast" downhill!

But it is not all such pleasure; for, a few miles farther on, they become acquainted with the other side of the story, as they go toiling up the long ascent of Comstock Hill, a sandy and winding incline that leads to the highlands of Fisherville.

"If it were n't for the sand," said Charley as she pushes her tricycle before her, "I would test the new 'power-gear' on my 'Columbia' by riding up Comstock Hill. But, dear me, I believe there are not three yards of solid earth on this road!"

"Never mind, we 're more than half-way up," said Starrett, consolingly.

"Do you suppose it 's sandy like this near Curtin Harbor?" inquired Charley.

"I have n't the least idea," Starrett replied. "If it is, we can branch off and take the cars at Minot Station."

"The cars? Why, Starrett Van Rensselaer!" exclaims Charley. "Why, I would n't take the cars—not for anything—unless—well, unless I were fairly driven to it."

And now they both draw a long breath, for the crest of Comstock Hill is won.

"Look behind you, Starrett," says Charley. "Did you ever see a prettier picture?"

Starrett acknowledges he never did. The low-

lying valley is green and fair. The Owassee stretches like a silver ribbon across the picture, and there is not a human being in sight save these two tricyclers who take all this summer beauty into their impressible young hearts.

On they go, through Fisherville and into the open country again. Truly no grass grows underneath those flashing wheels. The new "Columbia" has the oil well worked in by this time, and the "Royal Mail," with its queer one-sided "steerer," seems undisturbed by any ordinary roads. The freshening wind is behind them; the blue sky, cloud-flecked, above; and all around, bird-song and the rustle of blowing grass and bending boughs.

"This is grand, Charley!" cries Starrett; "so much better than horseback riding — and I've tried both."

"You don't tire yourself much more, and you 're sure your horse won't run away with you," Charley assents, whizzing along beside him. "I feel strong enough for a good long run yet, and we ought to catch up with them easily, before long."

The winding, woody road brings them suddenly to a hill-top. To the right, below, lies a wide expanse of velvety marsh meadow, with its vivid and variegated tints of green, olive, and reddish-brown, and occasional intersections of tottering, moss-grown fence; there is a starry glimmer as of lilies in the frequent pools that give back the glory of the sun. To the left are seen the dark, still reaches of a lake that winds in and out in the cool shadow of high woody banks. An old ice-house stands lonesome and gray on its margin.

The brother and sister halt on the brow of the hill, to enjoy a view that may be one of the memories of a lifetime; then the wheels roll slowly toward the descent. The slope is steep and winding; they do not "coast" with feet on the rest above the steering-wheel. It is not desirable to capsize or collide with any up-coming vehicle. So they glide warily on, with hands on the brakes, until the bottom is reached. But here a crazy guide-post at a fork in the road misleads them by pointing in the wrong direction for the Wareham road. But by great good luck, they strike a shady wood track, full two miles long, which cuts off five miles from the road they should have traveled, and which, so Starrett says when he recognizes it, will bring them just so much nearer the club. Dismounting at last, a pine-covered knoll, with a brook bubbling below, attracts them; and, seated on the brown pine-needles, the brother and sister talk over their adventures, and wonder how far ahead the others may be. Suddenly Starrett, who faces the road, drops his hands to his side with an exclamation of surprise.

"What now?" says Charley, looking quickly around. A glance makes her a partner in Starrett's astonishment; for, over the main road they have just now regained, come one, two, three, four tricycles, their glittering spokes flashing in the sun. They see Joe Marston's dusky face and stalwart figure, and behind him they catch the flutter of garnet and blue — the colors of the club. Occasionally a head in the procession turns to look expectantly behind.

Starrett and Charley keep close in the shade of the pines, restraining a laugh with difficulty.

"Here is a good place to stop, Joe," cries Cornelia Hadwin. "It 's cool and shady, and we can see the road. I think they should have caught up with us by this time. Can anything have happened, — do you suppose?"

"Dunno, miss," answers Joe with a grave face. But as he dismounts to wheel his machine up the knoll, he stops short with a sudden smoothing out of all the perplexed lines from his dark brow. "Hi, dar!" he exclaims. "Look-a yer, Miss Corney!"

Cornelia does look, and so do all the rest. There is a perfect chorus of shrieks and laughter, a babel of voices, a torrent of questions.

"Oh, we travel, I assure you!" says Starrett. "We took a flying leap and came in ahead of you."

"How did it happen? When did you pass us?" These and countless other questions follow. Then all is explained, and at five o'clock the merry six are on the road again, rolling along in lively style.

So, in single file, with Joe in advance, and Starrett bringing up the rear, the club rides through the main street of Wareham, down the long slant to the bridge over the Wareham river. The evening mist hangs low along the stream; the bridge seems to stretch across the rushing tide and end abruptly in mid-air. The soft, grayish opaque cloud hides the farther shore from sight.

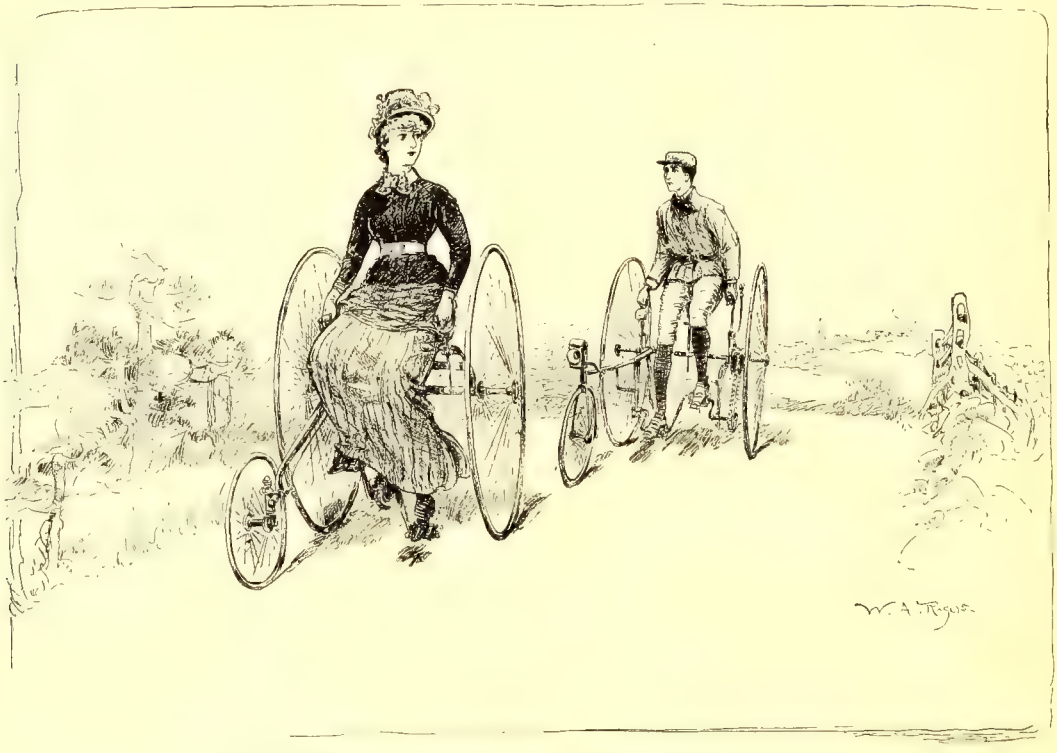
There are heads at doors and windows, and people on the street stop to gaze. At first the girls feel a little abashed at so much attention. But nobody is discourteous; Joe rides steadily on, and there is nothing to do but to follow.

"I suppose we do look queer to them," says Mattie Hyde.

"Oh, well, you are missionaries, you know," says Starrett assuringly. "Perhaps your club may be the means of introducing tricycles into many of the places we shall pass through."

"That 's one of our objects, of course," observes Charley.

"If girls and women knew what comfort one can take with a tricycle, half the battle would be won," says Arno Cummings timidly.



"THE BUSHES WHIZ PAST,— TREES, STONES, FENCES FLIT BY LIKE PHANTOMS."

"It is n't altogether that, Arno," says Charley, who, as the originator of the club, has her advanced theories to support. "A good many would like to, but don't really dare. You know that Shakspere says 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all.' I think that custom makes us cowards, too."

"Custom will be on our side, though, by and by," declares Mattie Hyde. "Doctor Sawyer told Mamma the other day that he would prescribe the tricycle rather than medicine for many of his patients. He said that the machines are much used in England, and that they are gaining ground in this country, though not so rapidly as he could wish."

But even this knowledge of the healthfulness and desirability of the tricycle does not make a hard piece of road any easier. After a night's rest at the hospitable house of an aunt of Mattie Hyde's, the club find themselves, next day, among the "Sandwiches," as Starrett facetiously dubs the town of that name which is divided into North, East, South, and West Sandwich. And there they come upon a wooded tract that sorely taxes their endurance and presents the most formidable obstacle they have yet encountered. The sand is impassable; it closes completely over the wheel-tires, and, after a short space of arduous labor, the club come to a dismayed standstill.

"What on earth are we to do?" queries Corny Hadwin in despair.

No one answers her. The boughs wave softly overhead; the small cloud of dust their efforts have raised floats slowly away and settles on the scant herbage underneath the pines. Near at hand sounds the shriek of the "up" train. They are not far from the railroad.

"Shall we give it up and take to the train?" Starrett asks, as they catch the sound of the locomotive.

"Dear me, we must n't do that!" exclaims Charley. "Let 's dismount and push the machines a little way. Perhaps the wheeling is better just ahead."

But it is not. The ruts are strewn with straw, shavings, and chips; everything indicates that the woods are extensive, and that others before them have found the sand a tribulation.

"Oh, this is the worst of all!" groans Corny.

"But we 'll not give up, nevertheless," declares little Arno Cummings, developing unexpected grit in the emergency. "I should n't like to tell them

at Curtin Harbor that we had to take to the cars to get around a difficulty."

Joe mops the perspiration from his dusky brow, and then stops to listen. A creak, a rumble, and a tramp, tramp are heard behind them. "Dar 's sumfin a-comin'!" says Joe.

The "sumfin" soon appears in sight,—a big, empty, four-horse wagon, making its unwieldy way in their direction. The same idea occurs to everybody at once.

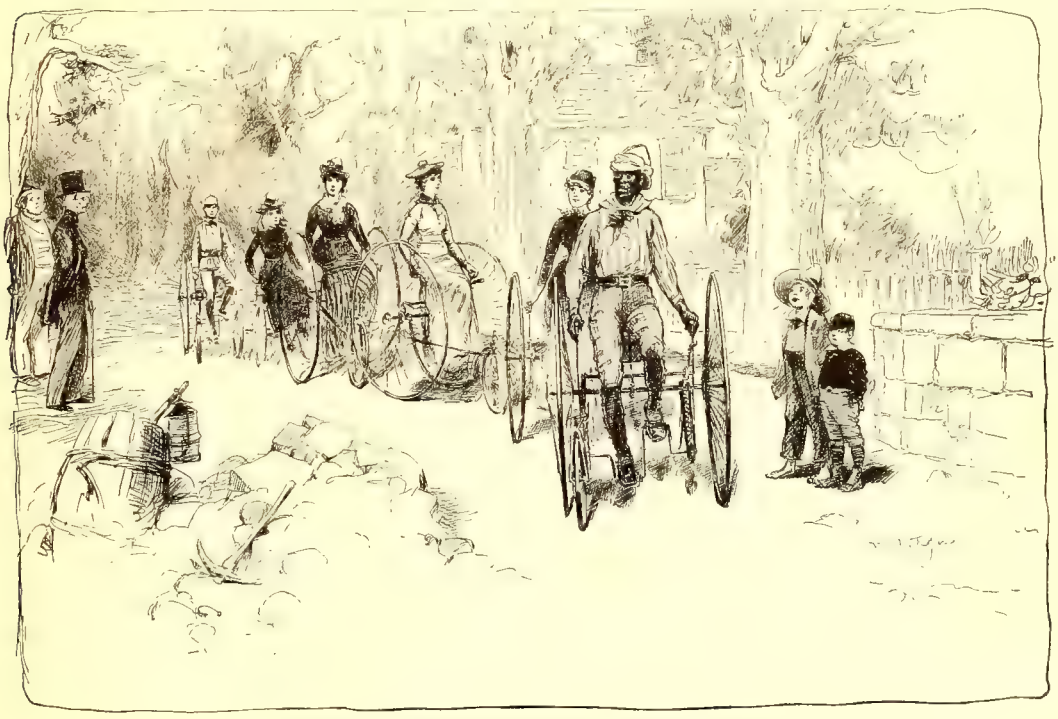
"There! He 'll carry us!"

Carry them! Of course he will—for a consideration. And almost before the driver has recovered from his evident astonishment at this vision of six tricycles in the heart of the Sandwich woods, the riders and their machines are safely in the big cart, and on their way through the sandy tract, which, they now learn, is several miles in extent.

It is impossible for the horses to go faster than a walk for the whole distance. The sand is a constant clog, and scarcely a breath of air can penetrate the close piny ranks on either side the narrow road. It is a slow and somewhat crowded ride, but the club tells stories, sings and jokes and answers the curious inquiries of their teamster, to whom a tricycle is a thing unknown till now. But in due time, the young folk have bidden him good day, and are speeding on toward Barnstable. The air grows salty, strong, and bracing.

"It 's like a breath of new life," says Starrett; and soon they are rolling between the long row of grand old trees that line Barnstable's quiet main street. At the hotel they stop for dinner and a noonday rest.

It is four in the afternoon when they remount. The lady boarders, who have taken quite an interest in the young tricyclers, bid them farewell with all manner of good wishes, and one gray-haired society lady remarks, "Those girls are sensible;



WITH JOE IN ADVANCE, THE CLUB RIDES THROUGH WAREHAM.

and their mothers are sensible too. Give young people the delights of nature and the freedom of outdoor sports, and keep them from late parties, and the whirl of folly and fashion. I've seen too many young lives warped and twisted and weakened in the endeavor to 'keep up' in fashionable society. Yes, those girls are sensible."

And, wheeling still, by hill and dale, the "sensible" girls and their escort roll merrily into old Yarmouth, with its broad, shady streets and big, substantial, old-fashioned houses. Quaint and picturesque indeed it is, with quiet nooks and corners, breezy streets, time-stained wharves where lie battered fishing craft and the smarter boats devoted to

the summer visitors who have found out the beauties of the town. Here, too, Arno Cummings has an uncle, a bluff and breezy old sea-captain, who gives the whole party a hearty welcome; and at his house, the club spend two nights and the day between—a day of shade and shine, with the sea wind blowing everywhere. They explore the old town from end to end. They come continually upon pictures,—now a broad grassy lane with its moss-grown fences flanked by rising pastures of brownish grass; now a long slope ending in a rocky outlook over the blue sea; now a brown cottage nestled in among trees and hills. And on the second morning after their arrival, they bid the hospitable Captain Cummings adieu, and pass, single file, over the great drawbridge across the inlet that cuts Yarmouth in two, and so spin along through the succession of little towns which, leaving Yarmouth, almost join together into one. Such are the "Dennises"—divided as usual into North, East, South and West,—and the "Harwiches," where at Harwich proper the tricyclers bid farewell to the railroad which has kept them company at short intervals all the way down.

"Six miles to Curtin Harbor." So says the lazy youth at a cross roads store, and away they spin, while the spires and houses of Harwich disappear behind the trees.

And now how the wind blows! And all around the horizon the sky has that watery appearance that betokens the nearness of the sea. There is a peculiar, bracing freedom in the wild, salt wind; the very sway of the brown grass, the swing of the odorous wild pinks that nod in the corners of old mossy fences have a life and freshness that one misses greatly in tamer, more settled districts. For now they are plunging bravely into the long stretch of sand barrens and pine woods that, with only an occasional house, stretch for many a mile between Harwich and Curtin Harbor.

But here, in the afternoon, a sudden shower overtakes them. They can no longer pick their dainty way by the roadside, but must keep the middle track or run the risk of upsetting. There is scarce a quarter of a mile of level ground to be found. The pine woods close in upon them, and when at the summit of a hill they anxiously look for some other shelter than the thronging pines, they can see nothing but the long, winding, lightish streak of road and the endless outlines of monotonous pine-trees on either side against the dark sky.

"Six miles to Curtin Harbor!" cries Starrett at last. "That boy 's a fraud. I believe it 's sixty."

"Reckon dey 're Cape Cod miles, Mas'r Starrett," says Joe. "Dey say down yer, yo' know, dat one on 'em 's equal to two ob good trav'lin' in any uthah part ob de worl'."

If it were only clear now, coasting merrily down these hills would be royal fun, but in this state of the weather caution is necessary. A halt is called for consultation. The six composedly dismount and sit down on the clumps of "poverty grass," beneath the doubtful shelter of the pines.

"Well, now," asks Starrett, "what are we going to do? I know you girls are tired and drenched; you need n't deny it. And there 's no sign of a house this side of Jericho or Jerusalem."

Suddenly Charley has an idea. "O girls," she says, "let 's camp out, right here! We 're not badly off, for we all have our waterproof cloaks; but you 've all been longing for an adventure, and here 's one for a *finale*. We 'll at least make a tent and have supper. It 'll be just splendid!"

The club vociferously acquiesce. Joe alone, dubious, shakes his head. But he is outvoted and overruled.

A quantity of pine boughs are piled, by Joe and Starrett, tent-fashion, across and around four of the tricycles; a heap of dry leaves, carefully collected, makes a fragrant couch, whereon the young ladies compose themselves, wrapped and snugly covered with shawls and capes from the "luggage-carriers." Lastly Joe spreads the rubber waterproofs securely over the wheels and boughs, and the young campers are completely sheltered.

A rummage in the lunch-boxes and "luggage-carriers" of the six machines brings to light half a dozen soda crackers, two bananas, six pieces of gingerbread, a slice of dry cheese, three apples, and —this is Joe's surprise!—a small can of chicken.

A chorus of delight greets this last discovery, and Joe is at once besieged.

"Now, yo' jes' sot down, ef yo' please, young ladies," says Joe, holding the can above his head. "I 'll 'tend to yo' d'reckly. Yo' jes' gib me de tings and I 'll serve supper in fus'-class style."

When the chicken,—delicately served on the soda crackers,—the apples, bananas, and gingerbread are distributed, and the cheese toasted—in a fashion—at one of the lamps, the merry six leave not a crumb to tell the tale. It is true that a conscious vacancy still exists in the six hungry stomachs—such appetites have these young wheelers; but they are refreshed and no one thinks of complaining.

The merry meal finished, weariness and the patter of rain incline the girls to rest, and soon silence falls upon the camp, broken only by the sighing of the wind among the dark pine boughs, and the occasional chirp of some sleepy bird.

Then Starret, also, wrapped in his waterproof coat, throws himself down to rest beneath the shelter of a friendly pine close by.

Joe, left alone as the sentinel, falls to thinking over the situation, wondering where they are, wh

whether they have missed the right road. He walks about uneasily and then stands looking up and down the stretch of road. The tricycle lamp, which he has lighted to dispel the gloom, casts a yellow gleam over the tent and Starrett's shrouded figure, while beyond and all around are the pines with their swaying branches and the long black vistas between. Joe walks back and forth, in the rain, vainly trying to think in which direction they are to proceed.

He has been wondering thus for perhaps five minutes, when he becomes aware of a pair of fiery eyes watching him from the shadows. Joe starts. He does not know what peculiar class of wild beasts inhabits Cape Cod, but there are the eyes plainly enough. He stops and stands motionless. The eyes move, come boldly forward, and Joe, now doubly astonished, sees full in the glare of the tricycle lamp — a big grayish cat!

And the cat has a nickel-plated collar with a ribbon attached. Joe knows that even on Cape Cod no wild beasts roam about, in summer storms, with nickeled and be-ribboned collars, but what can a cat be doing away in the depths of a pine forest? And then he suddenly concludes that the cat's home can not be far away. The gray cat comes purring about his knees. Joe is fond of cats, so he takes it in his arms and fondles its wet fur, and it proves to be company for him and really helps him to forget the discomfort of the rain.

At about seven o'clock in the evening, however,



"DE YOUNG GEMMAN AN' I MAKE DIS TENT TO KEEP DE YOUNG LADIES DRY."

the rain slackens, the clouds scatter, and rifts of light appear through the trees. And just as Joe is thinking of rousing the club for another "spin," he hears a whistle and a heavy step from across the road. Then an old farmer fellow of about forty-five, in search of a lost cow, comes to an abrupt and amazed halt at confronting among the pines Joe, the gray cat, Starrett's recumbent figure, the tent, and the glimmering tricycle wheels. He stands speechless until Joe's voice breaks the spell.

"Good-ebenin', sar," says Joe. "Can you tell me if dis is de road to Curtin Harbor?"

"Curtin Harbor!" exclaims the farmer, with his eyes still full of mute amazement. "No, it 's not. 'T any rate not the direct one. If you 've come over from Harwich, you 've gone two miles out of yer way. You should have taken the other road, back there by the old schoolhouse."

"Dar 's whar I missed it!" cries Joe, slapping his knee. "I was suah I did sumfin' wrong somewhar, but I could n't locate it, to save me! I 'se much obliged."

"You can cut across to the main road by crossing my field yonder and going up by the house just beyond ——"

"Hi, den dere is a house over yar!" says Joe.

"Why, certainly," says the farmer, "not more than forty rods from here." And when Joe finds how very near he has been to a comfortable farmhouse he says he feels "like kickin' hisself."

"But," says the visitor, still eying the camp. "How did it all happen. Are you traveling on foot?"

"No, sar; on tricycles," explains Joe, proudly; "we are de Girls' Tricycle Club, all de way from Sherridoc, wid Mas'r Starrett an' me along to look arter 'em and see 'em safe down to Curtin Harbor. We los' de track back yondah, an' de young gemman an' I jes' rig up dis tent for to keep the young ladies dry an' gib 'em a chance to rest till de shower was ober."

The farmer's surprise grows to interest.

"And so this is a tricycle," he says. "And did the young ladies ride those things all the way from Sherridoc?"

"All de way, sar," answers Joe, proudly, "'cept when we wus stuck in de Sandywiches and had to be carted froo wid a team."

After the good man's curiosity has been satisfied, and Starrett has summoned the girls to appear, the worthy farmer strolls off after his lost cow, first inviting the club to the farm to another supper. One by one, the girls emerge from their camp, but when they hear how near to a house they have been during the rain, great is the laughter.

"I don't care, though," cries Cornelia Hadwin; "we 've really had a sort of a camping-out time, and I 'm glad of it."

After hearing Joe's report, the club determines to push on at once to Curtin Harbor in the early evening, without accepting the hospitable invitation to supper at the farmhouse.

The two miles to the main road are quickly traversed, and before long the club wheels around a long curve in the road, and the blue expanse of Curtin Harbor lies beneath them. The clouds are gone by this time; the rising moon shoots slantwise through a few thin, dissolving folds, and brings out ripples of gold and silver on the long seas. There seems to be a breeze that stirs the water to darker ruffles beyond the headland, but where the young folk sit on their tricycles, enjoying the beauty of the scene and the salty damp of the evening air, not a blade of the coarse, silvery beach-grass stirs; every spire and blade stands in sheeny silver in the mellow light.

Below the beach-road branches off a long winding descent to the quiet cottages which lie in the evening glow, seemingly fast asleep.

"Now, girls, for a good coast!" cries Starrett. "Here goes!"

And away indeed he goes, over the brow of the hill, rolling swiftly, and removing his feet from the pedals as his machine gathers way. Away also they all fly after him, merry as larks, waking all the echoes of the shore with their light-hearted shouts and laughter. The tricycle lamps flash out upon the seaward road, and soon it comes to pass, that as Charley's wheels whiz flashing into the wide, grassy dooryard of a certain pleasant little summer abode, a hand lifts the window curtain, and a voice, with a ring of irrepressible gladness but a great pretense of gruffness, calls out:

"Is this my noisy daughter, who has been running wild for a week over all the roads on Cape Cod?"

"Oh, Papa!" cries Charley, gleefully, "we 've had a perfectly charming trip!"

And so says the entire club. And they pass a vote of thanks to Joe for taking faithful care of them, and to Starrett for his excellent escort duty. And now when the story of their eighty-mile ride is told, everybody votes tricycling a wonderfully health-giving and delightful exercise, and the first long trip of the Girls' Tricycling Club a grand success.

MORNING-GLORIES.

By Laura Ledyard Pope.

My neighbor's morning-glories rise
And flutter at her casement;
My morning-glories' lovely eyes
Peep just above the basement.

And both our morning-glories strew
With loveliness the railing,
And thrust their starry faces through
The vines about the paling.

But when at last the thrifty sun
A work-day world arouses,
Hers gather up their dainty skirts
And vanish in their houses.

They draw their silken curtains close,
There 's not a soul can find them;
And mine run up the school-house path,
And shut the door behind them!



"It was a fair Artist named May
If you looked at her sketch she would say,
'It's horrid, I know—
If you please *wont* you go;
I'm not in the humor today.'"

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.



Chapter VII.

On the following Sunday morning, Mr. Mordaunt had a large congregation. Indeed, he could scarcely remember any Sunday on which the church had been so crowded. People appeared upon the scene who seldom did him the honor of coming to hear his sermons. There were even people from Hazelton, which was the next parish. There were hearty, sunburned farmers, stout, comfortable, apple-cheeked wives in their best bonnets and most gorgeous shawls, and half a dozen children or so to each family. The doctor's wife was there, with her four daughters. Mrs. Kimsey and Mr. Kimsey, who kept the druggist's shop, and made pills, and did up powders for everybody within ten miles, sat in their pew; Mrs. Dibble in hers, Miss Smiff, the village dressmaker, and her friend Miss Perkins, the milliner, sat in theirs; the doctor's young man was present, and the druggist's apprentice; in fact, almost every family on the county side was represented, in one way or another.

In the course of the preceding week, many wonderful stories had been told of little Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. Dibble had been kept so busy attending to customers who came in to buy a pennyworth of needles or a ha'p'orth of tape and to hear what she had to relate, that the little shop bell over the door had nearly tinkled itself to death over the coming and going. Mrs. Dibble knew exactly how his small lordship's rooms had been furnished for him, what expensive toys had been bought, how there was a beautiful brown pony awaiting him, and a small groom to attend it, and a little dog-cart, with silver-mounted harness. And she could tell, too, what all the servants had said when they had caught glimpes of the child on the night of his arrival; and how every female below stairs had said it was a shame, so it was, to part the poor pretty dear from his mother; and had all declared their hearts came into their mouths when he went alone into the library to see his grandfather, for "there was no knowing how he 'd be treated, and his lordship's temper was enough to fluster them with old heads on their shoulders, let alone a child."

"But if you 'll believe me, Mrs. Jennifer, mum," Mrs. Dibble had said, "fear that child does not know — so Mr. Thomas hisself says; an' set an' smile he did, an' talked to his lordship as if they 'd been friends ever since his first hour. An' the Earl so took aback, Mr. Thomas says, that he could n't do nothing but listen and stare from under his eyebrows. An' it 's Mr. Thomas's opinion, Mrs. Bates, mum, that bad as he is, he was pleased in his secret soul, an' proud, too; for a handsomer little fellow, or with better manners, though so old-fashioned, Mr. Thomas says he 'd never wish to see."

And then there had come the story of Higgins. The Reverend Mr. Mordaunt had told it at his own dinner table, and the servant who had heard it had told it in the kitchen, and from there it had spread like wildfire.

And on market-day, when Higgins had appeared in town, he had been questioned on every side, and Newick had been questioned too, and in response had shown to two or three people the note signed "Fauntleroy."

And so the farmers' wives had found plenty to talk of over their tea and their shopping, and they had done the subject full justice and made the most of it. And on Sunday they had either walked to church or had been driven in their gigs by their husbands, who were perhaps a trifle curious themselves about the new little lord who was to be in time the owner of the soil.

It was by no means the Earl's habit to attend church, but he chose to appear on this first Sun-

day—it was his whim to present himself in the huge family pew, with Fauntleroy at his side.

There were many loiterers in the churchyard, and many lingerers in the lane that morning. There were groups at the gates and in the porch, and there had been much discussion as to whether my lord would really appear or not. When this discussion was at its height, one good woman suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"Eh," she said; "that must be the mother, pretty young thing."

All who heard turned and looked at the slender figure in black coming up the path. The veil was thrown back from her face and they could see how fair and sweet it was, and how the bright hair curled as softly as a child's under the little widow's cap.

She was not thinking of the people about; she was thinking of Cedric, and of his visits to her, and his joy over his new pony, on which he had actually ridden to her door the day before, sitting very straight and looking very proud and happy. But soon she could not help being attracted by the fact that she was being looked at and that her arrival had created some sort of sensation. She first noticed it because an old woman in a red cloak made a bobbing curtsy to her, and then another did the same thing and said, "God bless you, my lady!" and one man after another took off his hat as she passed. For a moment she did not understand, and then she realized that it was because she was little Lord Fauntleroy's mother that they did so, and she flushed rather shyly and smiled and bowed too, and said, "Thank you" in a gentle voice to the old woman who had blessed her. To a person who had always lived in a bustling, crowded American city this simple deference was very novel, and at first just a little embarrassing; but after all, she could not help liking and being touched by the friendly warm-heartedness of which it seemed to speak. She had scarcely passed through the stone porch into the church before the great event of the day happened. The carriage from the Castle, with its handsome horses and tall liveried servants, bowled around the corner and down the green lane.

"Here they come!" went from one looker-on to another.

And then the carriage drew up, and Thomas stepped down and opened the door, and a little boy, dressed in black velvet, and with a splendid mop of bright waving hair, jumped out.

Every man, woman, and child looked curiously upon him.

"He 's the Captain over again!" said those of the on-lookers who remembered his father. "He 's the Captain's self, to the life!"

He stood there in the sunlight looking up at the Earl, as Thomas helped that nobleman out, with the most affectionate interest that could be imagined. The instant he could help, he put out his hand and offered his shoulder as if he had been seven feet high. It was plain enough to every one that however it might be with other people, the Earl of Dorincourt struck no terror into the breast of his grandson.

"Just lean on me," they heard him say. "How glad the people are to see you, and how well they all seem to know you!"

"Take off your cap, Fauntleroy," said the Earl. "They are bowing to you."

"To me!" cried Fauntleroy, whipping off his cap in a moment, baring his bright head to the crowd and turning shining, puzzled eyes on them as he tried to bow to every one at once.

"God bless your lordship!" said the curtsying, red-cloaked old woman who had spoken to his mother; "long life to you!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Fauntleroy. And then they went into the church, and were looked at there, on their way up the aisle to the square, red-cushioned and curtained pew. When Fauntleroy was fairly seated he made two discoveries which pleased him: the first was that, across the church where he could look at her, his mother sat and smiled at him; the second, that at one end of the pew against the wall, knelt two quaint figures carven in stone, facing each other as they kneeled on either side of a pillar supporting two stone missals, their pointed hands folded as if in prayer, their dress very antique and strange. On the tablet by them was written something of which he could only read the curious words:

"Here lyethe ye bodye of Gregorye Arthure Fyrst Earle of Dorincort allsoe of Alysone Hildegarde hys wyfe."

"May I whisper?" inquired his lordship, devoured by curiosity.

"What is it?" said his grandfather.

"Who are they?"

"Some of your ancestors," answered the Earl, "who lived a few hundred years ago."

"Perhaps," said Lord Fauntleroy, regarding them with respect, "perhaps I got my spelling from them." And then he proceeded to find his place in the church service. When the music began, he stood up and looked across at his mother, smiling. He was very fond of music, and his mother and he often sang together, so he joined in with the rest, his pure, sweet, high voice rising as clear as the song of a bird. He quite forgot himself in his pleasure in it. The Earl forgot himself a little too, as he sat in his curtain-shielded corner of the pew and watched the boy. Cedric stood with the

big psalter open in his hands, singing with all his childish might, his face a little uplifted, happily; and as he sang, a long ray of sunshine crept in and, slanting through a golden pane of a stained glass window, brightened the falling hair about his young head. His mother, as she looked at him across the church, felt a thrill pass through her heart, and a prayer rose in it too; a prayer that the pure, simple happiness of his childish soul might last, and that the strange, great fortune born. And that is best of all, Ceddie,—it is better than everything else, that the world should be a little better because a man has lived—even ever so little better, dearest."

And on his return to the Castle, Fauntleroy had repeated her words to his grandfather.

"And I thought about you when she said that," he ended; "and I told her that was the way the world was because you had lived, and I was going to try if I could be like you."



"I 'VE A GREAT DEAL TO THANK YOUR LORDSHIP FOR," SAID HIGGINS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

which had fallen to him might bring no wrong or evil with it. There were many soft anxious thoughts in her tender heart in those new days.

"Oh, Ceddie!" she had said to him the evening before, as she hung over him in saying good-night, before he went away; "oh, Ceddie, dear, I wish for your sake I was very clever and could say a great many wise things! But only be good, dear, only be brave, only be kind and true always, and then you will never hurt any one, so long as you live, and you may help many, and the big world may be better because my little child was

"And what did she say to that?" asked his lordship, a trifle uneasily

"She said that was right, and we must always look for good in people and try to be like it."

Perhaps it was this the old man remembered as he glanced through the divided folds of the red curtain of his pew. Many times he looked over the people's heads to where his son's wife sat alone, and he saw the fair face the unforgiven dead had loved, and the eyes which were so like those of the child at his side; but what his thoughts were, and whether they were hard and bitter, or

softened a little, it would have been hard to discover.

As they came out of the church, many of those who had attended the service stood waiting to see them pass. As they neared the gate, a man who stood with his hat in his hand made a step forward and then hesitated. He was a middle-aged farmer, with a careworn face.

"Well, Higgins," said the Earl.

Fauntleroy turned quickly to look at him.

"Oh!" he exclaimed; "is it Mr. Higgins?"

"Yes," answered the Earl dryly; "and I suppose he came to take a look at his new landlord."

"Yes, my lord," said the man, his sunburned face reddening. "Mr. Newick told me his young lordship was kind enough to speak for me, and I thought I 'd like to say a word of thanks, if I might be allowed."

Perhaps he felt some wonder when he saw what a little fellow it was who had innocently done so much for him, and who stood there looking up just as one of his own less fortunate children might have done—apparently not realizing his own importance in the least.

"I 've a great deal to thank your lordship for," he said; "a great deal. I——"

"Oh," said Fauntleroy; "I only wrote the letter. It was my grandfather who did it. But you know how he is about always being good to everybody. Is Mrs. Higgins well now?"

Higgins looked a trifle taken aback. He also was somewhat startled at hearing his noble landlord presented in the character of a benevolent being, full of engaging qualities.

"I—well, yes, your lordship," he stammered; "the missus is better since the trouble was took off her mind. It was worrying broke her down."

"I 'm glad of that," said Fauntleroy. "My grandfather was very sorry about your children having the scarlet fever, and so was I. He has had children himself. I 'm his son's little boy, you know."

Higgins was on the verge of being panic-stricken. He felt it would be the safer and more discreet plan not to look at the Earl, as it had been well known that his fatherly affection for his sons had been such that he had seen them about twice a year, and that when they had been ill, he had promptly departed for London, because he would not be bored with doctors and nurses. It was a little trying therefore to his lordship's nerves to be told, while he looked on, his eyes gleaming from under his shaggy eyebrows, that he felt an interest in scarlet fever.

"You see, Higgins," broke in the Earl with a fine grim smile; "you people have been mistaken in me. Lord Fauntleroy understands me. When you want reliable information on the subject of my character, apply to him. Get into the carriage, Fauntleroy."

And Fauntleroy jumped in, and the carriage rolled away down the green lane, and even when it turned the corner into the high road, the Earl was still grimly smiling.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*A Historical Biography.*]

By Horace E. Scudder.

Chapter XIII.

A Virginia Burgess.

Before Washington's marriage, and while he was in camp near Fort Cumberland, making active preparations for the campaign against Fort Duquesne, there was an election for members of the Virginia House of Burgesses. Washington offered himself as candidate to the electors of Frederic County, in which Winchester, where he had been for the past three years, was the principal town. His friends were somewhat fearful that the other candidates, who were on the ground, would have the advantage over Washington, who was with the army, at a distance; and they wrote, urging him to come on and look after his interests. Colonel Bouquet, under whose orders he was, cheerfully gave him leave of absence, but Washington replied:

"I had, before Colonel Stephen came to this place, abandoned all thoughts of attending personally the election at Winchester, choosing rather to leave the management of that affair to my friends, than be absent from my regiment, when there is a probability of its being called to duty. I am much pleased now, that I did so."

Here was a case where Washington broke his excellent rule of—"If you want a thing done, do it yourself." If his regiment was to lie idle at Fort

Cumberland, he could easily have galloped to Winchester, and have been back in a few days; but there was a chance that it might move, and so he gave up at once all thought of leaving it. Glad enough he was to have the news confirmed. To lead his men forward, and to have a hand in the capture of Fort Duquesne, was the first thing—the election must take care of itself. This was not a bad statement for his friends at Winchester to make. A man who sticks to his post, and does his duty without regard to his personal interests, is the very man for a representative in the legislature. The people of Frederic knew Washington thoroughly, and though they had sometimes felt his heavy hand, they gave him a hearty vote, and he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses.

This was in 1758, and he continued to serve as a member for the next fifteen years. There is a story told of his first appearance in the House. He was something more than a new member; he was the late Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia army, the foremost man, in a military way, in the province; he had just returned from the successful expedition against Fort Duquesne. So the House resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian, and it passed a vote of thanks for the distinguished military services he had rendered the country. The Speaker, Mr. Robinson, rose when Washington came in to take his seat, and made a little speech of praise and welcome, presenting the thanks of the House. Every one applauded and waited for the tall colonel to respond. There he stood, blushing, stammering, confused. He could give his orders to his men easily enough, and he could even say what was necessary, to Mrs. Martha Custis; but to address the House of Burgesses in answer to a vote of thanks—that was another matter! Not a plain word could he get out. It was a capital answer, and the Speaker interpreted it to the House.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he. "Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

It was a trying ordeal for the new member, and if speech-making had been his chief business in the House, he would have made a sorry failure. He rarely made a speech, and never a long one, but for all that he was a valuable member, and his re-election at every term showed that the people understood his value. If there was any work to be done, any important committee to be appointed, Washington could be counted on, and his sound judgment, his mature experience, and sense of honor, made his opinion one which every one respected. He was always on hand, punctual, and faithful; and qualities of diligence and fidelity in such a place, when combined with sound judgment and honor, are sure to tell in the long run. He once gave a piece of advice to a nephew who had also been elected to the House, and it probably was the result of his own experience and observation.

"The only advice I will offer," he said; "if you have a mind to command the attention of the House, is to speak seldom but on important subjects, except such as particularly relate to your constituents; and, in the former case, make yourself perfect master of the subject. Never exceed a decent warmth, and submit your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust."

It was in January, 1759, that Washington took his seat in the House, and if he made it his rule "to speak seldom but on important subjects," he had several opportunities to speak before he finally left the Virginia Legislature for a more important gathering. The first very important subject was the Stamp Act, in 1765. The British Government had passed an act requiring the American colonies to place a stamp upon every newspaper or almanac that was published, upon every marriage certificate, every will, every deed, and upon other legal papers. These stamps were to be sold by officers of the crown, and the money obtained by the sale was to be used to pay British soldiers stationed in America to enforce the laws made by Parliament.

The colonies were aflame with indignation. They declared that Parliament had no right to pass such an act; that the Ministry that proposed it was about an unlawful business; and that it was adding insult to injury to send over soldiers to enforce such laws. People, when they meet on the corner of the street and discuss public matters, are usually much more outspoken than when they meet in legislatures; but the American colonists were wont to talk very plainly in their assemblies, and it was no new thing for the representatives, chosen by the people, to be at odds with the governor, who represented the British Government. So when Patrick Henry rose up in the House of Burgesses, with his resolutions declaring that the Stamp Act was illegal and that the colony of Virginia had always enjoyed the right of governing itself, as far as taxation went,—and when he made a flaming speech which threatened the King, there was great confusion; and though his resolutions were passed, there was but a bare majority.

There is no record of what Washington may have said or how he voted on that occasion, but his letters show that he thought the Stamp Act a very unwise act on the part of Great Britain, and a

piece of oppression. "That Act," he says, "could be looked upon in no other light by every person who would view it in its proper colors." But he did not rush into a passion over it. Instead, he studied it coolly, and before it was repealed, wrote at some length to his wife's uncle, who was living in London, his reasons for thinking that the British Ministry would gain nothing by pressing the Stamp Act and other laws which bore hard on colonial prosperity; for he held that if they would only see it, the colonies were as necessary to England as England to the colonies.

It is difficult for us to-day to put ourselves in the place of Washington and other men of his time. Washington was a Virginian, and was one of the Legislature. He was used to making laws and providing for the needs of the people of Virginia, but he was accustomed to look beyond Virginia to



PATRICK HENRY.

England. There the King was, and he was one of the subjects of the King. The King's officers came to Virginia, and when Washington saw, as he so often did, a British man-of-war lying in the river off Mount Vernon, his mind was thrilled with pleasure as he thought of the power of the empire to which he belonged. He had seen the British soldiers marching against the French, and he had himself served under a British general. He had an ardent desire to go to England, to see London, to see the King and his Court, and Parliament, and the Courts of Justice, and the great merchants who made the city famous; but as yet he had been unable to go.

He had seen but little of the other colonies. He had made a journey to Boston, and that had given him some acquaintance with men; but wherever he went, he found people looking eagerly toward England and asking what the Ministry there would do about fighting the French on the Western borders. Though he and others might never have seen England, it was the center of the world to them. He thought of the other colonies not so much as all parts of one great country on this side of the Atlantic, as each separately a part of the British Empire.

After all, however, and most of all, he was a Virginian. In Virginia he owned land. There was his home, and there his occupation. He was a farmer, a planter of tobacco and wheat, and it was his business to sell his products. As for the French, they were enemies of Great Britain, but they were also very near enemies of Virginia. They were getting possession of land in Virginia itself — land which Washington owned in part; and when he was busily engaged in driving them out, he did not have to stop and think of France, he needed only to think of Fort Duquesne, a few days' march to the westward.

When, therefore he found the British Government making laws which made him pay roundly for sending his tobacco to market, and taxing him as if there were no Virginia Legislature to say what taxes the people could and should pay, he began to be restless and dissatisfied. England was a great way off; Virginia was close at hand. He was loyal to the King and had fought under the King's officers, but if the King cared nothing for his loyalty, and only wanted his pence, his loyalty was likely to cool. His chief resentment, however, was against Parliament. Parliament was making laws and laying taxes. But what was Parliament? It was a body of law-makers in England, just as the House of Burgesses was in Virginia. To be sure, it could pass laws about navigation which concerned all parts of the British Empire; but, somehow, it made these laws very profitable to England and very disadvantageous to Virginia. Parliament, however, had no right to pass such a law as the Stamp Act. That was making a special law for the American colonies, and taking away a right which belonged to the colonial assemblies.

Washington had grown up with an intense love of law, and in this he was like other American Englishmen. In England there were very few persons who made the laws, the vast majority had nothing to do but to obey the laws. Yet it is among the makers of laws that the love of law prevails; and since in America a great many more Englishmen had to do with government in colony and in town than in England, there were more who passionately insisted upon the law being observed. An unlawful act was to them an outrage. When they said that England was oppressing them, and

making them slaves, they did not mean that they wanted liberty to do what they pleased, but that they wanted to be governed by just laws, made by the men who had the right to make laws. And that right belonged to the legislatures, to which they sent representatives.

So it was out of his love of law and justice that Washington and others protested against the Stamp Act; and when the act was repealed, they threw up their hats and hurrahed, not because they now should not have to buy and use stamps, but because by repealing the act, Parliament had as much as said that it was an unlawful act. However, this was an unwilling admission on the part of Parliament, which repealed the act, but said at once: "We can tax you if we choose to."

In fact, Parliament stupidly tried soon after to prove that it had the right by imposing duties on tea, paper, glass, and painters' colors. But the people in the colonies were on the alert. They had really been governing themselves so long that now, when Parliament tried to get the power away from them, they simply went on using their power. They did this in two ways; the colonial governments again asserted their rights in the case, and the people began to form associations, in which they bound themselves not to buy goods of England until the offensive act was repealed. This latter was one of the most interesting movements in the breaking away of the colonies from England. It was a popular movement; it did not depend upon what this or that colonial assembly might do; it was perfectly lawful, and so far as it was complete it was effective. Yet all the while the movement was doing more, and what but a very few detected; it was binding the scattered people in the colonies together.

Washington took a great deal of interest in these associations, and belonged to one himself. He was growing exceedingly impatient of English misrule, and saw clearly to what it was leading. "At a time," he says, "when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. But the manner of doing it to answer the purpose effectually is the point in question. That no man should scruple, or hesitate a moment, to use arms in defense of so valuable a blessing, is clearly my opinion. Yet arms, I would beg leave to add, should be the last resort. We have already, it is said, proved the inefficacy of addresses to the throne, and remonstrances to Parliament. How far, then, their attention to our rights and privileges is to be awakened or alarmed by starving their trade and manufactures, remains to be tried."

He took the lead in forming an association in Virginia, and he kept scrupulously to his agreement; for when he sent his orders to London, he was very careful to instruct his correspondents to send him none of the goods unless the Act of Parliament had meantime been repealed. As the times grew more exciting, Washington watched events steadily. He took no step backward, but he moved forward deliberately and with firmness. He did not allow himself to be carried away by the passions of the time. It was all very well, some said, to stop buying from England, but let us stop selling also. They need our tobacco. Suppose we refuse to send it unless Parliament repeals the Act. Washington stood out against that except as a final resource, and for the reason which he stated in a letter:

"I am convinced, as much as I am of my own existence, that there is no relief for us but in their distress; and I think, at least I hope, that there is public virtue enough left among us to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessaries of life to accomplish this end. This we have a right to do, and no power upon earth can compel us to do otherwise, till it has first reduced us to the most abject state of slavery. The stopping of our exports would, no doubt, be a shorter method than the other to effect this purpose; but if we owe money to Great Britain, nothing but the last necessity can justify the non-payment of it; and, therefore, I have great doubts upon this head, and wish to see the other method first tried, which is legal and will facilitate these payments."

That is, by the economy necessarily preached, the people would save money with which to pay their debts.

Washington had been at the front both in the House of Burgesses, in his own county, and among the people generally. He was a member of the convention called to meet at Williamsburg; and he was appointed by that convention one of seven delegates to attend the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XIV.

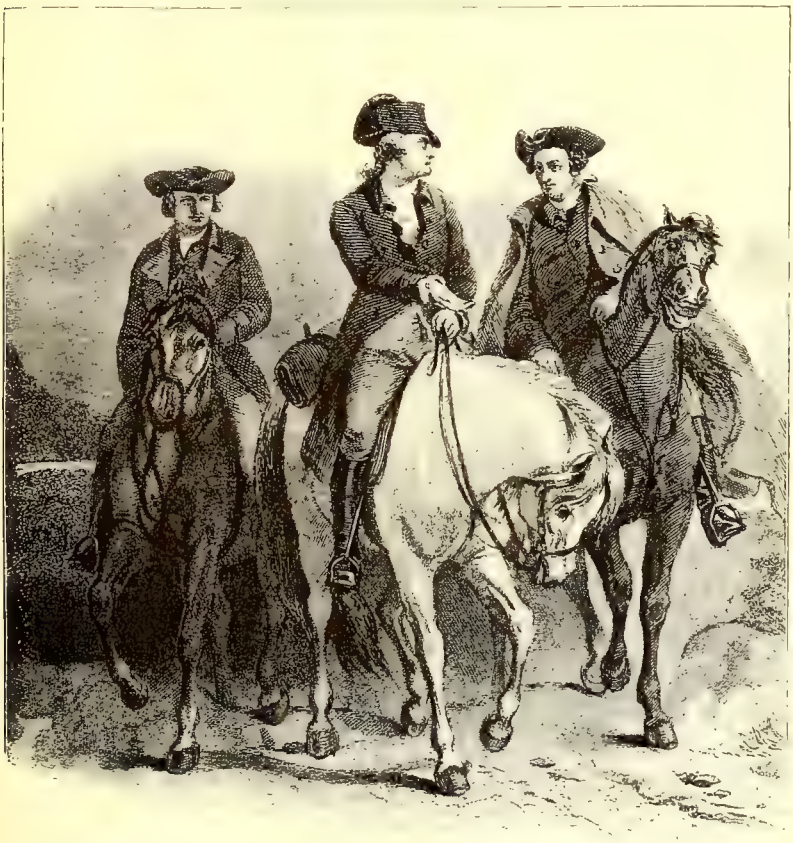
THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

NEAR the end of August, 1774, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, two of the delegates from Virginia to the first Continental Congress, rode from their homes to Mount Vernon and made a short visit. Then, on the last day of the month, Washington mounted his horse also, and the three friends started for Philadelphia to attend the congress, which was called to meet on the 5th of September. Pendleton was a dozen years older than Washington, and Henry was the youngest of the party. He was the most fiery in speech, and more than once, in recent conventions, had carried his hearers away by his bold words. He was the most

eloquent man in the colonies,—of rude appearance, but when once wrought up by excitement, able to pour out a torrent of words.

For my part, I would rather have heard the speech which Washington made at the convention in Williamsburg in the August before, when he rose up to read the resolution which he and his neighbors had passed at their meeting in Fairfax County. The eloquence of a man who is a famous orator is not quite so convincing as that of a man of action, who rarely speaks, but who is finally stirred by a great occasion. People were used to hearing Washington say a few words in a slow, hesitating, deliberate way; and they knew that he had carefully considered beforehand what words he should use. But this time he was terribly in earnest, and when he had read the resolution, he spoke as no one had heard him before. He was a passionate man who had his anger under control; but when it occasionally burst out, it was as if a dam to a stream had given way. And now he was consumed with indignation at the manner in which Great Britain was treating the colonies. He was ready, he said, to raise a regiment of a thousand men, pay all their expenses, and lead them to Boston to drive out the King's soldiers.

The three men, therefore, must have talked long and earnestly as they rode to Philadelphia; for the Congress which they were to attend was the first one to which all the colonies were invited to send delegates. It was to consider the cause of the whole people, and Virginia was to see in Massachusetts not a rival colony, but one with which she had common cause. The last time Washington had gone over the road he had been on an errand to the King's chief representative in America, the Commander-in-Chief, Governor Shirley, and one matter which he had held very much at heart had been his own commission as an officer in His Majesty's army. He was on a different errand now. Still, like the men who were most in earnest at that time, he was thinking how the colonies could secure their rights as colonies, not how they might break away from England and set up for themselves.



WASHINGTON, PATRICK HENRY, AND EDMUND PENDLETON ON THEIR WAY TO PHILADELPHIA, AS DELEGATES TO THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.*

They were five days on the road, and on September the 4th, they breakfasted near Newcastle, in Delaware, dined at Chester, in Pennsylvania, and in the evening were in Philadelphia, at the City Tavern, which stood on Second street, above Walnut street, and was the meeting-place of most of the delegates. Washington, however, though he was often at the City Tavern, had his lodging at Dr. Shippen's. The Congress met the next day at Carpenters' Hall, and was in session for seven weeks. The first two or three days were especially exciting to the members. There they were, fifty-one men, from all the colonies save

* The above illustration is reproduced from Irving's "Life of Washington," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Georgia, met to consult together — Englishmen who sang "God save the King," but asked also what right the King had to act as he had done toward Boston. They did not know one another well at the beginning. There was no man among them who could be called famous beyond his own colony, unless it was George Washington. Up to this time the different colonies had lived so apart from one another, each concerned about its own affairs, that there had been little opportunity for a man to be widely known.



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
WHERE THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

So, as they looked at one another at the City Tavern, or at the Carpenters' Hall when they met, each man was wondering who would take the lead. Virginia was the largest and most important colony. Massachusetts had a right to speak, because she had called the convention, and because it was in Boston that the people were suffering most from the action of the British Parliament. Perhaps the two most conspicuous members at first were Patrick Henry, of Virginia, and Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts; but in the seven weeks of the session, others showed their good judgment and patriotism. Patrick Henry was asked after he returned to Virginia whom he considered the greatest man in the Congress, and he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

Washington carried on the methods which he had always practiced. He attended the sessions punctually and regularly; he listened to what others had to say, and gave his own opinion only after he had carefully formed it. It is an example of the thoroughness with which he made himself master of every subject, that he used to copy in his own hand the important papers which were laid before Congress, such as the petition to the King which was agreed upon. This he would do deliberately and exactly,— it was like committing the paper to memory. Besides this, he made abstracts of other papers, stating the substance of them in a few clear words.

The greater part of each day was occupied in the Congress, but besides the regular business, there was a great deal of informal talk among the members. They were full of the subject, and used to meet to discuss affairs at dinner, or in knots about the fire at the City Tavern. Philadelphia was then the most important city in the country, and there were many men of wide experience living in it. Washington went everywhere by invitation. He dined with the Chief Justice, with the Mayor, and with all the notable people.

In this way he was able to become better acquainted both with the state of affairs in other colonies and with the way the most intelligent people were thinking about the difficulties of the time. The first Continental Congress gave expression to the deliberate judgment of the colonies upon the acts of Great Britain. It protested against the manner in which Parliament was treating the colonies. It declared firmly and solemnly that as British subjects the people of the colonies owed no allegiance to Parliament, in which they had no representatives; that their own legislatures

alone had the right to lay taxes. But after all, the great advantage of this first Congress was in the opportunity which it gave for representatives from the different colonies to become acquainted with one another, and thus to make all parts of the country more ready to act together.

It was only now and then that any one suggested the independence of the colonies. Washington, like a few others, thought it possible the colonies might have to arm and resist the unlawful attempt to force unconstitutional laws upon them; but he did not, at this time, go so far as to propose a separation from England. He had a friend among the British officers in Boston, one of his old comrades in the war against France, a Captain Mackenzie, who wrote to him, complaining of the way the Boston people were behaving. Captain Mackenzie, very naturally, as an officer, saw only a troublesome, rebellious lot of people whom it was the business of the army to put down. Washington wrote earnestly to him, trying to show him the reason why the people felt as they did, and the wrong way of looking at the subject which Captain Mackenzie and other officers had. He expressed his sorrow that fortune should have placed his friend in a service that was sure to bring down vengeance upon those engaged in it. He went on:

"I do not mean by this to insinuate that an officer is not to discharge his duty, even when chance, not choice, has placed him in a disagreeable situation; but I conceive, when you condemn the conduct of the Massachusetts people, you reason from effects, not causes; otherwise you would not wonder at a people, who are every day receiving fresh proofs of a systematic assertion of an arbitrary power, deeply planned to overturn the laws and constitution of their country, and to violate the most essential and valuable rights of mankind, being irritated, and with difficulty restrained from acts of the greatest violence and intemperance. For my own part, I confess to you candidly, that I view things in a very different point of light from the one in which you seem to consider them; and though you are taught by venal men . . . to believe that the people of Massachusetts are rebellious, setting up for independency, and what not, give me leave, my good friend, to tell you, that you are abused, grossly abused. . . . Give me leave to add, and I think I can announce it as a fact, that it is not the wish or interest of that government, or any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable rights and privileges which are essential to the happiness of every free State, and without which, life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure."

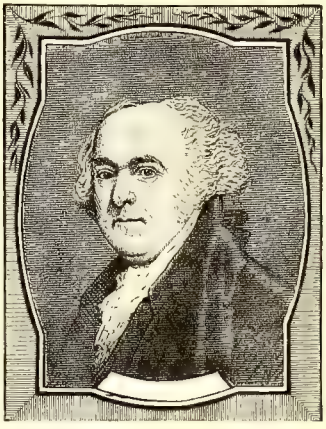
It was with such a belief as this that Washington went back to Mount Vernon, and while he was occupied with his engrossing private affairs, busied himself also with organizing and drilling soldiers. Independent companies were formed all over Virginia, and one after another placed themselves under his command. Although, by the custom of those companies, each was independent of the others, yet by choosing the same commander they virtually made Washington Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia volunteers. He was the first military man in the colony, and every one turned to him for advice and instruction. So through the winter and spring, he was constantly on the move, going to one place after another to review the companies which had been formed.

I think that winter and spring of 1775 must have been a somewhat sorrowful one to George Washington, and that he must have felt as if a great change were coming in his life. His wife's daughter had died, and he missed her sadly. Young John Custis had married and gone away to live. The sound of war was heard on all sides, and among the visitors to Mount Vernon were some who afterward were to be generals in the American army. He still rode occasionally after the hounds, but the old days of fun were gone. George William Fairfax had gone back to England, and the jolly company at Belvoir was scattered. The house itself there had caught fire, and burned to the ground.

But the time for action was at hand. Washington turned from his home and his fox-hunting to go to Richmond as a delegate to a second Virginia convention. It was called to hear the reports of the delegates to Philadelphia and to see what further was to be done. It was clear to some, and to Washington among them, that the people must be ready for the worst. They had shown themselves in earnest by all the drill and training they had been going through as independent companies. Now let those companies be formed into a real army. It was idle to send any more petitions to the King.

"We must fight!" exclaimed Patrick Henry; "I repeat it, sir; we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us!"

A committee, of which Washington was one, was appointed to report a plan for an army of Virginia.



JOHN ADAMS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHO PROPOSED WASHINGTON FOR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.

But when people make up their minds to fight, they know very well, if they are sensible, that more than half the task before them is to find means for feeding and clothing not only the troops but the people who are dependent on the troops. Therefore the convention appointed another committee, of which Washington also was a member,

to devise a plan for encouraging manufactures, so that the people could do without England. Heretofore, the Virginians had done scarcely any manufacturing; nearly everything they needed they had bought from England with tobacco. But if they were to be at war with England, they must be making ready to provide for themselves. It was late in the day to do anything; slavery, though they did not then see it clearly, had made a variety of industries impossible. However, the people were advised to form associations to promote the raising of wool, cotton, flax, and hemp, and to encourage the use of home manufactures.

Washington was again chosen one of the delegates to the Continental Congress, for the second Congress had been called to meet at Philadelphia. He was even readier to go than before. On the day when he was chosen, he wrote to his brother John Augustine Washington: "It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in, if needful."

That was at the end of March. The second Continental Congress was to meet on May 10; and just before Washington left Mount Vernon came the news of Lexington and Concord. Curiously enough, the Governor of Virginia had done just what Governor Gage had attempted to do; he had seized some powder which was stored at Fredericksburg, and placed it for safety on board a vessel of the British navy. The independent companies at once met and called upon Washington to take command of them, that they might compel the Governor to restore the powder. Washington kept cool. The Governor promised to restore the powder, and Washington advised the people to wait to see what Congress would do.

When Congress met, the men who came together were no longer strangers to one another. They had parted warm friends the previous fall; they had gone to their several homes and now had come back more determined than ever, and more united. Every one spoke of Lexington and Concord; and the Massachusetts men told how large an army had already gathered around Boston. But it was an army made up not only of Massachusetts men, but of men from Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. It was plain that there must be some authority over such an army, and the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts wrote to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, advising that body to assume control of all the forces, to raise a continental army, appoint a commander, and do whatever else was necessary to prepare for war. There had already been fighting; there was an army; and it was no longer a war between Massachusetts and Great Britain.

I do not know what other delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia came as soldiers, but there was one tall Virginian present who wore his military coat; and when the talk fell upon appointing a commander, all eyes were turned toward him. Every one, however, felt the gravity and delicacy of the situation. Here was an army adopted by Congress; but it was a New England army, and if the struggle were to come at Boston, it was natural that the troops should mainly come from that neighborhood. The colonies were widely separated; they had not acted much together. Would it not be better, would it not save ill-feeling, if a New England man were to command this New England army?

There were some who thought thus; and besides, there was still a good deal of difference of opinion as to the course to be pursued. Some were all ready for independence; others, and perhaps the most, hoped to bring the British to terms. Parties were rising in Congress; petty jealousies were showing themselves, when suddenly John Adams, of Massachusetts, seeing into what perplexities they were drifting, came forward with a distinct proposition that Congress should adopt the army before Boston and appoint a commander. He did not name Washington, but described him as a certain gentleman from Virginia "who could unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person." No one doubted who was meant, and Washington, confused and agitated, left the room at once.

Nothing else was now talked of. The delegates discussed the matter in groups and small circles, and a few days afterward a Maryland delegate formally nominated George Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. He was unanimously elected, but the honor of bringing him distinctly before the Congress belongs to John Adams. It seems now a very natural thing to do, but really it was something which required wisdom and courage. When one sums up all Washington's military experience at this time, it was not great, or such as to point him out as unmistakably the leader of the American army. There was a general then in command at Cambridge, who had seen more of war than Washington had. But Washington was the leading military man in Virginia, and it was for this reason that John Adams, as a New England man, urged his election. The Congress had done something to bring the colonies together; the war was to do more, but probably no single act really had a more far-reaching significance in making the Union, than the act of nominating the Virginian Washington by the New England Adams.

(To be continued.)



SPRING BEAUTIES.

By Helen Gray Cone.

The Puritan Spring Beauties stood freshly clad
for church;
A Thrush, white-breasted, o'er them sat singing
on his perch.
"Happy be! for fair are ye!" the gentle singer
told them.
But presently a buff-coat Bee came booming up
to scold them.
"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maids, beware of vanity!"
Grumbled out the buff-coat Bee,
Half parson-like, half soldierly.

The sweet-faced maidens trembled, with pretty,
pinky blushes,
Convinced that it was wicked to listen to the
Thrushes;
And when, that shady afternoon, I chanced
that way to pass,
They hung their little bonnets down and looked
into the grass.
All because the buff-coat Bee
Lectured them so solemnly:—
"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maids, beware of vanity!"



HOW CONRAD LOST HIS SCHOOL-BOOKS.

By Walter Bobbett.

Conrad was not a prince, not even a lord; he was only an ordinary boy. He should have been on his way to school; but, having a talent for doing nothing, he was wandering about the fields and little strips of woodland, amusing himself by watching the birds skim through the air. He had lately been reading a volume of fairy-tales, and as he walked along he began to wonder whether there really was a bit of truth in any of them.

He kept on thinking so intently about it, that he did not notice how near he was to a little brook, until he found himself almost on the point of tumbling into the water. This put a stop to his wondering, for the next moment he stood staring in astonishment, not at the water, but at a little old man who was sitting on the roots of a large tree that grew on the opposite bank of the stream. He was dressed in a very curious fashion. On his head he had a tall steeple-crowned hat, in which were placed two long peacock's feathers.

The little old man sat looking very attentively at Conrad, and seemed to derive a great deal of comfort from a long pipe, which he was enjoying so energetically that all around him the air was filled with smoke. At last he beckoned to Conrad, who crossed the stream on a slight plank bridge, and advanced toward him.

By that time, Conrad had leaped to the conclusion, in his own mind, that the very queer-looking old gentleman was an enchanter, and so he had resolved to be very respectful, to do just as he was bidden, and to wait very patiently for the little old man to speak first.

Presently the little old man shifted the pipe for a moment, and asked:

"What are those books that you are carrying?"

"They are my school-books," said Conrad; "but I am tired of going to school, and I wish to go with the fairies!"

The little old man smiled a benevolent smile,



"HE BECKONED TO CONRAD, WHO CROSSED THE STREAM ON A SLIGHT PLANK BRIDGE."

and exclaimed: "Oh!" Then he shifted his pipe again, and said quickly:

"Give me the school-books."

Conrad did so, at once.

The little old man then opened a spelling-book, and turned to the fly-leaf.

"Conrad," said he.

Conrad started, for he wondered how the little man had learned his name. He himself had not once mentioned it. He was sure now that the queer little person was an enchanter.

"So, Conrad," said the little old man again, "you wish to go to the fairies, do you? Well, you may go; but you must leave your books with me until you come back."

Conrad's attention was now attracted by a raven, which he saw standing beside the enchanter, and which he had not noticed before.

Turning to the bird, the enchanter said: "Give me my key."

The raven hopped from a large key upon which it had been standing, and taking it in its beak, presented it to its master.

Conrad wished to ask if the raven would bite,



and whether it could do any better trick than carrying a key; but he thought this might be considered an impertinent question, so he said nothing.

"Take this key," said the little old man, "and be careful not to lose it. Walk on until you come to the edge of yonder forest; pass straight through the wood, and when you arrive at the other side, you will behold a castle not far distant. You may find it difficult to gain admission; but you must persevere. As to what will happen afterward, I may not tell you now. One word more, and then begone; should you ever need my assistance, blow down the key."

Conrad was so astonished at all he had seen and heard, that he hardly knew what to do; but as the little old man pointed in the direction of the forest, Conrad bade him good-day, and walked away to follow the orders he had received.

He kept on until he came to the forest, which he entered. It seemed so quiet and dark, that he would have been frightened, had he not remembered that, in case of danger, he could depend on assistance from the enchanter.

At last he reached the end of the wood, and about a mile beyond, he saw the castle with its gilded dome and all its windows shining in the sunlight. This sight cheered him, and he walked on till he came to the gateway. He found the great gates wide open; and no one prevented his entering, as it happened to be a day on which the King received petitions from those of his subjects who wished to present any.

He passed on through the large court-yard, key in hand, and instead of going in at the entrance to the court, he entered a little side door and ascended a winding stairway. Up he went, higher and higher, till it seemed as if the stairway would never end, when suddenly he came face to face with an official who was descending.

"What business have you here?" asked the officer.

Conrad could not answer; so the man gently took hold of his ear and led him down the stairs again, varying the monotony of the long descent by giving the ear a severe pinch at every seventh step. Out through the court-yard they passed, the bystanders all cheering and laughing; out of the gate again; and with one final pinch, the boy was left sobbing on the roadway.

Poor Conrad had, indeed, found it difficult to gain admission to the castle. Drying his tears, however, he began to walk around the outside of the building, until at last he came to a ladder that was leaning against a window.

"The very thing!" said he; "it must have been left here on purpose for me."

Up he climbed, slipped in at the window, and dropped quietly to the floor.

He found himself in a large hall, through which he walked until he came to an archway at the farther end. Before the archway hung an embroidered curtain. Conrad pushed it aside, and entered a richly decorated room, at the end of which stood a throne. Around it were assembled many nobles, pages, and guards, who were awaiting the return of the King from hunting.

Few of them looked at Conrad. Some seemed to cast a scornful side-glance at him, and one even told him to go back by the way he had come. Conrad was not a whit daunted, however, and boldly holding up his key, so that every one could see it, he walked up to a portly-looking gentleman, who was dressed in black velvet and who wore a golden chain around his neck. Conrad asked him what he was to do. The portly gentleman stared at him. Conrad asked if any of the company were enchanted; "because," said he, "if they are, I 'll disenchant them with my key."

"Enchanted?" said the gentleman in black. "What do you mean? Why do you bother me about enchantment?"

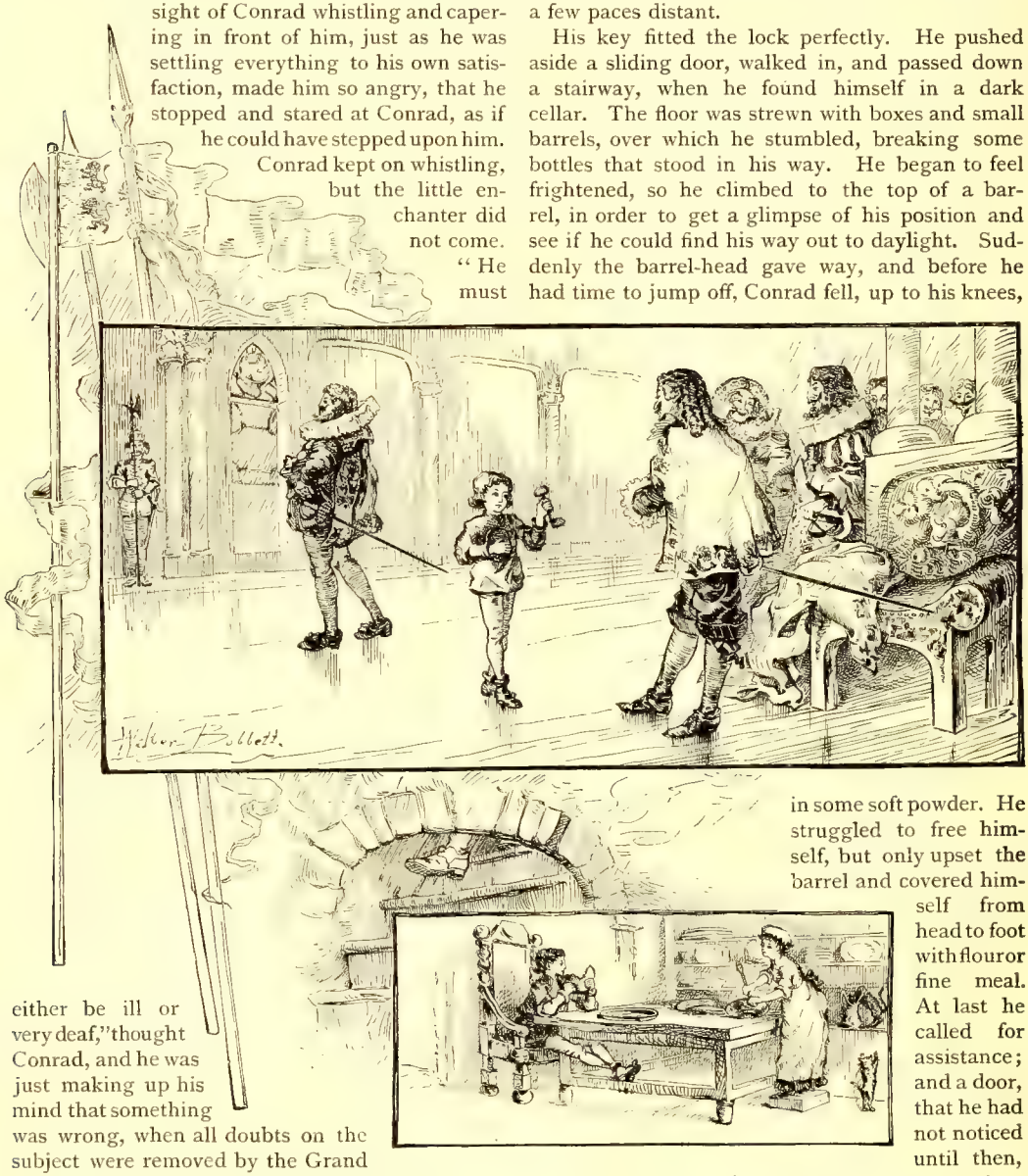
Conrad began to feel a little nervous, and to think that they did not seem at all like enchanted folk; at least, they did not act like any he had read about in his books.

The enchanter had told him that he would meet with difficulties, but, despite his confidence, he could not help getting very red in the face. And by this time, all the gentlemen, except the one dressed in black, were smiling.

Suddenly, Conrad remembered what the little old man had said about whistling down the key. Happy thought! He at once rushed up in front of the portly gentleman with the black velvet suit and the golden chain, and began to whistle in the key as hard as he could.

But, at this performance, the nobles all stopped smiling and looked first at one another, and then at Conrad, with very grave faces; one even put his hand upon his sword.

Now, it happened that the gentleman in black velvet was a Grand Duke and the Prime Minister of the kingdom. At that moment he was thinking over some important question of state, and the sight of Conrad whistling and capering in front of him, just as he was settling everything to his own satisfaction, made him so angry, that he stopped and stared at Conrad, as if he could have stepped upon him. Conrad kept on whistling, but the little enchanter did not come. "He must either be ill or very deaf," thought Conrad, and he was just making up his mind that something was wrong, when all doubts on the subject were removed by the Grand Duke, who advanced toward him, picked him up by the collar of his jacket, and, carrying him to a window, quietly dropped him out.



Poor Conrad was very much shaken by his fall, and for a time was so dazed that he could hardly realize what had happened. In a little while, he began to collect his thoughts; but as he picked himself up, he concluded, notwithstanding the difficulties he had encountered, that he would try once more to gain admission to the castle. So he arose and walked toward a door which he saw a few paces distant.

His key fitted the lock perfectly. He pushed aside a sliding door, walked in, and passed down a stairway, when he found himself in a dark cellar. The floor was strewn with boxes and small barrels, over which he stumbled, breaking some bottles that stood in his way. He began to feel frightened, so he climbed to the top of a barrel, in order to get a glimpse of his position and see if he could find his way out to daylight. Suddenly the barrel-head gave way, and before he had time to jump off, Conrad fell, up to his knees, in some soft powder. He struggled to free himself, but only upset the barrel and covered himself from head to foot with flour or fine meal. At last he called for assistance; and a door, that he had not noticed until then, opened, and a girl of about his own age came into the cellar, and asked what was the matter.

"I 've tumbled into something; please come and help me out," cried Conrad.

She hurried to him, and with her aid he at last succeeded in freeing himself.

After brushing the dust from his hair and

his clothes, he followed where his new friend led the way, and entered a kitchen, thinking that without doubt he was now in the presence of an enchanted princess, who must have been waiting many years for some one to disenchant her. "To be sure," thought he, "I am not a prince; but then that does not so much matter; there is no telling but I may be one, some day;" so he decided to ask the maiden how she had become enchanted.

"Beautiful Princess," exclaimed he,—— and he was just attempting a very fine speech in the best fairy-story manner, when the young girl laughed, and told him to be seated, and asked him if he would like to have a pie. Conrad was astonished by this question from an enchanted princess; but, without waiting for his reply, the girl walked toward a table on which stood a number of mince-pies, and, taking up one of them, she placed it before Conrad.

That was not the way in which an enchanted princess was supposed to act; but as Conrad was very hungry, he did not express his surprise, but turned his attention to the pie. While he was eating, the princess busied herself with beating some eggs in a large bowl, and before he knew it, Conrad found that he had eaten all the pie.

Then they talked about the weather and whatever else they happened to think of; and at last, Conrad asked her how long she had been enchanted.

"What!" exclaimed the princess.

He repeated his question.

"Why, what do you mean?" said she.

He was just about explaining, when "tramp, tramp, tramp!"— the noise of feet was heard coming down the stairs. The princess jumped up, and cried:

"Oh, run! Run quickly! I shall be punished if they find that I have given you a pie!"

"Oh, no," said Conrad; "do not be frightened! I will protect you from them. I came to this castle on purpose to rescue you."

"But I do not want to be rescued!" said she. "Do go, at once!"

Tramp, tramp! Nearer and nearer came the sound,— almost to the bottom of the stairs. Conrad felt for his key.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed, "I must have lost my key when I fell into the barrel! I never noticed that I was without it till now. All is lost! Adieu, good Princess!"

"Good-bye," said she; "only go!"

He jumped upon a table, and climbed out of the window. It was all that was left for him to do. After he was outside of the building, he turned, and waving his hand to the princess, begged her to remember him.

"I will come back to you, if I ever get my key again," he said; "and then I 'll disenchant you."

At that moment the kitchen door opened, and Conrad saw a great light. It might have been a bull's-eye lantern, but Conrad was sure that it was a dragon that was pointing its fiery eye at him.

"Oh, the poor princess!" said he. "If only I had my key!"

Then, as the light flashed full at him, he became so frightened that he turned and ran for the gate as hard as he could. He made his way across the courtyard much faster than when he had come in, and soon he had left the castle far behind. The houses began to be farther apart and to have a more rustic appearance. He heard a cart coming along the road.

"Please give me a ride!" he cried to the driver.

"Yes, I will," said the man; "jump in." And Conrad clambered into the cart.

"You look tired," said the driver. "Lie down on that blanket and rest yourself."

Conrad gladly did as he was told and, feeling much fatigued after his adventures, he was soon fast asleep.

He did not awake until he felt himself carried out of the cart, and was just enough awake to know that all the inmates of his father's house, together with a few of the neighbors, were crowding about and asking him where he had been. And that was all he noticed, for the next moment he was off to sleep again, and was carried upstairs and put to bed.

He did not feel very well the next morning, so the doctor was called in, who advised that he should remain in the house for a few days, as he had a slight fever.

While at home, he told his aunt what had happened to him; but she only patted his head, and told him that he must have been dreaming. But this Conrad refused to believe.

When he recovered, however, he became a much better boy, more quiet and attentive to his studies; and it may be mentioned that, whenever any one told a fairy-tale, he wore a very solemn face, took a back seat, and said nothing.

It is not known whether he still believes in fairies; but one thing is certain — he never saw the little old enchanter again, nor the school-books that he had left with him.

BLOSSOM-TIME.

BY L. E. R.

SNOW, snow, down from the apple-trees,
Pink and white drifting of petals sweet!
Kiss her and crown her our Lady of Blossoming,
There as she sits on the apple-tree sweet!

Has she not gathered the summer about her?
See how it laughs from her lips and her eyes!
Think you the sun there would shine on without her?
Nay! 'Tis her smile keeps the gray from the skies!

Fire of the rose, and snow of the jessamine,
Gold of the lily-dust hid in her hair;
Day holds his breath and Night comes up to look at her,
Leaving their strife for a vision so rare.

Snow, snow, down from the apple-trees,
Pink and white drifting of petals sweet!
Kiss her, and crown her, and flutter adown her,
And carpet the ground for her dear little feet!

A SEARCH FOR THE LACE-LEAF.

BY ALICE MAY.



EARLY one morning, a palanquin carried by native bearers, and containing as passengers Mr. Steedman, an English missionary, and his little son Harry, was proceeding up the one street of Bifo-rána, a queer little bamboo village on the island of Madagascar, situated about midway between Antananarivo, the capital, and the eastern coast.

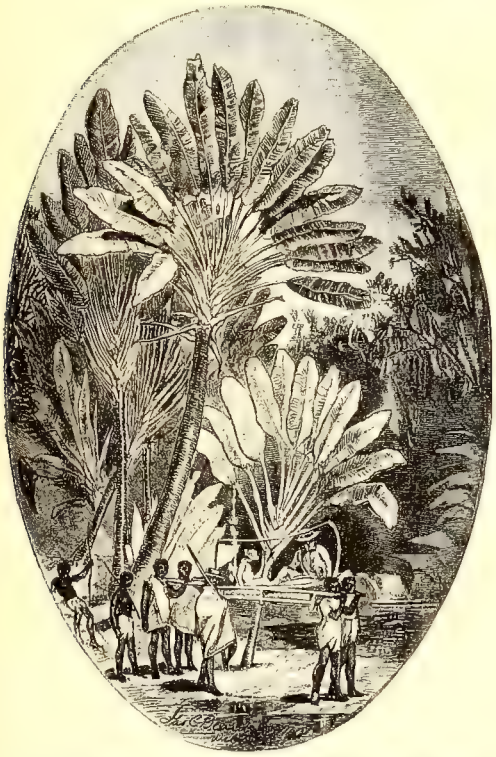
Comparatively little is known of Madagascar, although the unsuccessful attempt of France to obtain possession of it drew interest and attention to it not many months ago. There are but two larger islands in the world. As many of you know, it lies some two hundred and fifty miles to the east of the African coast, is nine hundred and

eighty miles long and two hundred and fifty wide, and is therefore nearly four times as large as England and Wales combined.

The Queen of this island kingdom is a young woman with the curious name of Rasendranovo Ranavalo III. She succeeded to the throne in 1883. She is a Christian, as is also a large part of the population of her realm; and there are numerous missionary stations throughout the island.

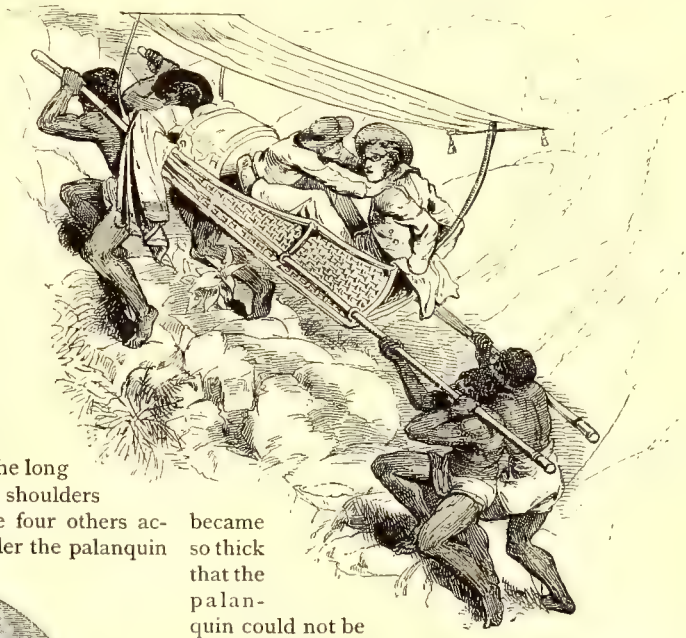
Harry Steedman's father was one of these missionaries, and Harry himself was accustomed to traveling by palanquin, since there are no roads nor carriages to be found in Madagascar.

The palanquin was an oblong basket of bamboo, lined with plaited sheepskin. The ends of the long poles or handles rested upon the shoulders of four Madagascan bearers, while four others accompanied these as a relay. Under the palanquin



"PASSING A GROVE OF PALMS KNOWN AS THE 'TRAVELER'S TREE.'"

hood of woven palm-cloth, Mr. Steedman reclined comfortably, while Harry nestled cozily at his feet; and so, out of the village, and through the swamp of Biforána, the procession moved until the mire



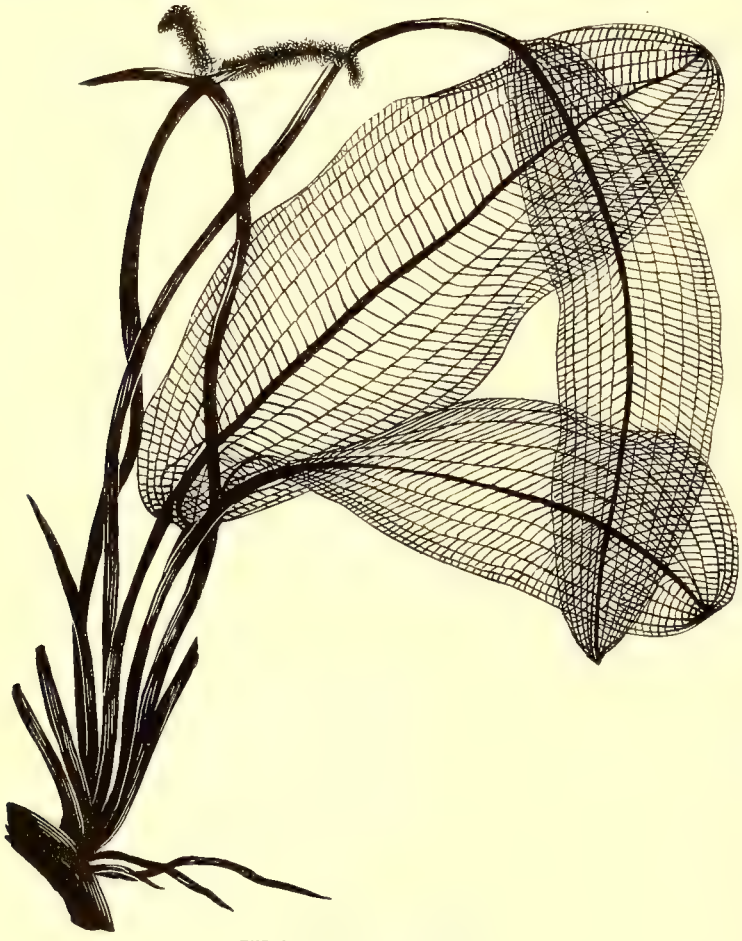
PALANQUIN TRAVELING BECOMES UNCOMFORTABLE.

became so thick that the palanquin could not be carried with ease. As the next best mode of conveyance, the two passengers were then transferred to the shoulders of two stout natives.

Mr. Steedman had started upon an expedition in search of the beautiful lace-leaf plant, or water-yam, of Madagascar, which he was told grew in the forests beyond Biforána, and which he was very desirous of finding in its native state. Harry, after urgent solicitation, had been allowed to accompany his father; but, as he clung to the neck of his swarthy bearer, the little fellow found that there was not, after all, so much fun in the trip as he had expected. And later on, when the palanquin, in which they were soon seated again, was tossed and bumped by the slipping and stumbling of the bearers as they climbed a very steep hill-side, he began almost to wish himself at home.

After passing a grove of the stately palms known as the "traveler's tree," they found themselves on a path that led to the bank of a river. They endeavored to ford it, but speedily found that the danger from deep holes and ugly-looking crocodiles was too great for them to proceed. So Raheh, the chief bearer, uttered a curious cry, or signal, which soon brought into view a *làkana*, or canoe, rudely fashioned from a hollow tree-trunk; and in it a native was paddling rapidly toward them.

Harry and his father stepped into the rather shaky-looking craft not without misgivings, but



THE LACE-LEAF OF MADAGASCAR.

they were soon safely landed on the other shore. When all had been thus ferried across and the native boatman had been paid, the party entered the great forest of Alamazaotra, which covers more than forty miles of wild and mountainous country.

Their path at once led them through a gorge so narrow that the sides of the palanquin grazed the rocky walls, and the masses of tangled foliage, meeting far above their heads, almost entirely obscured the light. The bearers paused for breath after climbing the steep ascent that led from this gloomy pass, and Harry and his father exclaimed in wonder at the strange beauty of the wild tropical forest.

Gigantic palms upheld around their stately heads a leafy dome closely interlaced by clinging vines. Long garlands of moss and climbing plants crossed and recrossed this lofty roof, and from its shadowy arches great masses of gray moss hung suspended. Here and there among the cool green and gray tints of leaves and moss some tropical flowers and fruits gleamed forth in bright flashes of scarlet and gold.

Myriads of frail wood-blossoms hid their pale heads under the feathery ferns that clustered about the roots of the trees, and the dead palms were tenderly shrouded in waxy-leaved climbing vines, their graceful fallen crowns replaced by masses of green ferns, intermingled with the faint pink and blue tints of some rare orchid. On every side were little groves of bamboo, — their light-green fringes contrasting with the darker fronds of the stately tree-fern.

Absolute silence reigned throughout this solitude, and Harry began to be so oppressed by the stillness as to grow fearful of danger. But his father explained that during the wet season, in which they were traveling, insect life in these tropical forests is asleep, and Harry himself knew that there were but few wild animals in Madagascar. Indeed, with the exception of that curious animal, part fox, part squirrel, and part monkey, that is peculiar to Madagascar and is called, from its prowling habits and ghostly appearance, the lemur, or "ghostly visitor," the great island possesses no large native quadrupeds. The hump-backed African cattle and the singular fat-tailed sheep, now common throughout the island, were not originally found in Madagascar, but were taken over from Africa.

The bearers of the palanquin clambered on, now over steep and moss-covered rocks, now crossing sluggish streams on slippery stepping-stones, or sliding down precipices, until poor Harry was so rattled and shaken and tossed and tumbled that he declared he did n't know his head from his heels.

But, at last, a break occurred in the long stretch of rock and forest, and as the bearers paused upon a piece of level ground, for a moment's rest, Raheh suddenly uttered the joyful cry of "*rano!*" (water)

and all, on listening, distinguished the sound of a rushing stream.

Urged on by Raheh, the bearers pushed ahead, and soon stood upon the banks of a beautiful river, dashing merrily along over rocks and fallen trees, until with a leap it disappeared in the shadows of the vast forest. Upon the farther side was grouped a little village of the clay huts belonging to the friendly Hovas, and beyond the village stretched green fields of waving rice. The "Hovas" are the governing race in the island, and are the most civilized. Their capital city of Antananarivo, in the center of the island, is a well-built city of over 100,000 inhabitants.

A tree had fallen across the stream, with its head resting upon the opposite bank, and this natural bridge was entirely covered with pink, blue and white flowers of the waxy orchid. This beautiful sight, however, was unnoticed by Harry and his father, for in the water at their feet was the object of their search, the Lattice or Lace leaf.

The lace-leaf plant, or fresh water-yam as it is sometimes called because of its potato-shaped or yam-like root, is found in many of the rivers of Madagascar. The difficulty of obtaining it, however, makes it a rare plant to Europeans; and when, a few days before, Mr. Steedman had recognized in some "roasted potatoes," as Harry called the pleasant-tasting vegetable that one of his boyish Madagascan friends had given him to eat, the edible root of the lace-leaf plant, the missionary had determined to make a careful search for the plant so prized by naturalists. And now at last he had found it, bobbing backward and forward in a fantastic dance just above the eddying waters of the beautiful forest river. As soon as they recognized it, both Mr. Steedman and his son were on the ground in an instant, and bending eagerly above the clear stream. The water was so pure and limpid that every pebble could be counted, and in the cool, bright current they saw, to their delight, a perfect labyrinth of lace-work. Dozens of lace-leaves, green, gold, olive, and brown, were floating just beneath the surface of the water.

"Oh, Papa! did you ever see anything so lovely?" said Harry, excitedly.

Mr. Steedman could take but a one-sided view of those wonderful leaves, as one glass from his spectacles had been lost during their rough journey; but the remaining glass fairly sparkled with satisfaction.

"Ah, my son, this plant is both lovely and rare. See, the young leaves are light green and yellow; the older leaves are darker,—shades of green and olive. A few are even black, and all growing from the same root. How perfect is every leaf, in spite of its delicate texture! Some of those larger leaves must be ten or twelve inches long. The strong midrib in each serves as a support for the fragile threads forming the meshes on each side."

Harry now plunged his hand into the lace-like web, half expecting it to dissolve in his grasp. But no! The wiry little yellow leaf which he raised from the water, was perfect in form, and a gleam of sunlight, falling upon the shining meshes, transformed them into threads of glistening gold.

He now discovered, as he examined them carefully, that the under surfaces of the leaves were glistening with little pearly bubbles of air.



MADAGASCAN DRINKING-CUP FORMED FROM A LEAF OF THE "TRAVELER'S TREE."



RAHEH, THE GUIDE.

"Oh, Papa," he cried, joyously holding the glistening meshes aloft, "the lace-leaves are jeweled!"

"Yes, Harry," said his father, "those diamond drops are made by the breathing of the plant."

Mr. Steedman attempted to detach a root of one of the plants from its bed of mud, but the little tendrils branching from it on every side held the root firmly in its place. At last he succeeded in extricating the little white threads, one by one, and removed the entire plant to the bank. Its root, which is eaten in Madagascar, was very like the ginger root, and had a tough, light-brown skin.

Harry carefully placed the leaves of the plant in his herbarium, while his father packed the root, with its native soil, in a tin case, preparatory to sending it to the Botanical Society in London.

"Harry," he said, as they finished their work, "this plant could be easily reared in our greenhouses—heat and moisture being all that is required. But nature seems to have jealously surrounded these beautiful leaves with almost impassable barriers, and the lace-plant is comparatively unknown.

"But come, my boy Raheh says '*maly-massandro*' (the sun is dead), and it will be as long as 'two cookings of rice' (two half hours) before we can be ferried across to yonder village and secure a place to pass the night."

And so, after Raheh had given Harry one last drink from the clear, cool river, in the odd-looking leaf-cup he carried for the purpose, the tired but successful lace-leaf hunters crossed over to the Hova village and were soon fast asleep.

THE CARICATURE PLANT.

BY M. A.

ONE of the most remarkable plants in the whole vegetable kingdom is that known to botanists as the *Justicia Picta*, which has also been well named "The Caricature Plant."

At first sight, it appears to be a heavy, large-leafed plant, with purple blossoms, chiefly remarkable for the light-yellow centers of its dark-green leaves, which cause them to look as if some acid had been spilled upon them and taken the color out wherever it had touched.

As I stood looking at this odd plant and thinking what a sickly, blighted appearance the queer, yellow stains gave it, I was suddenly impressed with the fact that the plant was "making faces" at me. Still, unaccustomed as I was to seeing plants indulge in this strictly human amusement, I was slow to believe it, and stooped to read the somewhat illegible inscription on the card below the plant—"*Justicia Picta*, or 'Caricature Plant.'" My first impression was correct then. This curious shrub had indeed occupied itself in growing up in ridiculous caricatures of the "human face divine," until it now stood, covered from the topmost leaf down, with the queerest faces imaginable. Nature had taken to caricaturing. The flesh-colored profiles stood out in strong relief against the dark-green of the leaves.

A discovery of one of these vegetable marks leads to an examination of a second and a third leaf, until all are scanned as closely and curiously as the

leaves of the comic papers that form the caricature plants of the literary kingdom.

What a valuable plant this would be for one of our professional caricaturists to have growing in his conservatory! When an order was sent to him for a "speaking likeness" of some unhappy politician, he could simply visit his *Justicia Picta* with pencil and paper in hand, and look over the leaves for a suitable squint, grin, or distorted nose to sketch from. He could, moreover, affirm with truth that the portrait was "taken from nature." Cuthbert Collingwood, the celebrated naturalist, says of the *Justicia Picta:* "One of these plants in the garden of Gustave Doré would be worth a fortune to him, supplying him with a never-failing fund of grotesque physiognomies, from which he might illustrate every serio-comic romance ever written." I have never heard of the cultivation of the Caricature Plant in this country; but botanists tell us that it is a hardy shrub. I think we should be glad to see the funny faces on its leaves. After all the lovely flowers we are called upon to admire, I am sure that a plant evidently intended to make us laugh would receive a warm welcome from our young people.

The Chinese appreciate the Caricature Plant, and in some parts of China it is quite extensively cultivated. Perhaps some of the funny, grinning faces on Chinese toys and ornaments are reproductions of the grotesque features on the leaves of the plant.

Finally, I must assure any unbelieving readers of ST. NICHOLAS that neither in this account of a very remarkable plant, nor in the accompanying illustration, has the writer drawn upon imagination.



THE CARICATURE PLANT

The *Justicia Picta* really exists. It is a native of the East Indies, and is a source of much amusement and curiosity to both botanists and travelers.

VEGETABLE CLOTHING.

BY C. J. RUSSELL.

ABOUT two hundred years ago the governor of the island of Jamaica, Sir Thomas Lynch, sent to King Charles II. of England a vegetable necktie, and a very good necktie it was, although it had grown on a tree and had not been altered since it was taken from the tree. It was as soft and white and delicate as lace, and it is not surprising that the King should have expressed his doubts when he was told that the beautiful fabric had grown on a tree in almost the exact condition in which he saw it. It had been stretched a little, and that was all.

But if King Charles was astonished to learn that neckties grew on trees in Jamaica, what must have been the feelings of a stranger traveling in Central America, on being told that mosquito-nets grew on trees in that country? He had complained to his host that the mosquitoes had nearly eaten him up the night before, and had been told in response that he should have a new netting put over his bed.

Satisfied with this statement, the traveler was turning away, but his attention was arrested by his host's calmly continuing, "in fact, we are go-

ing to strip a tree anyhow, because there is to be a wedding on the estate, and we wish to have a dress ready for the bride."



KING CHARLES'S VEGETABLE MUCKTIE.

"You don't mean," said the traveler incredulously, "that mosquito-netting and bridal dresses grow on trees, do you?"

"That is just what I mean," replied his host.

"All right," said the stranger, who fancied a joke was being attempted at his expense, "let me see you gather the fruit and I will believe you."

"Certainly," was the answer; "follow the men, and you will see that I speak the exact truth."

Still looking for some jest, the stranger followed the two men who were to pluck the singular fruit, and stood by when they stopped at a rather small tree, bearing thick, glossy-green leaves, but nothing else which the utmost effort of the imagination could convert into the netting or the wedding garments. The tree was about twenty feet high and six inches in diameter, and its bark looked much like that of a birch-tree.

"Is this the tree?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, señor," answered one of the men, with a smile.

"I don't see the mosquito-netting nor the wedding-dress," said the stranger, "and I can't see any joke either."

"If the señor will wait a few minutes he will see all that was promised, and more too," was the reply. "He will see that this tree can bear not only mosquito-netting and wedding-dresses, but fish-nets and neck-scarfs, mourning crape or bridal veils."

The tree was without more ado cut down. Three strips of bark, each about six inches wide and eight feet long, were taken from the trunk and thrown into a stream of water. Then each man took a strip while it was still in the water, and with the point of his knife separated a thin layer of the inner bark from one end of the strip. This layer was then taken in the fingers and gently pulled, whereupon it came away in an even sheet of the entire width and length of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets were thus taken from each strip of bark, and thrown into the water.

A light broke in upon the stranger's mind.

Without a doubt these strips were to be sewn together into one sheet. The plan seemed a good one and the fabric thus formed might do, he thought, if no better cloth could be had.

The men were not through yet, however, for when each strip of bark had yielded its twelve sheets, each sheet was taken from the water and gradually stretched sidewise. The spectator could hardly believe his eyes. The sheet broadened and broadened until from a close piece of material six inches wide, it became a filmy cloud of delicate lace, over three feet in width. The astonished gentleman was forced to confess that no human-made loom ever turned out lace which could surpass in snowy whiteness and gossamer-like delicacy that product of nature.

The natural lace is not so regular in formation as the material called illusion, so much worn by ladies in summer; but it is as soft and white, and will bear washing, which is not true of illusion. In Jamaica and Central America, this wonderful lace is put to all the uses mentioned by the native to our traveler, and to more uses besides. In fact, among the poorer people it supplies the place of manufactured cloth, which they can not afford to buy; and the wealthier classes do not by any means scorn it for ornamental use.

Long before the white man found his way to this part of the world, the Indians had known and used this vegetable cloth; so that what was so new and wonderful to King Charles and Governor Sir Thomas Lynch was an old story to the natives. Some time after King Charles received his vegetable necktie, Sir Hans Sloane, whose art-collection and library were the foundation of the British Museum, visited Jamaica. He described the tree fully, and was the first person who told the civilized world about it. The tree is commonly called the lace-bark tree. Its botanical name is *Lagetto lintearia*.

WOE TO THE FOREIGN DOLLY!



THE PET GREYHOUND RESOLVES INDIGNANTLY THAT THE JAPANESE "MUST GO!"

ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

X.—A CLEVER LITTLE YELLOW DOG.

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

ONE cold winter night, not long ago, I took pity on a poor little dejected-looking yellow puppy, and invited him into my house. Having once taken him in, it was quite out of the question to think of turning him out again. I was not afraid that I might be robbing anybody, for he was the kind of dog that very few persons care to have. He was dirty-yellow in color, very lank of body, and he seemed to be made up of ill-assorted parts of different kinds of dogs. His legs, particularly, seemed intended for some other dog and acted as if they never would become reconciled to carrying the queer body to which they were joined.

I should have preferred a handsome dog, but since I had no choice, I determined to do my duty by the little outcast, and to give him such an education that in the beauties of his mind the ugliness of his body would be overlooked.

The first thing needed for him was a name; and I tried to think of something appropriate, but soon gave it up, and in default of a better title called him Bob. To teach him the name was easy. I merely called out the word "Bob!" every time I fed him. As it was important that he should learn to look to me as the source of all his happiness and instruction, I permitted no one else to feed him. It took him about a week to learn his name, and to recognize the fact that all the blandishments he could lavish on the cook would be of no avail, and that his only hope was in me.

At the very outset, I had made up my mind that under no circumstances should he receive angry words or blows. He was a broken-spirited, affectionate little puppy, and I was resolved that if there was no way of teaching him except by brutality, he should remain ignorant all his life. The abject way in which, to this day, he runs from a child makes me feel sad. I fancy that much of his early life was spent in dodging stones or snowballs thrown by boys—not cruel, but thoughtless boys.

It was necessary to control him, and I quickly discovered an easy way. He was such a sensitive little fellow that when he once learned to love me, he seemed to know by the tones of my voice whether I was pleased with him, and to have me pleased seemed to be the one object of his life. Therefore, if I saw him doing anything wrong, I had only to say sharply and firmly, "No, Bob!" and down would go the tail and ears, and he would slink shame-facedly to his special corner and from there watch me until I would call him to me and pat his head.

After a while, a quiet "No, Bob!" would effect the same result. This was a great victory, and made most of the subsequent teaching merely a matter of patience.

The first real lesson was when I undertook to make him sit up. If he had only known what I wished him to do, he would gladly have done it; but the words "Sit up!" meant nothing to him. He was almost too willing, for when I took hold of him to put him into a sitting position, he became as limp as a wet rag, and seemed to be trying to put himself into a condition to be twisted into any shape I chose.

Then I put him into a corner and set him up, saying continually, "Sit up! Sit up!" I held him up for a while and then took my hand away, but at once he collapsed as if all the stiffening had suddenly left his back-bone. Then I showed him a piece of sugar, of which he was very fond, and immediately he was himself again. Once more, and many times more, I put him in position in the corner, until at last, seemingly by accident, he failed to fall over when I took my hand away. I did not tax his endurance, but at once gave him the sugar.

It took him about three days to grasp the idea that "sit up!" meant a special performance, and that to achieve it meant a lump of sugar. Then I put him through the same process in the middle of the room. He missed the support of the wall at first, and fell over; whereupon he looked foolish. One fact was evidently firmly fixed in his mind, however,— the fact that there was sugar to be had if only he could do as I wished him to do. All the time that he was struggling for balance, he kept his eye on the lump of sugar, which I had on the floor beside me. Finally that lesson was learned, and he could sit up if I would put him in position. He knew, too, what "sit up!" meant.

After that, I would not feed him until he had first sat up; but it was a long time before he gained sufficient confidence in himself to sit up without help. At first I helped him up by both paws; then I helped by holding only one paw; then I merely touched one paw; then I only motioned, as if about to touch the paw; and finally I simply said, "Sit up!"

I think Bob reasoned this all out in his own mind and concluded that there must be some strange and beautiful power in the words "sit

up!" for he could see that whenever he did it, he had something to eat. I am obliged to confess that Bob loved to eat; and after he had learned to sit up, he was inclined to perform the feat morning, noon, and night, and it was, of course, impossible to make him go away without first giving him a morsel, however small, of food.

Lessons in standing up, walking and waltzing followed, and they were all easily taught. In teaching him anything, I was always careful to



AWAITING FURTHER ORDERS.

associate the action required of him with certain words. Standing, walking on his hind legs, and waltzing were always "stand up!" "walk!" "waltz about!" I never taught him more than one thing at a time, so that there should be no possibility of his misunderstanding the meaning of the word or words used.

In teaching him to stand up, I first made him sit; then by holding a piece of sugar over his head, I induced him to stand erect,—while I kept repeating, "Stand up!" "Stand up!" After he had learned this lesson, I made him first sit, then stand, and then, by going from him and saying "Walk!" I made him follow me until he understood the connection between the words and the action, even when I was at the other end of the room. I taught him to "waltz" by making him go around and around after a piece of sugar held over his head when he was standing up.

To make him go to his corner and lie down, without hurting his feelings, was difficult. If I said sharply, "Go to your corner and lie down!" he would go; but he would feel so badly that he could not play for half an hour. But by repeating the command in gradually softening tones and by giving him a piece of sugar each time, he eventually learned that he was not thereby in disgrace.

Seeing, however, how a sharp word would make his ears and tail droop, I took advantage of this fact, and whenever he had done wrong I would always say "Naughty!" a dozen times over, until at last I had only to whisper "Naughty!"—and down would go those ensigns in a moment. On the other hand, if I said "Good dog!" he was immediately on the alert, ears up, head cocked to one side, and tail wagging, ready for any kind of sport.

After he had learned to walk, I taught him to go slowly when I said "like a gentleman!" and quickly when I said "like a schoolboy!" To teach him these things required patience principally; but I found that to teach him some things taxed my ingenuity as well.

I wished him to speak both softly and loudly; but how to make him do it puzzled me. For Bob seldom barked except when engaged in uproarious play, and at such times he was not susceptible to instruction. One day, however, he had been playing with a little rubber ball, running after it and bringing it to me until I was tired, a condition in which he never seemed to be.

To stop the game I put my foot on the ball, and picked up a book to read. Bob waited a few moments to see what I was going to do, and finding I was not going to play, tried to push my foot away with his nose. Failing in that, he pulled with one paw. That also failed, and Bob was puzzled. He retired a few steps, placed his head between his forepaws on the floor and looked at me. I pretended not to see him, curious to know what he would do. He remained perfectly still for nearly a minute, and then, as if determined to attract my attention somehow, he barked.

There was my clew; I gave him the ball at once. In a few moments I again placed my foot on the ball, and waited until I saw he was about to bark, when I said, "Shout! Shout!" He barked, and I gave him the ball. I repeated this several times

a day, and day after day, until he learned to bark whenever he wanted the ball and I said "Shout!" Then I made him shout for his meals, and finally, he would "shout" whenever I told him to do so.

To make him speak softly, I took advantage of a fashion he had of whining when he wished to go into the yard for a frolic. I would go to the door and say, "Want to go out?" Bob would at once respond by preparing to rush out the moment the door was opened. Then I would say, "Speak softly!" and keep repeating the words until he whined. After a while he would whine the moment I said, "Speak softly!"



"BOB" JUMPING.

Another thing that I taught him was to fall down and lie motionless when I said, "Dead!" This I accomplished by taking hold of his forefeet in one hand and his hindfeet in the other, and suddenly dropping him on his side on the floor, as I said the word "Dead!" several times.

At first, Bob thought I was playing some new game with him, and prepared for a good time, but I had only to say "No!" to him to make him sedate at once. By this time he had learned that when I repeated a thing several times, it was because he was to learn something; and the little fellow really seemed to try to understand what I wished him to do.

After I had pulled his feet from under him a number of times, and had made him lie still until I said, "Alive!" I tried tapping a hindfoot and a forefoot, at the same time saying "Dead!" He was a long time learning this trick; and several times when I thought he had learned to do it when I simply tapped his feet, I was obliged to go back and pull his feet from under him. In time, however, he learned to fall the moment I touched the side of one hindfoot. From that to motioning at the foot, and finally, merely saying "Dead!" the progress was quick. To make him jump up, I always said "Alive!"

To make him go "lame" was very easy. I tied a long string to one forefoot, and by saying, "Lame!" and at the same time making him walk, while I prevented him from putting the tied foot down, he soon learned to go on three legs.

One of the funniest things he learned to do was to take his piece of carpet, shake it well, and put it back in its place. It was through an accident that I thought of teaching him to do this. I had been accustomed to shake out his carpet in the yard every morning. One morning I threw it on the grass to air. In a moment Bob had it in his mouth and was worrying it, shaking it, and growling. He was playing, but I saw that

I could teach him something, and at once said, "Make your bed!" By repeating this, morning after morning, he at last learned to pick up his carpet, carry it out into the yard, shake it, and carry it back. I could never teach him to lay it down properly, however; he seemed to think it was as good in a heap as if nicely smoothed out.

After I had taught Bob a number of tricks, I determined to write a play for him. I do not believe that any human actor ever had audiences more appreciative than his, when he performed in his "play." His little friends were always ready to give him sugar by the handful if I did not interfere, and Bob was always ready to take all that was offered. The "play" was nothing more than a simple little story into which were introduced the words which I used in commanding him to perform his various tricks. I would repeat the story, and when I came to a word of command, such as "dead," I would emphasize it so that Bob would at once do whatever he had been taught to do at the sound of that word. The play I wrote was about as follows: —

"Once upon a time there was a little dog named *Bob* [here Bob would run to me, and wait expectantly]. Usually he was a very *good dog* [wag, wag, would go his tail], but once in a while he was very *naughty* [down would drop ears and tail]. When he was a *good dog* [happy again], he would *sit up* and show any little boy or girl how to behave. At such times, he would *speak softly* [prolonged whine], as a polite dog should, though once in a while he would become excited, and *shout, shout, shout* [furious barking], as impolite children are sometimes apt to do.

"When a lady entered the room where he was, he would always *stand* up, ready to give her his chair if she wished it; or if she preferred to go into the garden or the street, he would go with her and *walk like a gentleman*. When he played, however, he could run *like a schoolboy*. But once he was in the ball-room, he could *waltz about* as well as the best dancer there.

"If any one ever said to him, '*go to your corner and lie down*,' he would do so at once like the well bred dog he was. But he was always obedient and would come immediately as soon as one said *Bob*.

"I was very sorry to hear one day that this remarkable dog was *dead*. I felt so badly that I went to his house, but was pleasantly surprised when I reached there, to find that he was very much *alive*."

What will be the limit of Bob's education I do not know, for he continues to learn with increasing ease every day. In addition to all that has been described, he can now, at the proper order of command, sneeze, catch a piece of meat from his nose at the word "three," jump over a cane, turn a somersault, and play tag.



FETCH BRINGS IN THE PERVERSE COW.

XI.—A DOG THAT COULD COUNT.

By E. P. Roe.

Old Fetch was a shepherd dog and lived in the Highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows, and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west, his master would say to his dog, "Bring the cows home"; and it was because the dog did

this task so well, that he was called Fetch. He would run to a flat rock and hold his ear down close to it, having learned that he could thus catch the far-off tinkle of the cow-bells better than in any other way. If he could not hear them he would range about until he did, and then he was off like a shot in the direction of the sound.

One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered, shady, and grassy nooks, he at last gathered all the cattle into a mountain road, leading to the distant barnyard.

Switching off the flies with their tails, the cows jogged slowly homeward, the tinkle of their bells gradually becoming more and more distinct to the milkmaid who was awaiting them. One of the cows was known to be a little perverse, and on that evening she gave fresh evidence of willfulness. One part of the road ran through a low, moist spot bordered by a thicket of black alder, and into this the cow pushed her way, and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch. He was panting from his exertions in the hot evening, his tongue lolling from his mouth as he slowly and languidly pursued his way.

Indeed he had quite discarded his usual vigilance, and the perverse cow took advantage of it.

As the cows approached the barnyard gate, he quickened his pace, and hurried forward, as if to say, "I 'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little, and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and standing on his hindfeet peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it. Before very long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace, hastening her on by frequently leaping up and catching her ear in his teeth. The gate was again thrown open, and the cow, shaking her head from the pain of the dog's rough reminders, was led through it in a way that she did not soon forget. Fetch looked after her a moment with the air of one remarking to himself, "You 'll not try that trick again," and then he lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.

XII.—A CLEVER SHEEP DOG.

A RECENT English writer tells the following story of an ingenious sheep-dog that, when the flock took a wrong road, would turn them back without worrying them. His owner had hesitated for some time before he made up his mind to have a dog, as he had often seen dogs ill-use the poor sheep. But believing that in most cases the dogs' harshness toward the sheep was due to bad training, and not to their naturally evil dispositions, he resolved to make trial of one. The dog he procured was young; and he trained it after his own ideas. He soon found the docile creature a very useful helper in driving a flock from one pasture to another. The sheep often took a wrong turn, and then scampered off as fast as they could go. At such times, most shepherds who had dogs were accustomed to send the dog after the flock, at the top of its speed. Of course, it soon overtook them, but the sheep were often much frightened, and not infrequently hurt by falling down or by rushing against one another. To prevent this, the shepherd mentioned would order his dog "Smart" to go to the other side of the hedge, saying, "Now, go ahead, and bring 'em back!" Smart would promptly obey, and would noiselessly run along behind the hedge, sometimes even climbing a little slope by the roadway, whence he could overlook the flock and see just where each sheep was moving. As soon as Smart, by peeping over or through the hedge, had satisfied himself that he was ahead of all the sheep, he would come coolly out of the hedge and bring them back down the lane so gently as not to cause them the least alarm. Smart never attempted to get ahead of a flock in the way common to most of the dogs in that vicinity,— by rushing past them and frightening them; but looking at his master and wagging his tail, he would cross the hedge, overtake them, and quietly drive them back into the right road.

XIII.—A STORY OF TWO BUCKETS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. VAILE.

THERE they were hanging, one of them out of sight in the cool, deep water, and the other swinging empty in the sunshine, as Daisy Hadley and her dog Bruno came up to the well. The little girl and the big dog had been rambling about all the morning, following the brook through fields of sunflowers and poppies, or climbing the rocks on the sides of the mountains; but they were tired and thirsty now, and Daisy looked wistfully at the empty bucket, wishing she were strong enough to pull it down and bring the other, full and dripping, up in its place.

"Bruno," she said reproachfully, "I wish you could draw me some water." Bruno was a great, shaggy Newfoundland, that had been Daisy's playmate ever since she could remember. He was a



"A CLEVER SHEEP DOG." (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

wonderful dog. Daisy herself would have told you that there were only a few things he could not do, but unfortunately managing that well was one of them. So there was no help for it, and Daisy was turning reluctantly away when she caught sight of Mr. Paul Gregg, one of the other summer boarders in the Park.

If he had not come up just then, there would have been no story to tell, and the buckets might have gone up and down in the well to this day without taking part in any more remarkable event. But he *did* come up; and Daisy's face brightened, for they were great friends, though she was only a little girl in the Kindergarten, and he was a tall young student. He stopped when Daisy said she wanted some water; and putting down his botanical box, he began to draw some gloves over his rather soft hands.

"I don't like this kind of a well at all," said Daisy. "It is n't half as nice as the one at my

grandfather's. *That* had only one bucket, with a rope that went 'round and 'round a great roller; and there was a handle that I could turn myself."

"This is a very old and respectable kind of a well, though," said Mr. Gregg, taking hold of the rope. "There must have been such wells as long ago as Shakspere's time."

"How do you know?" asked Daisy, who was sure that Shakspere lived a great while ago, though she could not have told when.

"Shakspere, you know, Daisy," said Mr. Gregg, "was a great poet who lived hundreds of years ago, and in a play he wrote, called 'King Richard II.,' he tells about just such a well as this. Richard was one of the kings of England, and a very unlucky king he was, though I can't deny that he brought his troubles on himself, for he was anything but a wise and prudent ruler. At last his cousin Prince Henry raised a great army and forced Richard to give up the crown. Poor King Richard did not show much spirit when his troubles came; but, according to Shakspere, he made a very neat speech, when his clever cousin Henry told him that he had decided to become King himself. Among other things, Richard said that the crown he must give up was

> 'Like a deep well
> That owns two buckets filling one another;
> The emptier ever dancing in the air,
> The other down, unseen, and full of water;
> That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
> Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.'"

While Mr. Gregg was talking, the buckets in the well had changed places. The one which had swung in the air so lightly at first had gone down out of sight, and the other had come up ready to be emptied and to take its place in the sunshine.

Mr. Gregg paused now as he poured out some of the water. Daisy was silent too, trying to understand it all.

"What became of King Richard?" she asked presently.

"He died in prison," said Mr. Gregg. "Some say his cousin Henry, who took his place as king, had him put to death; and now," he added, turning away from the well, "I think that I will see if your mother is ready to go to dinner with us."

Then he turned toward the cottage and left Daisy standing by the well. She had not understood it all, but she felt very sorry for the unhappy king, and she thought she knew why he said he was like the bucket in the deep, dark water when he sank under his grief and shame never to see any more bright days.

She was leaning on the side of the well, with her hand upon the rope, thinking very earnestly of it all and trying to catch a glimpse of the bucket that was hanging there in the dark, when something dreadful happened. Before she knew it, she had leaned over too far. She lost her balance and fell over the side of the well. Down, down went the bucket, more swiftly than it had ever gone before, and with it, but holding desperately to the rope, went Daisy! There was only time for one terrible cry—and she was out of sight in the well!

There was no one there to save her,—Yes, there was Bruno! He heard the cry. He saw his little friend go down, and with a bark that rang across to the mountains, he rushed to the well. He leaped frantically against the low wooden side just as the bucket which had been in the water rose even with its edge. Somehow he managed to fling his heavy paws on it, then his whole body, and then, all at once, it was Bruno that was going down, down, but clinging to the bucket and howling as he went,—and Daisy was coming up!

It was only for a minute, therefore, that Daisy was in the water. The next moment, thanks to the sudden pull at the other end of the rope, she was rising again; and just as Bruno, loosened his hold of the bucket, and dropped heavily into the water, Mr. Paul Gregg reached the side of the well, seized the rope and drew Daisy to the top, gasping, shivering, and frightened almost to death.

As soon as Daisy could speak, she said, "Save Bruno!" But they had already begun to do that, and they did save him, of course. The brave old fellow was none the worse for his adventure. He dried himself in the sunshine, and then lay down beside the rocking-chair where Daisy sat folded in a soft wrap, with vaseline on her blistered hands.

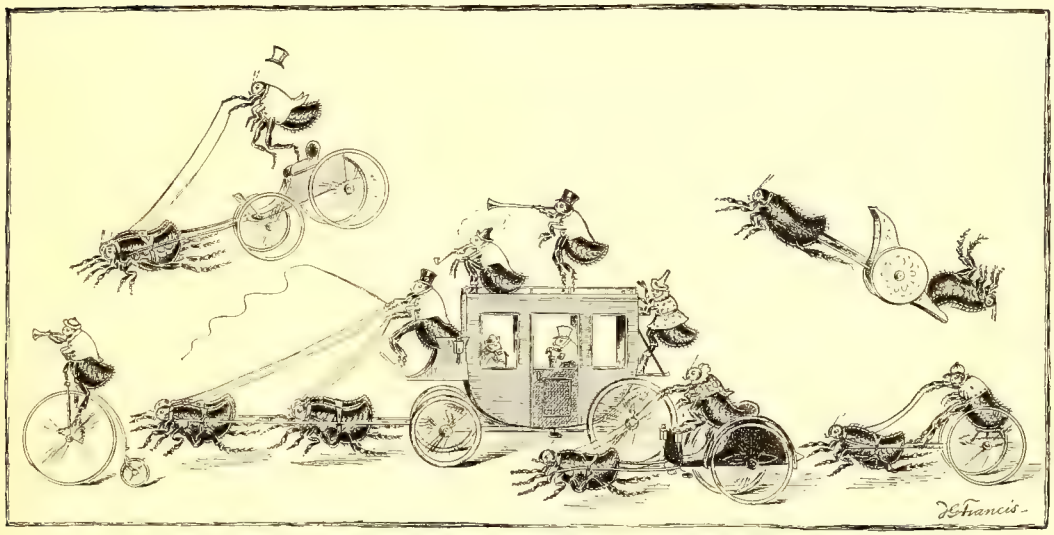
Daisy was none the worse for it either, in the end; though at first, when her mother asked her how it happened and she tried to say something about a "poor king," and "a bucket-full of tears," the poor lady was afraid the plunge had affected her daughter's mind, and to this day she is in doubt whether Shakspere or King Henry or Mr. Paul Gregg was responsible for the accident.

One thing however, was clear. It was Bruno who had saved her. Had he really meant to go down with the bucket and rescue her? Daisy never had a doubt of it herself. For the rest of the season he was the hero of the Park. The summer guests bought him a silver collar beautifully engraved, and Mr. Paul Gregg declared that he should propose his name as an honorary member of the Humane Society.

But Bruno's head was not turned with all those honors. He rambled through the fields with Daisy as he had done before, and when she put her arms around his neck, and said that he should be her dearest friend forever, he was happier than if his collar had been made of gold, or than if he had been elected president of the Humane Society.

THE SMALLEST CIRCUS IN THE WORLD.

By C. F. Holder.



THE "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" RACE, AS SEEN THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS. (SEE PAGE 535.)

In a former number of St. Nicholas the largest circus in the world was described, and the curious animal actors were shown in many of their tricks and performances. We now wish to exhibit another circus, the smallest in the world, the performers in which, numbering several hundreds, could all be carried about in a cherry-stone — in fact, a circus of fleas, of such remarkable intelligence that in their various feats they were quite equal to many of the larger trained animals with which we are familiar.

But before showing what the flea can do, let us look at its antecedents. We know that it is a wingless fly,—a cousin to the house-flies on one side, and to the crane-flies on the other; and a more knightly-looking little creature you can not possibly imagine. Under the microscope we see it covered with a rich polished armor resembling tortoise-shell. The head is small, and supports two *antennæ*, or feelers, composed of five joints, and between these is the proboscis, a terrible affair. Upon close examination with a powerful glass, what an array of piercing and cutting blades are seen,—long, narrow, transparent knives, each edge armed with a double row of glistening points that extend outward and then are hooked backward! These are known as the mandibles, and fit closely together, concealing another and smaller blade that has a similar but single row of points. Besides all this, there are two cutting-blades; the under edges are as sharp as sharp can be, while the upper are thick and set with bristles. Do you wonder then that the flea is so sharp a biter?

On its armored head are two large eyes; and the entire body is seen to be made up of a series of elastic armor-like bands wonderfully jointed, and armed with bristling spines like the steel points on the armor of olden times. The legs are six in number, jointed in so remarkable a manner that they can be folded up one within another. When the flea makes its prodigious leaps, these six legs all unfold at once, hurling the little fellow high into the air.

The baby flea is produced from a minute egg that in six days hatches into a tiny worm. In about ten days, the worm changes into a chrysalis, and in twelve days more it appears a perfect flea, ready for warfare upon anything or anybody.

Who first discovered that the flea was susceptible to education and kind treatment is not known; but the fact remains that on their small heads there is a thinking-cap capable of accomplishing great results. In the selection of fleas for training, however, the same care must be taken as with human beings, as the greatest difference is found in them. Some are exceedingly apt scholars, while others never can learn, and so it is that great numbers of fleas are experimented with before a

troupe is accepted. The Flea Circus here described was exhibited a few years ago and was composed of about two hundred of the most distinguished and intelligent fleas in the entire family.

One of the first lessons taught the flea, is to control its jumping powers, for if its great leaps should be taken in the middle of a performance, there would be a sudden ending to the circus. To insure against such a misfortune, the student flea is first placed in a glass phial, and encouraged to jump as much as possible. Every leap here made brings the polished head of the flea against the glass, hurling the insect back, and throwing it this way and that, until, after a long and sorry experience, and perhaps many head-aches, it makes up its mind never to unfold its legs suddenly again. When it has proved this by refusing to jump in the open air, the first and most important lesson is complete, and it joins the troupe, and is daily harnessed and trained, until, finally, it is pronounced ready to go on the stage or in the ring.

The famous Flea Circus was placed on an ordinary table, and resembled in size and shape a common dinner plate. A rim several inches high encircled the outer edge, and around the circle stood a number of small wooden boxes — the houses of the performers, and the stables for their carriages. The signal being given, the audience, consisting of one human being, would take in hand the large magnifying glass, hold it over the ring, and the performance would begin. At the word of command from the director, a very jolly, red-faced old gentleman, armed with a pair of pincers, a tiny trap-door in one of the wooden houses sprang open and a number of fleas filed out. They passed around the circle in a dignified manner, appearing through the glass about as large as wasps or bees. Each flea had a gold cord about its waist, and this was the grand entry always seen at the circus. Having completed the circuit, they returned to their quarters, and the performance proper commenced. Five fleas, each adorned with a different color, stepped from another house, and after running about here and there, and being admonished by the director, ranged themselves in a line, and at the word "go!" started on a rush around the circle; running into each other, rolling over and over, and making frantic leaps over one another. Only after half the course had been gone over, did they move in regular order, and strive fairly for the goal. In another moment, a large flea would have won the race had not two laggards almost at the last instant, as if made reckless by their evident risk of defeat, taken a desperate leap and landed far beyond the winning-post. Forthwith they were taken up in the pincers, and placed in solitary confinement in the glass phial, where it was supposed they had learned not to jump.

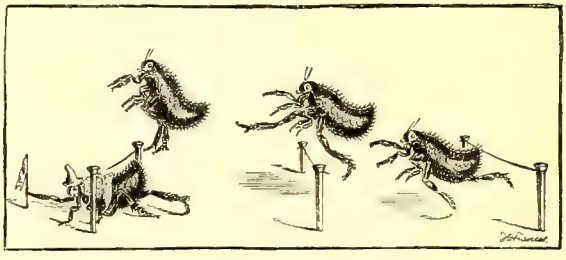
A dance was next announced and at a signal from the manager there came tumbling out from the third house probably the most ludicrous band of performers ever witnessed. Each dancer was in full regalia, like the ladies who ride the padded horses in the regular circus, their dresses of tissue



THE DANCE.

paper being ornamented with purple, gold, and red hues. The glass was placed in position, the spectator looked through it, the performers were lifted in by the pincers, and the dance began — a mixture of the Highland-fling, the sailor's hornpipe, and a "regular" break-down.

The little creatures bobbed up and down, now on one claw, now on all six, hopping, leaping, bowing, and scraping, moving forward and back, bumping into one another, now up, now down, until they seemed utterly exhausted, and several



THE HURDLE-RACE.

that had fallen down, and were kept by their voluminous skirts from getting up, had to be carried off by the aid of the ever-ready pincers.

Next came a hurdle-race. Hurdles of thin silver wire were arranged, over which two fleas were supposed to leap. One, however, was evidently very lazy or very cunning, as it won the last race by crawling under the wire.

A clown flea now appeared in the ring, and

crawled about in a comical manner with a white clown's cap on its diminutive head. A moment later out came a number of fleas all harnessed with gold wire trappings, and the several vehicles were taken from the stables. There was a tally-ho coach, smaller than a very small pea, an Eskimo sled, about a quarter of an inch long, with wire runners, a trotting sulky, evidently made from hair or bristles, and other gorgeous equipages. The tally-ho team of four frantic fleas, evidently fiery steeds, was harnessed to the coach, and on the top were placed four phlegmatic fleas that had probably been booked as outsiders, while the insides were two others fleas, which, we are sorry to say, were obliged to get in through the window, and acted very much as if they wished to get out again. The other vehicles were each provided with a steed and rider, and then all were drawn up in a row. At the word of command, off they started pell-mell! The tally-ho leaders evidently jumped their traces at first, but finally they were off with a rush, running over the clown, knocking off his hat, and, for the moment, creating a dreadful panic. The sled team threw its driver, and the sulky ran away, the flea trotter actually leaping into the air, sulky and all. But order was soon restored, and as the track was arranged on the downhill principle, the racers made rapid time. In two minutes the circuit was completed, the tally-ho coming in ahead, without, however, its outside passengers, who were thrown off as the coach was rounding the curve, and at once crawled into the nearest place of refuge.

The last act of this wonderful circus was perhaps the best. The manager arranged the stage by placing two very fine entomological pins about four inches apart, connecting them by a slender silver wire, and then announced that Signor *Pulex Irritanici*, the world-renowned tight-rope performer, would attempt his wonderful feat of dancing upon the wire at a "dizzy height" (compared to the size of the perfomer). The Signor was then brought out in a small bottle of cut-glass; his only ornament was a little jacket of tissue-paper. When fished out and placed upon the pin-head, he boldly



SIGNOR PULEX IRRITANICI ON THE TIGHT-ROPE.

started out upon the wire over which his little clawed toes seemed to fit. In the middle, and over the terrific abyss, he balanced up and down for a second, stood upon his longest legs, and then moved on, crossing in safety, and thus ending the circus, at least for that occasion.

ROCK-A-BYE.

By Mary N. Prescott.

"Rock-a-bye, babies, upon the tree-top,"
To her young the mother-bird sings,
"When the wind 's still, the rocking will stop,
And then you may all use your wings."

"Rock-a-bye, babies, under the eaves,"
The swallow croons to her brood,
"Here you are safer, my children, from thieves
Than if I had built in the wood."

"Rock-a-bye, babies, the river runs deep,"
The reed-bird trills to her flock,
"The river stirs only to sing you to sleep,
The wind your green cradle to rock!"



WHAT BERTIE SAW IN THE FLOWERS.

By L. G. R.

Buttercup! Buttercup!
Hold your shining clusters up!
In each little house of gold,
What is this that I behold?
Twenty soldiers, straight and slim,
Golden-helmeted and prim.
All day long so still they stand,
Never turning head or hand;
No one guesses where they stray
In the moonlight nights of May.
When the fairies are abroad,
These small men keep watch and ward:
Round the fairy ring they pace
All night long, to guard the place;
But when morning comes again,
Back are all the little men.

KEEPING THE CREAM OF ONE'S READING.

By Margaret Meredith.

My plan dates from a few delightful weeks which I spent with a girl friend, long ago. We were devoted to poetry and to reading aloud; and in that occupation we had the aid of a brilliant, accomplished young woman. She selected for us from Coleridge, Shelley, and several other authors, whose entire works she knew we would not care to read, all the specially fine poems or passages, and these we read and discussed with her over our fancy-work. It was charming. At last, she suggested that, as I was soon to go away and leave the books and clippings with which I had been growing familiar, it would be helpful for me to write down the choicest bits, and try in that way to keep in some degree what I had gained. This I did, putting the extracts in a school copy-book which our friend dubbed "Snippers,"—from an odd seamstress word which she had picked up by chance.

Other "snipper" books followed when that one, years after, had been filled.

My system is an orderly one. All my books are broad-paged and wide-lined, thus preventing the cramped and crowded writing which often makes such books unreadable. When I find anything which strikes me as worth keeping, I note on a slip of paper, somewhat longer than the book I am reading, the number of the page and make a perpendicular line beneath it, with a cross line indicating the relative position of the sentence which I wish to keep, thus:



If the page is in columns, I make, instead of the single line, a rough parallelogram, and note within it by square dots the relative positions of the sentences chosen for preservation, thus:



This slip of paper I use as a bookmark until it is filled or the book is finished, noting upon it, as indicated, the choicest passages and their positions on the pages. When I have finished the book I go carefully over these selected sentences. Many are discarded; the rest go into my "snippers." Below the first entry and to the right, I place the name of the book and its author, both heavily underscored; below the others, the word "Ibid" or "ditto," underscored. At the top of each page I note the year, and at the head of each batch of extracts the month or day.

Paragraphs cut from newspapers, which are worth saving, are pasted as a fly-leaf to the inner edge of the page, or even slipped under the binding thread.

In carrying out my plan I am always content with hasty work,—but I write plainly, and if possible with ink, as much fingering destroys pencil-marks. I once tried classifying the extracts, but this scarcely paid for the trouble.

I used sometimes to wonder whether these books of selections were of any real value. But I have grown now to prize them greatly. Many a time I go to them for a dimly remembered phrase or passage. Sometimes, too, I read them over, for of course they give me the essence of what I most like and admire in my reading. A short time since I lent one to a literary friend, and was surprised to find she enjoyed it so greatly that she was almost unwilling to give it back.

I am very glad that I began this practice in my young days. It gives very little trouble, and that little is a pleasure.

There is a familiar expression about an "embarrassment of riches." This is the greatest disappointment I experience with my "snippers." For, occasionally, a book has too many good things in it to be easily copied, and then my only relief is to own it and, marking it vol. *X*, add it to my row of extract-books.

WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

BY HENRY ECKFORD.

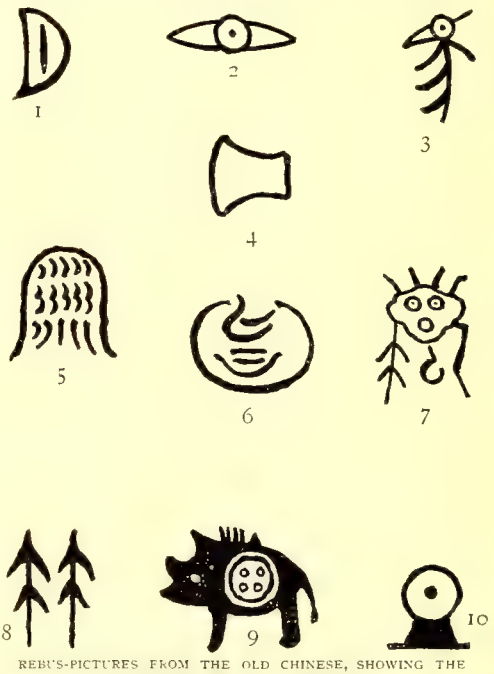
THIRD PAPER.

PERHAPS you have never given a thought to the fact that, because you were born into a nation using an alphabet that came down from the Phœnicians, you are saved a world of trouble. But consider the Chinese. If a Chinese boy and an American boy begin to learn their letters at the same time, each studying his own writing, then by the time the American is ten years old he has advanced as far in the use of letters as the Chinese boy will have advanced in the use of his when he is twenty years old. That is the same as saying that Chinese writing is three or four times as hard to learn as English. Think of spending the years between ten and twenty in learning to read! On the other hand, the long apprenticeship of Chinese and Japanese boys to their letters does them good in one way. They paint their letters with a brush on soft paper. By this means they learn very early to be skillful with the brush, which is one reason why Chinese and Japanese artists are so very dexterous with their brushes.

All writing, let it be remembered, must have begun with pictures. It is largely Chinese writing which has explained how all sorts of letters were gradually changed from pictures to an alphabet, in which hardly a single letter tells from what picture it started. The Japanese tongue is quite different from the Chinese. But the use by the Japanese of signs employed ages before by the Chinese explains another step in the progress of language. The writing of the Mexican Indians also helps us to understand the growth of alphabets. When, ages ago, the Chinese began to write, they drew little pictures of the things they wished to represent, as did the Egyptians before them in their picture-writing; and from picture-writing they made some advance in the direction of sound-writing, or rebuses. Then the little rebus-pictures were so much altered that it became very difficult to see what they once meant.

Now Chinese is a queer language. All its words are only one syllable long. But the sounds in the Chinese language are not very many, some four hundred and sixty-five at most, and their written language contains about eighty thousand pictures, each picture representing a thing or idea. And these pictures must be committed to memory. This is hard work, and not even the wisest Chinese professor can learn them all. But now comes a difficulty. For, of course, where there are so many words and so few sounds, many different words have to be called by the same sound. How then are they to tell, when several different things have exactly the same name which of them is meant?

We have such words. For instance, there is Bill, the name of a boy; and bill, the beak of a bird; there is bill, an old weapon, and bill, a piece of money; there is bill, an article over which legislatures debate, and bill, a claim for payment of money; besides bills of exchange, bills of lading, and so forth. But Chinese is full of such words of a single syllable, *yen*, for instance, which, like bill, means many very different things. So they chose a number of little pictures, and agreed that these should be used as "keys." The Chinese "keys"



REBUS-PICTURES FROM THE OLD CHINESE, SHOWING THE BEGINNINGS OF PICTURE-WRITING.

1. A Month. (From a picture of the moon.) 2. The Eye. 3. A Horse. 4 An Ax. 5. Rain. 6. Face. 7. A Dragon. 8. Bamboo. 9 Rhinoceros 10. Dawn (From the rising sun)

were used like the Egyptian "determinative signs," of which I told you. Each "key" meant that the sign or signs near which it stood belonged to some large general set of things, like things of the vegetable, mineral, or animal king-

dom, forests, mines, or seas, air, or water, or of persons, like gods or men. It was like the game called Throwing Light, in which you guess the article by narrowing down the field until certain what it is.

But there Chinese writing stopped short, thousands of years ago. There it is to-day. There are now two hundred and fourteen of these "keys," and, by intense application, Chinamen learn to use their method with surprising quickness and success.

The Japanese acted toward Chinese writing much as the Phœnicians did toward Egyptian writing. The Japanese, a very intelligent people, made what you have learned to know as a syllabary, out of signs taken from the Chinese symbols. It is called a syllabary, you remember, because each sign stood in their language for a syllable. They had to do this, because, while Chinese is all short syllables, Japanese is a language of much longer words even than ours. They cut down and simplified the Chinese signs, giving them names of their own. In this way they manage to write very swiftly. And, while not so clumsy as the Chinese fashion, the Japanese method is clumsier than is the use of an alphabet. In late years, a society has been started in Japan to do away altogether with their old-time writing, and adopt our alphabet.

Perhaps, by this time, you are beginning to see how very slowly alphabets have grown, and how hard it has been for human beings to perfect them. Knowing this, will you not look now with more interest on written and printed words? When you see letters, will you not reflect what a history each one has, reaching far back into the remotest past, where at first all seems dark, and where, when light does come, the very number and variety of materials perplex the student of alphabets? Moreover, will you not feel ashamed of people who laugh or sneer at savage nations who have no sound-writing, no syllabary, no alphabet? It does not mean that in such races all men are stupid. As a rule it means simply that the race has not had a fair chance. It has been racked by wars. Or it has never come in contact peacefully with some nation that used a method of writing a trifle better than its own, so that the brighter minds could establish schools of learning. When one nation conquers another, the higher and cleverer minds among the conquered are often the first to be destroyed. The best of our Indians of North and South America seem to have been the first to fall in battle with the whites, or to have died off because of their cruelty. The reason why the others, who lived with or near the white settlers, did not readily borrow our way of writing in their turn, as we had borrowed from the Romans, the Romans from the Greeks and Phœnicians, and the latter from the Egyptians, seems to be that our system was too far advanced for them. But if the first white settlers in Central and South America had been kind and wise men, instead of coarse and greedy people, they could have found tribes and nations almost as advanced in their mode of writing as the Japanese, though not the equals of the Japanese in architecture and the fine arts. These tribes could have learned our alphabet if care had been taken to instruct their superior men. It is certain that the Aztecs, or Mexican Indians, had advanced very far on the road to a true alphabet. When the cruel Spaniards arrived and upset their governments, destroyed their temples, massacred, enslaved and then shamefully neglected them, they had already reached the art of rebus-writing. The name of the Mexican King, Knife-Snake, or, Itz-Coatl was written in this way: Itzli means knives, and Coatl, snake. There, in Fig. 1, is the snake,

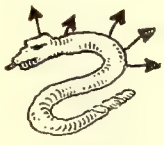


FIG. 1.

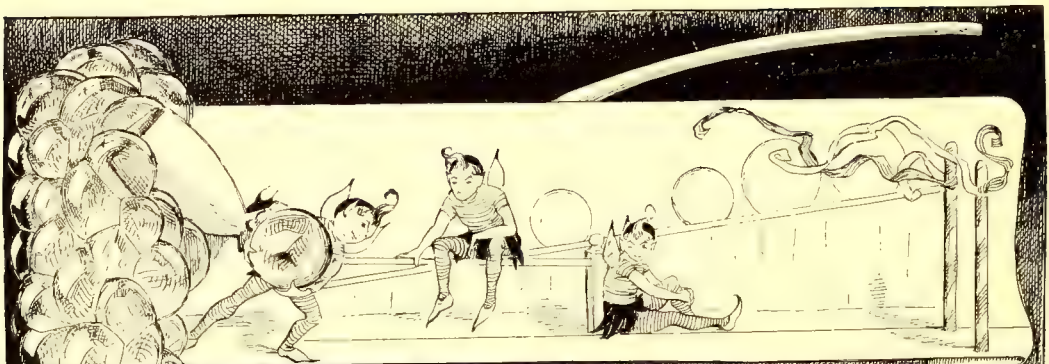


FIG. 2.

and on his back are knives made of flint. They even went farther. The same name, Itz-Coatl, was also written as in Fig. 2. The flint-headed arrow means *Itz;* the jar, called *Comitl*, stands for *Co;* and the branch, a picture of water in drops, stands for *atl*, water. And it has been asserted that certain neighbors of the Aztecs or Mexicans, known as the Maya Indians of Yucatan, who were ancient people of Central America, left ruins of cities covering square miles of forest and plain, and had reached nearly if not quite to the invention of an alphabet of vowels and consonants. But the latest authorities agree that such a Maya alphabet as the Spaniards reported may have been invented after the whites arrived. Specimens of Maya writing may be seen in Washington, at the Smithsonian Institute, on slabs and on paper casts taken from their idols or statues of kings and priests. It was not by the Maya system, but by one of rebuses, that the old missionaries wrote what few books they composed for their unhappy Indian congregations. Only lately a book composed in picture-writing throughout, was printed for the Mikmak Indians of Newfoundland.

In the next paper we will endeavor to trace the road by which our English alphabet came down from the Phœnicians, that ancient folk of the palm-tree and the Red Sea, whose alphabet you saw in the first paper of this series.

The illustrations of this article are reproduced, by permission, from a notable French work on ancient Hieroglyphics by Prof. L. De Rosny, of Paris.



BUBBLE BOWLING.

By Adelia B. Beard.

"Nothing new in bubbles! Every one knows how to blow bubbles!" Of course they do, and yet, the game I am about to describe is an entirely new and a very interesting one.

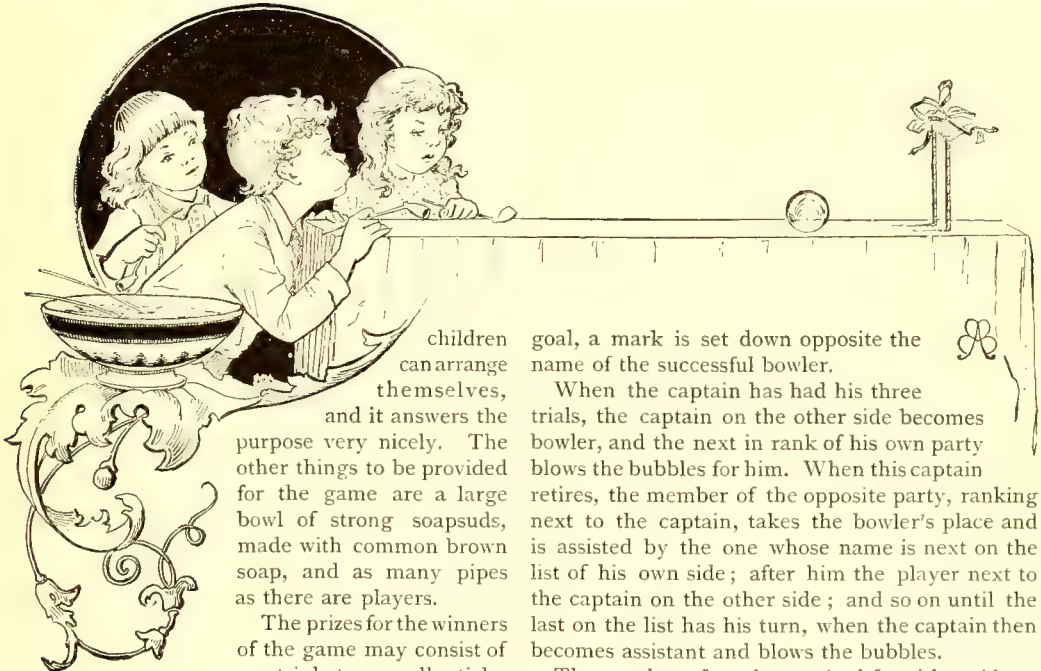
When the game of Bubble Bowling was played for the first time, it furnished an evening's entertainment, not only for the children, but for grown people also; even a well known General and his staff, who graced the occasion with their presence, joined in the sport, and seemed to enjoy it equally with their youthful competitors. Loud was the chorus of "Bravo!" and merry the laugh of exultation when the pretty crystal ball passed safely through its goal; and sympathy was freely expressed in many an "Oh!" and "Too bad!" as the wayward bubble rolled gayly off toward the floor, or, reaching the goal, dashed itself against one of the stakes and instantly vanished into thin air.

Bubble parties are delightful, as most children know from experience, and it is unnecessary, therefore, to give a description of them here. I propose merely to introduce bubble bowling as a feature in these entertainments, which will furnish no end of amusement and jollity, and add increased enjoyment and variety to the programme.

The game should be played upon a long, narrow table, made simply of a board five feet long and eighteen inches wide, resting upon ordinary wooden "horses." On top of the table, and at a distance of twelve inches from one end, should be fastened in an upright position, two stakes twelve inches high; the space between the stakes should be eight inches, which will make each stand four inches from the nearest edge of the table. When finished, the table must be covered with some sort of woolen cloth; an old shawl or a breadth of colored flannel will answer the purpose excellently. Small holes must be cut at the right distance for the stakes to pass through. The cloth should be allowed to fall over the edge of the table, and must not be fastened down, as it will sometimes be necessary to remove it in order to let it dry. It will be found more convenient,

therefore, to use two covers, if they can be provided, as there can then always be a dry cloth ready to replace the one that has become too damp. The bubbles are apt to stick when they come upon wet spots, and the bowling can be carried on in a much more lively manner if the course is kept dry. Each of the stakes forming the goal should be wound with bright ribbons of contrasting colors, entwined from the bottom up, and ending in a bow at the top. This bow can be secured in place by driving a small, or brass-headed tack through the ribbon into the top of the stake. If the rough pine legs of the table seem too unsightly, they can easily be painted. Or a curtain may be made of bright-colored cretonne,—any other material will do as well, provided the colors are pleasing,—and tucked around the edge of the table, so as to fall in folds to the floor. The illustration on this page shows the top of the table, when ready for the game.

For an impromptu affair, a table can be made by placing a leaf of a dining-table across the backs of two chairs, and covering it with a shawl. The stakes can be held in an upright position by sticking them in the tubes of large spools. This sort of table the children can arrange themselves, and it answers the purpose very nicely. The other things to be provided for the game are a large bowl of strong soapsuds, made with common brown soap, and as many pipes as there are players.



The prizes for the winners of the game may consist of any trinkets or small articles that the fancy or taste of the hostess may suggest.

Bubble Bowling can be played in two ways. The first method requires an even number of players, and these must be divided into two equal parties. This is easily accomplished by selecting two children for captains, and allowing each captain to choose, alternately, a recruit for his party until the ranks are filled, or in other words, until all the children have been chosen; then, ranked by age, or in any other manner preferred, they form in line on either side of the table. A pipe is given to each child by the hostess, and they stand prepared for the contest. One of the captains first takes his place at the foot of the table, where he must remain while he is bowling, as a bubble passing between the stakes is not counted unless blown through the goal from the end of the table.

The bowl of soapsuds is placed upon a small stand by the side of the bowling-table, and the next in rank to the captain, belonging to same party, dips his pipe into the suds and blows a bubble, not too large, which he then tosses upon the table in front of the captain, who as first bowler, stands ready to blow the bubble on its course down through the goal. Three successive trials are allowed each player; the bubbles which break before the bowler has started them, are not counted.

The names of all the players, divided as they are into two parties, are written down on a slate or paper, and whenever a bubble is sent through the goal, a mark is set down opposite the name of the successful bowler.

When the captain has had his three trials, the captain on the other side becomes bowler, and the next in rank of his own party blows the bubbles for him. When this captain retires, the member of the opposite party, ranking next to the captain, takes the bowler's place and is assisted by the one whose name is next on the list of his own side; after him the player next to the captain on the other side; and so on until the last on the list has his turn, when the captain then becomes assistant and blows the bubbles.

The number of marks required for either side to win the game, must be decided by the number of players; if there are twenty,—ten players on each side,—thirty marks would be a good limit for the winning score.

When the game has been decided, a prize is

given to that member of each party who has the greatest number of marks against his or her name showing that he or she has sent the bubble through the goal oftener than any player on the same side. Or, if preferred, prizes may be given to every child belonging to the winning party.

The other way in which Bubble Bowling may be played is much simpler, and does not require an even number of players, as no sides are formed. Each bowler plays for himself, and is allowed five successive trials; if three bubbles out of the five be blown through the goal, the player is entitled to a prize. The child acting as assistant becomes the next bowler, and so on until the last in turn becomes bowler, when the one who began the game takes the place of assistant.





THE KNICKERBOCKER BOY.

By Caroline S. King.

I.

I 'm a knickerbocker boy!
  See my coat and breeches!
Cuffs and collar, pocket too—
  Made with many stitches!
I must have a watch and chain,
A silk umbrella and a cane.—
No more kilts and skirts for me!
I 'm a big boy—don't you see?

II.

Knickerbockers! Knickerbockers!
  Give away my other clothes!
Give away my horse with rockers;
  I want one that really goes.
Two brisk, prancing goats will do;
But I 'd like a wagon too.
No more chairs hitched up for me!
I 'm a big boy—don't you see?

THE BROWNIES ON ROLLER SKATES.

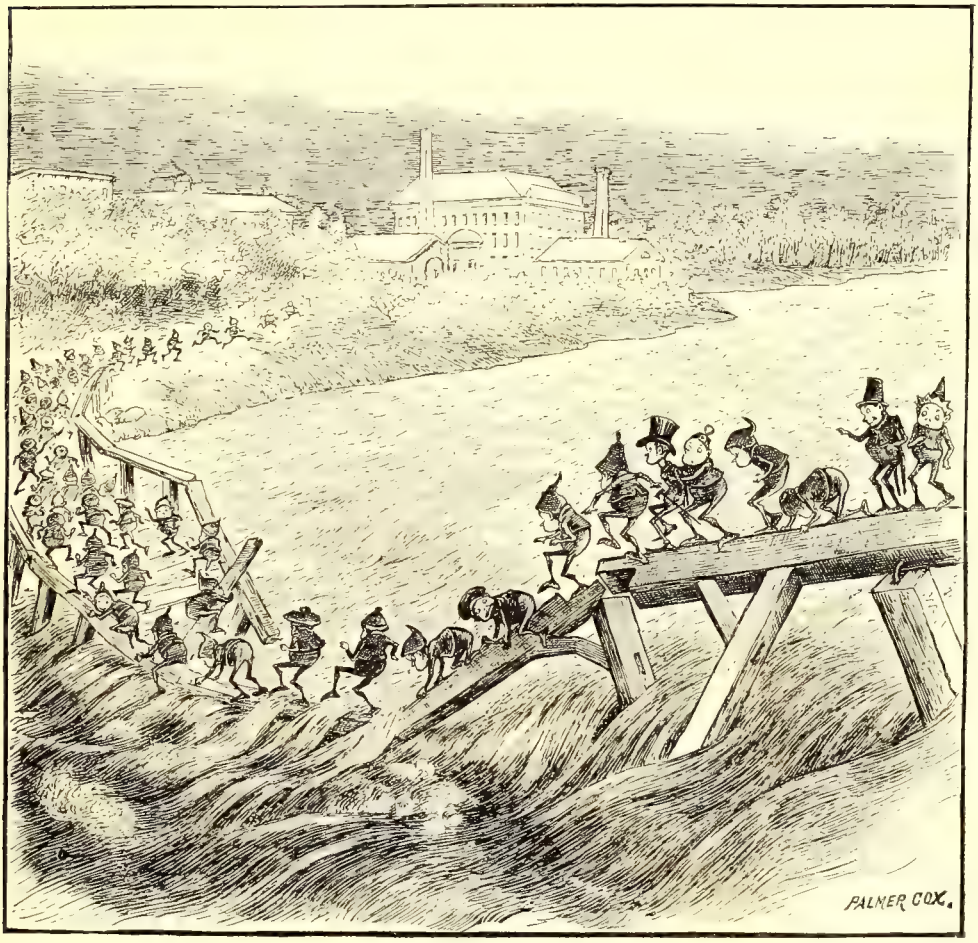
By Palmer Cox.

The Brownies planned at close of day
To reach a town some miles away,
Where roller skating, so 't was said,
Of all amusements kept ahead.

Said one: "When deeper shadows fall
We 'll cross the river, find the hall,
And learn the nature of the sport
Of which we hear such good report."

To reach the bridge that led to town,
With eager steps they hastened down;
But recent rains had caused a rise—
The stream was now a fearful size;
The bridge was nearly swept away,
Submerged in parts, and wet with spray.

But when the cunning Brownies get
Their mind on some maneuver set,
Nor wind nor flood, nor frost nor fire
Can ever make the rogues retire.



Some walked the dripping logs with ease,
While others crept on hands and knees
With movements rather safe than fast,
And inch by inch the danger passed.

Now, guided by the rumbling sound
That told where skaters circled 'round,

Through dimly lighted streets they flew,
And close about the building drew.

Without delay the active band,
By spouts and other means at hand,
Of skill and daring furnished proof
And gained possession of the roof;

I 've rolled in surf of ocean wide,
And coasted down the mountain-side,
And now to sweep around a hall
On roller skates would crown it all."

"My plans," the leader answer made,
"Are in my mind already laid.



Then through the skylight viewed the show
Presented by the crowds below.

Said one: "While I survey that floor
I 'm filled with longing more and more,
And discontent with me will bide
Till 'round the rink I smoothly glide.
At night I 've ridden through the air,
Where bats abide, and owls repair,

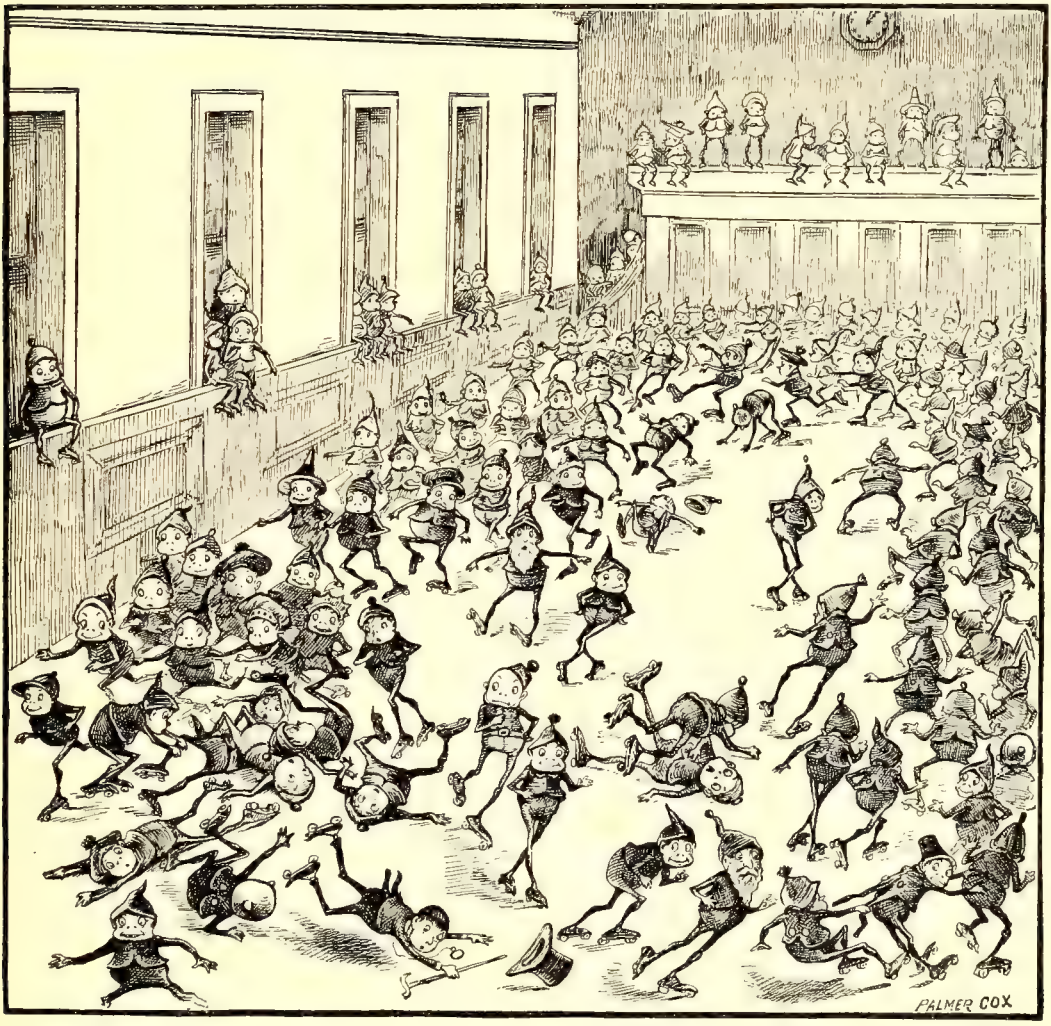
Within an hour the folk below
Will quit their sport and homeward go;
Then will the time be ripe, indeed,
For us to leave this roof with speed,
And prove how well our toes and heels
We may command when set on wheels."

When came the closing hour at last,
And people from the rink had passed,

The Brownies hurried down to find
The roller skates they 'd left behind.

Then such a scene was there as few
May ever have a chance to view.
Some hardly circled 'round the place,
Before they moved with ease and grace,
And skated freely to and fro,

Some rose with fingers out of joint,
Or black and blue at every point;
And few but felt some portion sore,
From introductions to the floor.
But such mishaps were lost to sight,
Amid the common wild delight,—
For little fuss do Brownies make
O'er bump or bruise or even break.



Upon a single heel or toe.
Some coats were torn beyond repair,
By catches here and clutches there,
When those who felt their faith give way,
Grabbed right and left without delay;
While some who strove a friend to aid,
Upon the floor themselves were laid,
To spread confusion there awhile,
As large and larger grew the pile.

And had that night been long as those
That spread a shade o'er polar snows,
The Brownies would have kept the floor,
And never thought of sash or door.

But stars at length began to wane,
And dawn came creeping through the pane;
And, much against the will of all,
The rogues were forced to leave the hall.

EASTER CAROL.

By Wm. E. Ashmall.



2 For He is risen up on high,
From earth and dreary grave;
Christ is risen! is our cry,
He lives again to save.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

3 Sing aloud for Christ our King,
For Christ, the Saviour, born;
This carol ever we will sing,
On this, our Easter morn.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

THE HANDIWORK OF SOME CLEVER SCHOOL-BOYS.

By J. Abdon Donnegan.

The Fair of the American Institute held annually in New York, is chiefly a display from the various American trades showing improvement and advancement; here designers and inventors also present many novelties and useful inventions for public criticism and judgment.

One feature of the Fair of 1885 that attracted much attention and comment, was the novel and unique display of mechanical models designed and constructed by the boys of the third grade in Grammar-School, No. 57, one of the public schools of New York City. The work exhibited by these boys is peculiarly interesting and suggestive, and is an indication of what observant, thoughtful, and intelligent boys can devise and do when their tastes and natural inclinations are developed.

The boys' models were made at home, after class-hours, and on odd holidays during the six months previous to exhibition, and were primarily intended to illustrate the principles of the six mechanical powers,—the inclined plane, the lever, the wedge, the pulley, the wheel and axle, and the screw. When the American Institute Fair opened, an inclined railway, with its platform and cars; a miniature guillotine, with ready knife; a dumb-waiter in full working order; a derrick prepared to raise many weights; a pile-driver with its automatically dropped weight, the sound of which never failed to attract attention,—all these, with other models, occupied a space in Machinery Hall.

During the morning hours, curtains screened the models; in the afternoon the youthful exhibitors arrived and took special delight in showing the working of their designs. The pleasant hours spent there, the praise of visitors, and the recognition and commendation accorded by the press will be long remembered by the boys. At the closing of the Fair, the exhibit was awarded the Medal of Merit.

The illustrations on pages 548 and 550 show the models exhibited. Figure 1 represents an alcoholic furnace, illustrating the expansion of a brass rod by heat. A cylinder of tin, fifteen inches in height and five in diameter, is hinged to a base of wood and arranged so as to tilt to the left. A lever fifteen inches long opens and closes a damper; this lever (an umbrella rod) is inserted in a pivoted rod of wood two inches long, supported in a square frame made of an inch strip of tin bent twice at right angles and soldered to the cylinder.

A brass banner rod, seven inches long, also connects with this rod and, passing through an inch opening, is supported in the flame of an alcohol lamp and fastened on the opposite side by a tiny brass knob screwed on the protruding thread of the rod. A small pulley and weight steadies the motion of the lever.

The heat of the alcohol flame causes the brass rod to lengthen, and this in turn moves the lever which opens the damper; and the degree of expansion is indicated on a paper scale by a straw pointer attached to the rod of the damper. A coating of copper bronze was given to the cylinder. This model was made in part by Winfred C. Rhoades.

Figure 2 shows a forge made by William E. Tappae. A hand-bellows is mounted on a wooden base about ten by twenty-four inches in size, and is worked by a lever handle supported in a frame twenty-six inches in height. The bellows consists of two boards connected by flexible leather tacked to the edges. The upper board is stationary, and an inch central opening is covered on the inside by a two-inch flap of chamois fastened at one point, forming a valve.

As the handle is pushed up, the air rushes in, and when pulled down, the valve closes and the compressed air is forced through the metal nozzle to the glowing coals. The carved-wood anvil was stained black and the other parts were painted a bright vermilion.

Figure 3 explains one way of connecting levers, and their uses as a mechanical aid. The base is four by fifteen inches in size, and the pillars are respectively six and ten inches in height, and are firmly mortised and glued into the base. The upper lever is eighteen inches in length, and connects with the ten-inch lower lever.

The lead weights, sliding on the narrow edges of the levers, balance each other, and show how the heavy wagon of coal is balanced in the office by the weight on the scale-beam.

A wedge made of oak ten inches in height and five inches in width is indicated by Figure 4.

Figure 5 represents a diminutive pile-driver, twenty-eight inches in length, showing the plan and action of a large machine.

The two-pound drop-hammer falls a distance of twenty-two inches in the grooves of the vertical posts which are mortised and glued into the base, as are also the oblique braces to which are attached

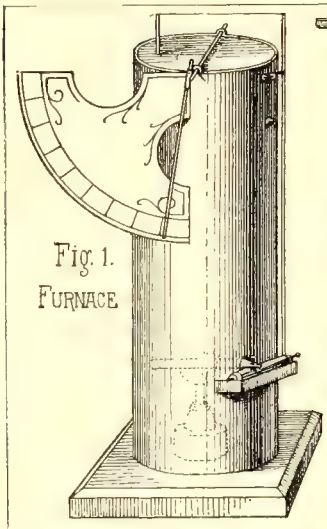


Fig. 1.
FURNACE

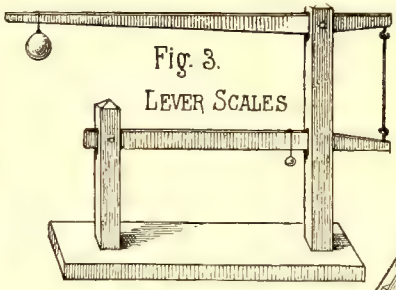


Fig. 3.
LEVER SCALES

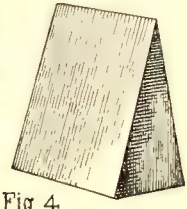


Fig. 4.
WEDGE

Fig. 5. PILE DRIVER

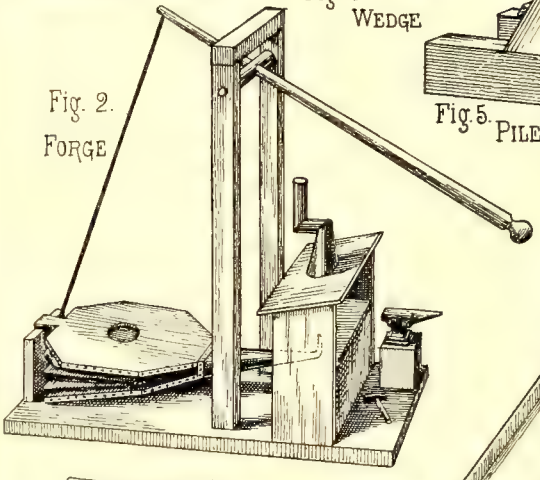


Fig. 2.
FORGE

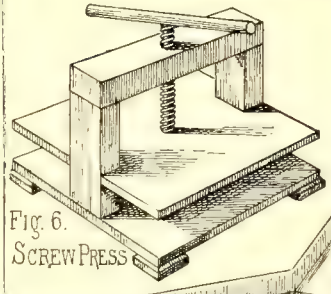


Fig. 6.
SCREW PRESS

Fig. 7.
INCLINED
RAILWAY

SIMPLE MECHANICAL APPARATUS
MADE BY
BOYS UNDER 14 YEARS OF AGE.

DRAWN BY J. ABDON DONNEGAN.

the bobbin, or axle, and crank, on which the cord is wound that raises the hammer. This hammer is a flat piece of iron having two pieces of wood, each four by two and one-half inches in size, cemented to it. A wire hook is attached just above, and the extended arm of the hook as the weight nears the top, meets a projecting pin, and slips the weight from the cord.

Figure 6 is the model of a wood-press useful in pressing flowers for an herbarium. The base and pressure board are each ten inches square, the supports eight inches in height, and a wooden screw connected with the upper board turns in the cross-piece. This and the models shown in the drawings numbered 3, 5, and 10 were made by Harry Stœcker.

Figure 7 represents the model of an inclined railway constructed upon the plan of the inclined railway actually in use between Hoboken and Jersey City Heights. A board forty-five inches in length and ten inches in width connects the terminal platforms of this model. The upper platform rests on a support thirty-three inches in height; to this support is attached an axle turned by a crank, on which are wound the reversed cords which connect with the ascending and descending platforms. These platforms are mounted on rollers and the cars while in motion are kept in a horizontal position. This model was constructed by Everett L. Thompson.

The same boy constructed also the model shown in Figure 8 — a dumb-waiter with original arrangement of cords and pulleys. The frame is thirty-six inches in height, eleven inches in width, and five inches in depth. Inside, a carrier with shelves is raised by a cord passing over four pulleys, the action of which may be seen through glass slips fitted in grooves. To the end of a cord is attached a weight which balances the weight of the carrier and contents. The frame-work was stained a dark mahogany color, oiled and varnished.

Figure 9 represents a miniature guillotine as made by David W. Benedict. It was copied after one brought from France and exhibited at a well-known museum in New York City.

The frame is twenty-two inches in height, and the block to which is fastened the tin blade, falls through the grooves in the posts to the rest upon which lies the head of the criminal. The cord raising the block runs over the pulleys, and is wound on the cleat when not in use. A box beneath receives the head of the imaginary victim as it falls. The machine with the exception of the blade was painted in bright vermilion and varnished.

Figure 10 shows a small derrick constructed after a sketch of one used in the erection of the Madison Avenue bridge across the Harlem River. A mast of maple twenty-seven inches in length is mortised into an oak base, ten by twelve inches in size. A projecting arm, or jib, is fastened to the mast by a clasp of heavy tin. A cord and pulley keep the jib at a proper angle with the mast. The weight is hooked to a double pulley connected with the single pulley near the end of the jib; the cord, passing over a wheel in the mast and then passing downward, is wound upon the axle by turning the crank; a toothed wheel and ratchet stops the weight at the desired height. Neater pulleys than could be purchased were made by joining two wooden buttons and placing them in a whittled frame bound with piano-wire. The mast and jib were painted a dark blue and the base was polished and varnished.

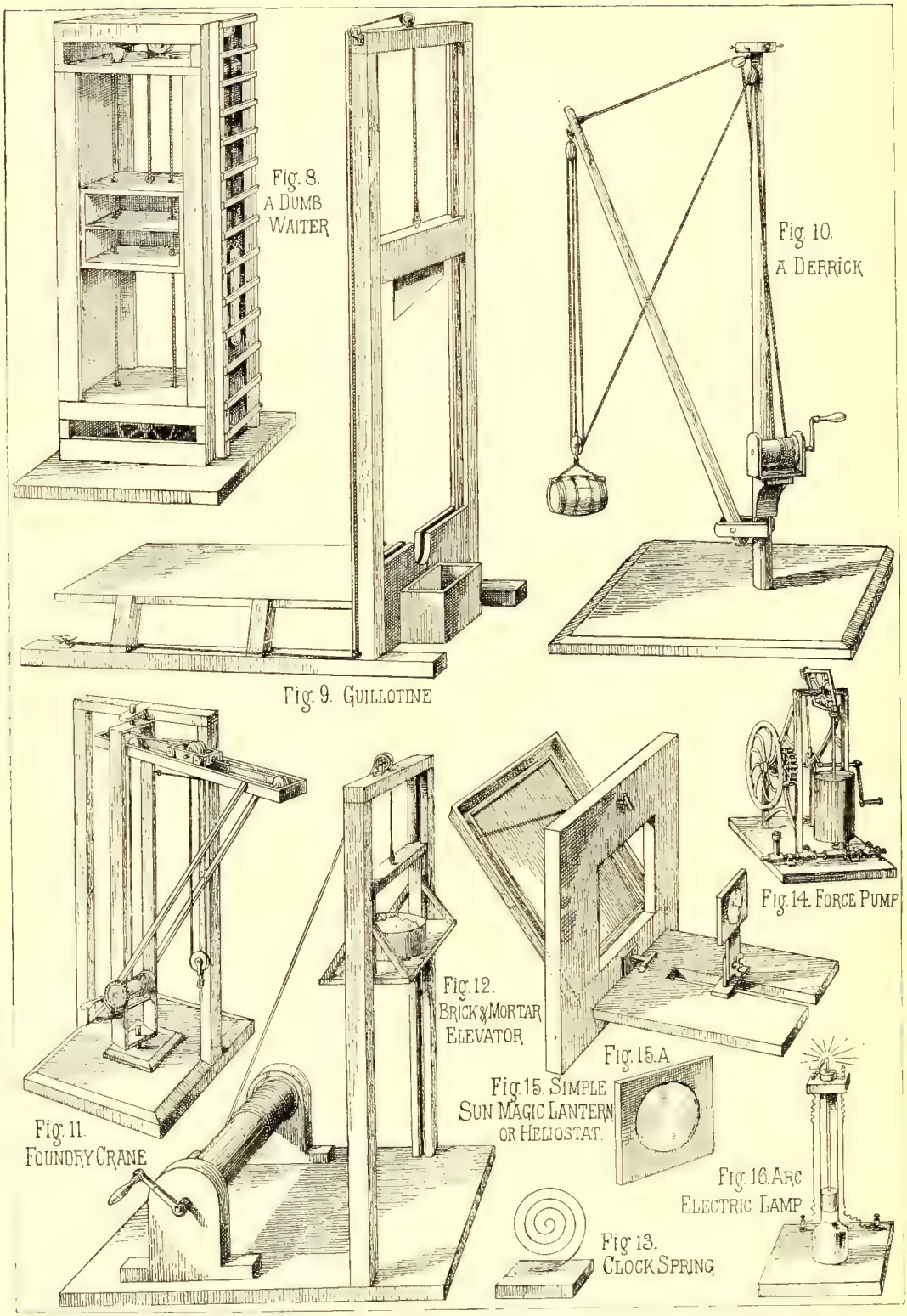
Figure 11 shows a model of a foundry crane, much admired for its accuracy of design and finish. It was made by George Chase, of seasoned maple with iron and brass connections. A swinging jib is pivoted at the top to a brass plate screwed to the cross-piece of the frame, and turns on a steel pin fitted to a plate on the base. A carriage travels along the jib, being kept at the required distance by a cord passing over a wheel at the end of the jib. A cord attached to the carriage passes over a pulley connected with the weight, and also over the wheel of the carriage, to the wheel directing it to the axle, which is turned by a cog-wheel and pinion taken from an old clock.

The carrier of the elevator shown in Figure 12 is hoisted by a cord passing over a small iron pulley fixed to the cross-beam of the grooved posts, and thence to the spool, or axle turned by a crank.

A clock-spring attached to a square wooden rosette is shown by Figure 13.

Figure 14 represents a pump improvised by John B. Cartwright from an old mincing-machine.

A handle turns a series of spur-wheels, which in turn give a rapid motion to a twelve-inch walking-beam. To one end of this walking-beam is attached a piston-rod, with a soft rubber disk working in a brass cylinder five inches long and three and a half inches in diameter. Iron fittings, including two brass valves, one on each side, connect with the cylinder; an air-chamber is formed with a fitting and cap. The suction caused by the upward motion of the piston will draw water from a pail or cup through a rubber tube connected with the end fitting of the right-hand valve, then through the valve to the cylinder; the downward motion of the piston causes the water to pass through the left-hand valve to the receiving vessel, and the air-chamber tends to make the flow regular. Parts of the machine were painted blue and striped with gold bronze.



SIMPLE MECHANICAL APPARATUS MADE BY BOYS UNDER FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—DRAWN BY J. ABDON DONNEGAN.

By the removal of one pane of glass from a window facing south, the apparatus shown in Figure 15 may be used, like a magic lantern, to project transparencies, in a darkened room.

A pine board, fourteen inches square and one inch in thickness, has an opening in the middle to receive a wooden frame seven inches square, holding a six-inch cosmorama lens, having a focus of eighteen inches. A three-inch plano-convex lens having a focus of nine inches, mounted in a wooden frame, slides along a slit or opening in a board hinged to the inner side of the board which is cleated to the window.

A plate-glass mirror, eight by fifteen inches in size, is secured to a board hinged to a wooden rod, which can be turned from the inside, and is raised and lowered by a cord winding on a key. The mirror is lowered and inclined until the sunlight is reflected through the lenses, and then a circle of intense light, from ten to fifteen feet in diameter appears on the wall or screen. Both lenses will not cost more than two dollars, and the apparatus will most impressively illustrate experiments in light and sound.

An easily made electric lamp is shown by Figure 16. An Argand chimney is fastened to a wooden base, with the cement known as "Stratena," and partly filled with water. A cork coated with paraffine is placed inside the chimney, and a rod of carbon twelve inches long and one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness being inserted in the cork, the upward pressure of the water on the cork causes the end of the carbon rod to come in slight contact with a thick rod of carbon which is fastened obliquely to a square piece of wood, cemented near the top of the chimney. A brass chip fastened to the wood keeps the thin rod of carbon in position, and when two copper wires connect the carbons with six to ten jars of a bichromate battery, a light appears where the two carbons meet. As the thin rod wastes away, the cork rises and keeps the end of the rod almost in contact with the other carbon point.

An ambition to creditably make a mechanical contrivance or apparatus is noticeably characteristic of many boys. The construction of an aquarium, a sailboat, or a telescope, or some similar object, is of absorbing interest to such lads; and the making of the electrical apparatus of straws, sealing-wax, etcetera, once described by Professor Tyndall, has merely tasked the ingenuity of thinking boys to improve upon the apparatus.

Many educators maintain that manual training of a pleasant character, adapted to the age of the pupils, should form an essential element in the education of boys and girls, and should be placed on a par with the regular studies. There is no doubt that such instruction stimulates ambition and tends to develop taste, skill, and natural invention. At the same time an insight into mechanical occupations, with some practical experience in the handling of tools, may assist a boy in choosing a calling suited to his taste, and better prepare him to enter some practical industry, if his choice should incline toward such an occupation.

A few years ago, manual training in modeling, wood-carving, carpentry, forge-work, and other branches, was introduced into a technical course in the College of the City of New York, in East Twenty-third street. To-day it is one of the most interesting features of the College work, and is highly appreciated by the students. Private schools in this city, as also some of the public and private schools of Boston and Philadelphia, have introduced the workshop into their methods of instruction, and devote a few hours in each week to practical and manual labor.

The models illustrated in this article represent many well spent and helpful hours of recreation, and other boys may find pleasure and profit in making similar use of their leisure time and their powers of handicraft.

A NEW VIEW OF THE MOON.

By Eva Lovett Carson.

A LITTLE boy just two years old,
Or maybe two months older,
Came riding home across the lot,
Perched on his father's shoulder.

"Look, Oswald! Hold your head up straight!
(Do stop that dreadful drumming!)
See, just above where Mamma stands
A little moon is coming!"

The baby lifts his round blue eyes;
The moon laughs at their glancing.
To see the wonder of his gaze
'Most sets the moon a-dancing.

Frowning, he solved the problem soon;
Indignantly he spoke it:
"Papa, dat's not the big wound moon;
I fink *somebody b'oke it!*"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AWAY — ho, away! — Let us off on a quest!
To the North — to the South — to the East — to the West!
To the West, to find where the sunsets go
When the skies are as red as roses a-blow;
To the East, to see whence the mornings come;
To the South, the Summer to track to her home;
To the North, by the gleam of the Polar Star,
And Night's aurora flaming afar,
To seek, in the keen and biting weather,
The lodestone that holds the world together.

Now and then somebody writes out the very thoughts of the birds; and then again, others tell me very prettily just what they think ought to be felt by the tuneful-minded little creatures. Here, for instance, comes this scrap of verse from my friend Emily A. Braddock that I hope not only you children, but all of my birds will hear. I don't allude so much to the sparrows and such stay-at-homes as to my migratory, or go-away birds. I 'm sure they 'd be delighted at a poet's way of putting things. It will give them something to go for. As for myself, I 've not started yet, so we 'll proceed to discuss a certain odd saying for which it seems the world is indebted to one sort of these migratory birds:

"EVERYTHING IS LOVELY, AND THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH."

THIS expression, the Little School-ma'am says, is a corruption of an old-fashioned saying that originated in the early days of this country.

As most of you know, wild geese, when they migrate in autumn, form themselves into lines shaped like the letter V, the leader flying at the point, the two lines following; and as they sail away, far above the trees, and beyond all danger from guns — on those cold mornings when the air is clear, and the sky beautifully blue — they seem full of glee, and join in a chorus, "*Honk, honk, honk!*"

Any one who has heard those curiously sounding notes, the Little School-ma'am says, never could mistake them for anything else. And the folks on the earth below who heard the birds' wild call, in old times, realized the happiness of the winged creatures in being so high and safe. And so it became quite natural, when two persons met each other under peculiarly favorable circumstances for this or that enterprise, for them to say: "Everything is lovely and the goose honks high!"

GIRLS! TO THE RESCUE!

BEFORE we leave our dear birds, moreover, I have a special message for you this month in their behalf:

"You must not forget, friend Jack," says the Deacon, "to give the boys and girls, especially the girls, my May-time sermon about the Audubon Society."

Forget it? Not I, indeed! Nor would you, if you could have seen the honest and hearty indignation of the good Deacon and the Little School-ma'am, as he read to her a printed circular telling all about the monstrous wrong which the Audubon Society has nobly begun to fight. You must know, dear girls, that this "monstrous wrong" is the custom of wearing feathers and skins of birds on your hats and dresses. As I am an honest Jack, I don't see how girls and their mammas, who, as everybody knows, are supposed to have hearts more tender than men or boys, could ever have been induced to follow so abominable a fashion. "Abominable" is rather a strong word, I suppose; but it is the very one which the good Deacon used when he read the printed slip. And the Little School-ma'am — bless her! — actually gave a nod of satisfaction when she heard it. As for me, no word would be too strong to express my feelings on the subject.

But I 'll be content now with giving you what the Deacon calls "two plain facts" about this fashion, and letting them speak for themselves. "You must know then," says the Deacon, "that a single collector of ornamental feathers in this country has declared that he handles every year about *thirty thousand* bird-skins, almost all of which are used for millinery purposes; and that another man collected from the shooters in one small district within four months, about *seventy thousand* birds!

"Now, Jack," adds the Deacon, "tell your young hearers to ask themselves and their parents, whether this slaughter shall continue? The Audubon Society says 'no!' Its membership is free to every one who is willing to lend a helping hand to its objects. And its objects are to prevent as far as possible, first, the killing of any wild birds not used for food; second, the destruction of nests or eggs of wild birds; and third, the wearing of feathers as ornaments or trimmings for dress. And

certainly women and girls can do much, in fact everything, for this third object."

All the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS will remember the army of bird-defenders which it established years ago. The Deacon says that there is a call for a new army, and all that you need do to join it, my girls, is to refuse to wear feathers on your hats or dresses. If all the women and girls who now follow that cruel fashion would but abandon it, the needless slaughter of the birds would soon be at an end.

ABOUT LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

"FELIXSTOW," BRIGHTWOOD (NEAR WASHINGTON).

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a little boy just six years old. I live in the country about six miles from Washington. I am very much interested in reading "Little Lord Fauntleroy," because Mrs. Burnett, the lady who wrote it, was out at our house last spring, and told us the story, and I want to see if she changed it before she put it in the book. I tell you, her own little boys, Lionel and Vivian, are nice fellows to play with! I have a nice pony named Joe, lots of chickens, a dog, and two cats, but I like digging in the ground most. I raised a lot of pop-corn last year. Somebody is writing this for me, but I am telling him what to write. My little brother Paul bothers me considerably when I want to make things.

Good bye, dear Jack; you are a nice fellow. Your friend,

FELIX RENOUF HOLT.

"Felix is not alone," says the Little School-ma'am, "in his admiration for Little Lord Fauntleroy. The children of the Red School House all are charmed with his lordship, and for myself I consider him one of the very sweetest and noblest little boys in English literature."

FISHING FOR NECKLACES.

ACCORDING to my friend, Ernest Ingersoll, a large proportion of the red coral used by jewelers in making ornaments comes from the Mediterranean coast of Algeria, where it is gathered chiefly by an ingenious machine. Nets, the meshes of which are loose, are hung on the bars of a cross, and dragged at the bottom of the sea among the nooks and crevices of the rocks. These nets, winding about the branches of the coralline growth, break off its branches, which adhere to the meshes. When he thinks it is laden, the fisherman draws the net to the surface and helps himself to the coral. This is sold in various markets, and afterward worked into ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and other pretty articles for girls and their mammas.

A SUGGESTION TO THE BOTTLED FISH.

READING, MASS..

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in the February number about the bottled fish. I think it is very queer. In "Grimm's Fairy Tales" there is a story about a fox that crept into a hole where there was something to eat. After he ate it he grew so fat that he could not get out, and he stayed there till the farmer found him and killed him. I suppose it was the same way with the fish, only he fed on oysters, and as I think there are no farmers at the bottom of the sea, he stayed there till he was drawn up. If I had been that fish, I would have starved myself till I was thin enough to get out. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS since I was two years old, and my mamma says she brought me up on it, so you see I have been well brought up.

I remain yours truly, E. S. K. PACKARD.

THE NEWSPAPER PLANT.

YOU are to be told in this month's ST. NICHOLAS, I hear, about a curious "lace-leaf," a "vegetable necktie," and a "caricature plant." If so, this is a good time for me to show you a curiosity called the newspaper plant, which the Little School-ma'am described the other day to the young folk of the Red School House.

It seems that in certain far-away countries called New Mexico and Arizona, there are great tracts of desolate desert lands, where the very hills seem destitute of life and beauty, and where the earth is shriveled from centuries of terrible heat. And in these desert-tracts grow a curious, misshapen, grotesque and twisted plant that seems more like a goblin tree than a real one.

Of all the trees in the world, you would imagine this to be the most outcast and worthless —so meager a living does it obtain from the waste of sand and gravel in which it grows. And yet this goblin tree is now being sought after and utilized in one of the world's greatest industries—an industry that affects the daily needs of civilization, and is of especial importance to every girl and boy who reads the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

Those wise folk, the botanists, call our goblin tree by its odd Indian name of the "Yucca" palm.

This plant of the desert for a long time was considered valueless. But not long ago it was discovered that the fiber of the Yucca could be made into an excellent paper.* And now one of the great English dailies, the London *Telegraph*, is printed upon paper made from this goblin tree. Indeed, the *Telegraph* has purchased a large plantation in Arizona, merely for the purpose of cultivating this tree, and manufacturing paper from it. So, you see, the Yucca is now a newspaper plant.



THE YUCCA PALM.

ONE MORE LIVING BAROMETER.

DEAR JACK: As you have told us so much about living barometers, I want to tell you that I have one. Mine is a red squirrel. Just before a "cold snap" she will be surly and sleepy. When she is angry, she will spread her lower teeth apart. She will play like a kitten. I call her Gipsy, and she is my chief pet.

Your constant reader, M. M. M.

* For an article describing the manufacture of paper, see ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1884, page 808.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN a note which accompanied the article in our present number, "When Shakspere was a Boy," Miss Kingsley desires us to state that she owes much valuable information about charms (mentioned on page 488), and also about Shaksperean games and customs, to Mr. Richard Savage, of the Shakspere Birthplace Museum, Stratford-on-Avon.

IN his story of "The Great Snow-ball Fight," printed in our March number, Mr. Barnard showed how some boys put out the fire in the Widow Lawson's house, by snow-balling it. This may have appeared to some readers almost impossible, but it was based upon an actual occurrence. And an instance of that mode of at least preventing a fire, was recorded in the New York papers of February 11th. It appears in an account of the burning of the stables of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, at Hempstead, Long Island. "No modern appliance for extinguishing fire was at hand," says one journal, "but there was plenty of snow, and this was banked up about the adjoining stables, and undoubtedly saved them from being burned. Whenever sparks from the burning building fell on the adjacent barns, they were quickly extinguished by well-directed snow-balls thrown upon them."

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONCORD, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Lena and I play dolls very often, but the latest game we play is throwing cards into a hat placed on the floor about six feet away. Lena put in thirty-two out of fifty-two. If you have room enough to print this in your Letter-box, I should like to read it.

Yours truly, RUTH A. M.

THAT is a very nice game, Ruth, although six feet seems a long distance for a small girl to toss the cards. We have seen grown folk try the game at four feet, and then several of them could not put one in twenty into the hat; so Lena's score of thirty-two out of fifty-two is a fine one. The game can be played with any kind of cards, and with sides or by individuals. The largest number of cards thrown into the hat, either by one person or by a side, makes the winning score. If played by sides, not more than twenty cards should be used, and each side should play five rounds, thus making one hundred the highest possible score for any player.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am anxious to have the March number come, so that I can see how Little Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather treats him. That serial story I enjoy very much. I go to a private girls' school in the morning, and study German in the afternoon with my mother.

With much love I am your faithful reader,

HELEN W. A.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time that I have written to you.

I have a funny story to tell about a mouse. My canary bird used to hang up in our nursery-window on a chain. Sometimes in the evening or night, we would hear mice running around, and in the morning we would find that some of the seed was gone. Mamma thought it was a mouse, but *we* did not think so. Papa had been trying to catch them in a trap, but did not catch many. We then thought that we would try another way. So Papa took the cage down and put a pail of water on the chain, and when the little mouse went up the chain, as he used to do, instead of going in the cage, he went in the pail of water and was drowned. This is a true story I am eleven years old. Good-bye.

am your constant reader, B. G. H.

CARRINGTON, DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You do not know me at all, but I know you and love you so much! When you were brought to me this morning I almost kissed your bright face for joy. It was stormy this morning, and I was tired playing with kitty; besides that I had been waiting so long to read some more about Little Lord Fauntleroy! He is such a brave, wise little boy! Will you ask Mrs Burnett to please not make him unhappy with his grandfather? Ever since we had our Christmas entertainment, I have wanted to tell you about it, but have been too sick to write you. We called it "An Evening with Mother Goose and the Brownies." Yes,—we had all the cute little boys in Carrington dressed up like Brownies. They did mischief very nicely, all quietly in their stocking-feet. While Mother Goose was singing her melodies, they came and stole away her goose, and they pelted Mother Hubbard with paper balls when she sang that song in the ST. NICHOLAS: "I had an Educated Pug." In the tableaux, they tripped up Jack and Jill, upset Blue-beard, stole Jack Horner's plum, overturned the bachelor's wheelbarrow, little wife and all, let the spider down from a tree on little Miss Muffett, and tied Bo-peep's sheep-tails to a tree, and woke her up with their baa's. Then we had "The House that Jack built," just like it is in the ST. NICHOLAS, for Nov. 1883. It was just splendid, and so funny; but when the rat was to come out of "The House that Jack built," the cat had put his foot on the string and it broke, so the cat couldn't come out. Then the maiden all forlorn picked up the rat, threw it at the cat, and everybody just roared!

I am nine years old, and my name is,

THEODORA C.

NEW HARTFORD, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I believe the little girls that take the ST. NICHOLAS will like to hear about my numerous paper dolls. I have a whole town of them, and they all have their names written on their backs. I was so interested in "The Firm of Big Brain, Little Brain & Co." After I read it, I kept thinking what my "Big Brain" was telegraphing. Well, my big brain telegraphs to my hand, that if it writes any more, the letter will be too long to print. So good-bye. I am

One of your many friends,

GRACE C.

WOODLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the nicest magazine in the whole world. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a beautiful story. It seems so real. Cedric reminds me of my little cousin Birdie (that is his pet name). One day his aunt (who is an artist) asked him if he did not want her to paint him. He said: "I had rather be as I are." He is nearly four years old. I live on a vineyard of 160 acres.

Your faithful reader, LILLIAN H.

FORT ASSINABOINE, MON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I commenced taking your paper five months ago, and I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best story I ever read.

We have plenty of skating here, and fifty ponies to ride.

Another boy is writing a letter to you too. We live 200 miles from Helena and we have to go in a stage or wait till the river opens.

We only have to go to school in the morning, and we play all the rest of the day. Yours truly, S. F. P.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 1886.

DEAR ST NICHOLAS: I thought that I would send you a letter at last. I will tell you about our washwoman and me. I have something the matter with my knee, and so I have to stay in the house. Well, our washwoman and I were having some fun. I was at the back parlor window, and the washwoman was down in the back yard hanging up the clothes, and I got a snow-ball and threw it at her, and you ought to have seen her! She looked up and down and could not see anybody, and after a while she saw me, and then, the way she looked! She said: "I will give it to you!"

Yours truly, FRANK T.

EVERETT, MASS.

DEAR ST NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and I could not do without you. Every month you gladden our home with your beautiful pictures, interesting stories, and pretty bits of poetry.

I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a splendid story. I must not forget to mention the "Brownies." What busy little workers they are! I have one pet, a beautiful linnet. Her name is Daisy. She is a very sweet singer.

I remain, your constant reader, MAY F.

KINGSTON, INDIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not see many letters from Indiana in your Letter box. I would not do without you for ten dollars a year.

I like your Natural History. I have several books on Natural History.

Last year I wanted you so badly that Papa said I must earn the money myself. I had enough, lacking fifty cents. We had an oyster supper here, and papa gave me fifty cents to spend; so I did without oysters and took you. I am thirteen years old.

Yours sincerely, ART. R

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your stories very much. I am a boy seven years old. I do not go to school, but Mamma teaches me with two little girls. I had a lovely Christmas. I got a locomotive, a sword, a scarf, a marble game, a rolling-pin, a box to keep my pens and pencils in, and some cards and books for Christmas. I think you are the best book I ever read. This is the first year I began to take you. I like the "Brownies" best. Tell Mr. Palmer Cox to put "Brownies" in every ST. NICHOLAS. Please don't forget to print my letter, for I have written it all myself, and spelled it without any help.

I had two kittys, and their names were Mitten and Topsy. We gave away Mitten and kept Topsy, but after a while we lost Topsy, and then we found another kitty, but she ran away. I am sorry they went away, for I love kittys. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am so glad it is most time for you to come again. Please don't forget to print my letter, for I love you so much!

Your loving friend, RALPH B. R.

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading the February number, and I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "George Washington" are splendid! I am a little girl ten years old. Have taken you for four years.

I have ever so many uncles and aunts. One of my aunts sends you to me. Your loving reader, DOTTIE M.

WYOMING, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I love to read the letters others have sent you. You have been coming to our house nearly three years, and we all look anxiously for the 26th of the month, when you are due. You are my own book. I pay for you with money I have earned myself. My little sister wonders whenever she sees ST NICHOLAS what the Brownies are doing in it. Mamma is much interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and we like it too, and all the rest of your stories, but especially "The Gilded Boy of Florence," because we know the man who wrote it and have heard him preach. He says all he wrote in that story is true. Good-bye.

Ever your faithful reader. C. LIZZIE B.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl who left New York four years ago, during which time I have been a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS. My school friends who read English all want it also. You have been forwarded to me from London as far as Turkey and Egypt. And so, if you can only spare a few minutes, I would like to tell you about the pyramids and the sphinx.

From Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, it is a beautiful drive of seven miles through an archway of large trees by the side of the Nile. There are several pyramids. The chief one is said to be 463 feet high, and one would think the top would be very small; but you will no doubt be surprised to hear that the Khedive gave a dinner to twenty-four guests upon the top of a pyramid. The dinner was served in the usual manner by Arab waiters; the gentlemen walked up, while the ladies were carried up in chairs. The pyramids are built like stairs,— one stone on top the other, with only an edge for a foothold.

Many tourists try to climb the structure, which is very fatiguing work. We gave an expert Arab fifty cents to do it in ten minutes; he went up in six minutes and down in four minutes. From the pyramid to the sphinx is quite a little walk through thick sand; and the Sphinx is so big you can hardly see it all at once. The English soldiers knocked off some of its right hand and all its nose. It is cut from a solid rock and looks as black as iron. The Egyptian postage stamps have pictures of both the pyramid and the sphinx. The temple dedicated to the sphinx lies in ruins here, but the remains are very beautiful, being nearly all of alabaster; and in the cellar they have just discovered an image, which is so immense they can't get it out from the place where it has lain so many hundred years. Some time I will write a letter about the Holy Land, as I lived there two months. I hope you will print my letter; it is my first attempt, and I am fourteen years old. Your March number will find me at Alexandria, for I take the Beyrouth steamer next week. I hope, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your Egyptian friend has not tired you, and I also hope this may find a place in your Letter-box.

Your loving Egyptian friend, MAUD STANLEY F.

MOHEGAN LAKE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you this letter, a true story about a fish-hawk.

It was in the middle of April, 1883. A man who was rowing on one of those lakes east of the Highlands, in the northern part of Westchester County, espied a large fish-hawk sitting on a dead limb near the water. The man, having his gun with him, rowed over toward the hawk, and when in range fired at him flying. The wounded bird fell, hit on the outer joint of the left wing. With the help of his companion the man managed to bring him home. In less than a week, the boy of the house fed him with fish out of his own hands, and the hawk did not attempt to claw him. One day the boy wanted to see how many pounds of fish the hawk would eat. He caught seven suckers weighing a pound and a half each. The hawk ate six, one after another, and took the seventh, but refused to eat it until half an hour afterward. What an enormous appetite he had! Later on in the summer, the boy would take him to the water to wash. He did it just as a canary does in his china bath. The boy would take him and put him on the side of the boat and row him around, and the hawk would sit there, taking in everything, as well as the summer visitors, who were taking him in. The hawk was so tame that his keeper could smooth his head and chuck him under his beak and the hawk would only flop his wings and whistle when the boy turned, as though delighted with what the boy did. This creature measured five feet eleven inches from tip to tip of the wings, and came to his death in October of the same year, by getting caught in the string by which he was fastened, greatly to the sorrow of his keeper who cared for him. The bird is now stuffed and in a friend's room in New York City. Yours truly, S. F. K. E. G.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you to say what so many of the other girls and boys who take you have already said: "That I love every one of your stories and can hardly wait until the 25th of the month comes, to read you." I have taken you two years and would not be without you one single month. I live in the dirty city of Cincinnati, but I have a great deal of fun any way.

We have had two snowstorms this winter, but by the time the snow has lain on the ground three or four days it is so black that I actually believe that people who come from the country would not know it was snow unless they were told.

I will now close, hoping to have the pleasure of seeing this letter printed. I remain, your constant reader,

GRACE S. C.

P. S. I forgot to say I was thirteen years old and have a brother nine years old, who thinks the ST. NICHOLAS "a dandy," as he expresses it.

MORE ABOUT CURVE-PITCHING.

LINCOLN CO., NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The two letters in the February number on "curve-pitching," I was very glad to see. It was during my college-days that the "curve" made its appearance, and it was for some time a matter of much interesting discussion among us. I was not much of a base-ball man, but I saw a good deal of curve-pitching, and occasionally threw some rather wild "curves" myself in an amateurish way. We budding physicists discussed the why and wherefore of the problem, but never arrived at any satisfactory solution. The same explanation which is given in the second letter of your February number suggested itself to me at the time, and I was quite satisfied with it until I discovered that it did not accord with the facts of the case. It is a beautiful theory, but, like some other theories, it doesn't work.

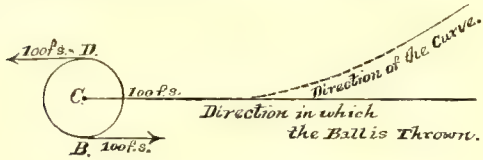
According to the theory, as shown by your correspondent, the ball rotating (as indicated by his diagram which he gives), against the hands of the watch should curve to the right, producing the *in* curve. But the fact is, that a ball so rotating will curve to the left — the *out* curve. And a ball rotating in a contrary direction, *i. e.*, so that points on its forward side are moving to the right, will curve to the right — the *in* curve. In both cases the axis of rotation is vertical, so that the motions of the ball may be well illustrated by a spinning-top, as is shown in the first letter by A. D. S. But the case of a rifle-ball in motion does not seem to me to be parallel with that of a base-ball under normal conditions. A rifle-ball is given a rotation about an axis parallel to and coincident with its line of flight, just as an arrow rotates on its shaft. Now, none of the curves of a base-ball are produced with the axis of rotation in this

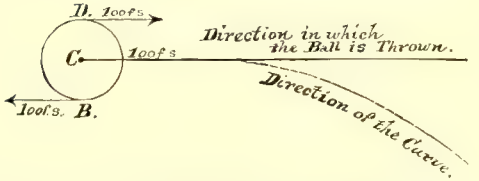
position. In the *in* and *out* curves, as already said, the axis of rotation is vertical; while the *rise* and *drop* are produced by rotating the ball about a horizontal axis perpendicular to the line of flight. In *all* cases the axis of rotation *must* be at right angles to the line of flight, and the more accurately this condition is complied with, the more marked the effect. My knowledge of the subject is too slight to warrant me in asserting that the curving of the rifle-ball and that of the base-ball do not depend on the same principle, but it does not seem to me that the two are identical, for the above reasons.

I have no theory to offer, but trust that among the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some may be found who have penetrated to the "true inwardness" of this interesting problem, and will give us a complete and scientific explanation of it. Yours truly, H. H. H.

BEVERLY, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with considerable interest the letters in ST. NICHOLAS for February concerning curve-pitching. I am a boy who takes great interest in base-ball, and have many times pitched curves. I have seen persons, and see them yet, who firmly maintain that a ball cannot be curved, even when they have ocular demonstration of the fact. But that has nothing to do with what I have to say. I have studied the diagram of my anonymous friend, and am convinced that he is exactly wrong. With the following diagrams I shall show which way a ball curves with a given rotation, and give my theory of the curve:





Suppose, as in the letter published, the ball moves one hundred feet per second, and revolves so that the equator moves around at the same rate. Then, in the first diagram, the friction at B is greatest, and at D is 0. But instead of curving as my anonymous friend demonstrates, it will curve in exactly the *opposite* direction; namely, in the same direction in which it rotates.

I have appended diagram 2, simply to show the curve where the friction is 0 at B and greatest at D. Then it will curve as indicated.

I have a short theory, namely: In the first diagram, the more rapid movement of B compresses the air on that side, while at D it is in its normal state. Hence the pressure at B more than counterbalances that at D, and, as it were, shoves the ball in the direction of the side D, thus producing the curve. In the 2d diagram, the letters B and D interchange in the theory. I would like to hear more about this subject. Very respectfully yours, F. C. J.

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with great interest the articles in the October, December, and February numbers, about curve-pitching. I have had quite a good deal of experience in the "one,-two,-three,-and-out" line myself, and have also, for the last two or three years, been able to make others have the same experience, by putting them out, in the same way. Therefore, I venture a reply to the explanation in the February number, backing my statement by the experience of many eminent curve-pitchers, and also by the story in the October number of "How Science Won the Game."



The above diagram is the same as your correspondent uses, and he asserts that the point B is moving faster than D; consequently, there is more friction at B, whence B is retarded more than D, and so the ball will curve toward W in the path of the dotted line. Now, if he will look in the story of "How Science Won the Game," where the base-ball editor shows the boys how to hold and how to throw the ball to make the different curves, he will find that when he throws the ball so that it whirls as shown in diagram, it will curve toward P, a direction entirely opposite from the one he designates. And any curve-pitcher will tell him the same. When I first read his explanation, I thought it was all right, for it looks quite reasonable, but upon second thoughts, I saw it was wrong, and to make sure, I took a ball and tried it. The only way I can get around his explanation (aside from actual fact) is this: The point B, as he clearly shows, is moving faster than D, and so the ball, if the friction of the air is taken away, will naturally curve toward the side D or point P. Now, the question is, Will the friction of the air be enough greater on the side B to overcome the difference in the motions of the two sides? If it is, the ball must move in a straight line, but as it curves toward the side D, we must conclude that it is not, and that the friction of the air tends more to hinder than to help the ball to curve. I really believe that if it could be tried, a person could make a ball curve in a vacuum more easily than we can make it curve in the air. Trusting to hear more upon this subject, I remain, sincerely yours, "A CURVER."

FREMONT, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I think perhaps you will publish this one letter. I hope you will publish it, as I have never yet had anything of mine published.

I like the story entitled, "How Science Won the Game." Although I am but thirteen years old I think I can pitch a curve. I go to the Fremont Normal School and like it very much.

I am going to have the 1884 and 1885 ST. NICHOLAS bound next week. I think you have a very entertaining magazine, and I think the pictures are very nice. I have the magazine for a Christmas present every year. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS three years and I hope I may always take it.

Papa says he does n't think you will publish this, but I think you will. Yours truly, EDDIE H. B.

AYER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As so many of your readers have written to you, I thought I would write too, that I might have the pleasure of seeing my letter in print.

I have taken you a year and have fallen greatly in love with your delightful pages.

I think "How Science Won the Game" is a lovely story; I felt much interested in it, for last summer the girls of my age who lived here got up a base-ball nine. In time, we played very nicely and enjoyed the fun. The readers of the Letter-box may think this a funny game for girls to play, but we liked it and found it very good exercise.

I am fifteen years old; I have a little dog, his name is Teddie; he is a very good little dog, but I pity the cat that gets in his way.

I like to read "From Bach to Wagner," as I enjoy reading of different composers. Your true reader, RUTH F.

We heartily thank the young friends whose names here follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Kate Ethel C., John Myers, Sadie B. Crane, G. M. F., Jamie H., Walter J. Cohen, Stuart L. Martin, George Williams, Eddie L. Goodman, Violette T. Haines, Lillie M. Grubbs, Freda Nicolai, Eva Wilkins, Miriam Ferry, Hortie O'Meara, Anna Ross, Clara Louise Whitney, Constance and Richard Bigelow, E. R. B., J. H. B., Mary and Gussie, Jessie Hiltner, Alberta Stout, Willis Dunning, Nellie E. Stebbins, Marion R. Brown, A. W. Smith, Josie and May, Kate G., Hallie H. Haines, Johnny B. S., Daisy, Gertie Beidler, Mary M. C., Charles L. Baldwin, Kitty Clover, Alice Olney, Emil Harrington, Katie M. Cathcart, Arthur F. B., Agnes Hanks, Elizabeth K. Stewart, Wade W. Thayer, Brooks Upham, Rosalie, Mamie Eells, Florence Lanty, Frank Dearstyne, Vera Wheeler, Nellie McN. Suydam, Elizabeth B. Grumball, Ida Cameron, Ethel Marion Walker, Fawn Evans, Alfa P. Tyrrell, H. and A. V. P., G. P. S., Clara Moore, F. W. S., Portia, Nellie T., Eva R., Norine, Anna M. Lister, Blanche E. Ives, Mary Hicks, "Dolly Varden," Nora T. C., Natie P. Thompson, Daniel McPhail, Mary E. Seavey, Storrs E. E., H. C. J., Edith B., Kittie E. Fogarty, Frank Carman, Ruth A., C. H. M., Richard D. Bennett, Anne Grey Millett, Addie Rockwell, Laura Smith, Paula Goetz, Katie S. Denholm, Carl M. Ruhlen, Thomas McKeone, W. C. T., Marion Loomis, Alice E. Bogert, Gertrude E. S., Julian Granbery, B. M. S., Edward P. Irwin, "The Five Friends," T. L., Kate B. Tilley, Irene S. Duer, Violet Scath, Florence M. Wickes, E. W. B., May Delany, and Bertha Sweet.



An Engraved Charter for Framing.

Our attention has been called to the fact that heretofore we have sent to our Chapters no charters, or certificates, suitable for framing.

To remedy this deficiency, we have engaged one of the leading firms of New-York City to design a very beautiful A. A. Charter, to be handsomely engraved on bond or parchment paper. The size of the charter will be about 12 x 18 inches or larger.

At the top is drawn an open St. Nicholas, showing on one page Prof. Agassiz's portrait, and on the other, representations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Above the magazine is our badge, the Swiss Cross; and below is the motto, *Per Naturam ad Deum*. Then follows the certificate proper, handsomely ornamented, bearing the name of the founder of the Chapter, the name, number, and letter of the same, and signed with the autograph of the President of the A. A. Of course the first two hundred impressions — or artist's proofs — are the finest. Many members are so pleased with them that they wish to secure copies for their individual possession.

The Class in Mineralogy.

None of the courses of study we have ever had the pleasure of offering to our friends, has had the magnificent success which is attending Prof. Crosby's class in mineralogy. At this writing no less than eighty-nine pupils are enrolled, and as Chapters usually take the course through one representative, this number doubtless means that at the least five hundred persons are learning how to observe and describe minerals, under most competent instruction. To each pupil is sent a set of thirty valuable specimens, and all exercises are corrected and returned for revision. Geographically, the class extends from Washington Territory to England.

Reports of Chapters.

We have to begin again this month, as last, by presenting the excellent reports of dilatory Chapters. A little more promptness hereafter, good secretaries, if you please!

37, *Kingsboro, N. Y.* By some mischance, your card notifying me that our report is due has just come to my notice, and I hasten to write, fearing our "candlestick may be removed." Last week three of us visited a gold-mine and brought home specimens of rock from which gold is obtained, averaging about twenty dollars per ton. The rock is dark, fine-grained, and resembles lime-stone. It effervesces with acid. We have here beautiful specimens of the Azoic rocks, and we could make up named collections to exchange for other specimens.— W. W. Thomas, Box 711.

112, *So. Boston.* We number ten active and three honorary members. During the year we have held twenty-two meetings, with an average attendance of eight. In January we gave an entertainment, and realized $10.80. In April we endeavored to establish an assembly of the Chapters in this part of the State, but did not succeed.

During the year we have studied chemistry, zoölogy, and astronomy. At one time we visited the Agassiz museum in a body, and learned a great deal. Having seen now what we can do, I think we shall all study harder during the coming year.—Geo. L. Whitehouse, 37 Gates street.

[*Don't be discouraged; we shall have a State Assembly in Massachusetts before many years.*]

134, *De Pere, Wis.* We have eighteen members. Our room is beginning to look very nicely. We added five new cases last fall. We have 1600 geological specimens,— including 1000 fossils,— 600 minerals, 50 birds, 500 plants, 400 shells, and 100 ethnological specimens.— A. S. Gilbert.

153, *Chicago (E).* At the Exposition here last fall, we had two large cases, one containing minerals, the other fossils, which compared favorably with any in the building, and did much toward making our society known to the throng of visitors. We have added new books to our library at no small expense. Our "Paper" is the latest addition to our meetings, and contains original articles, clippings, and the letters received.— Charles T. Mixer.

164, *Jackson, Mich. (B).* We have eight members, and expect more soon. We all have natural histories of our own. We meet once a week, on Monday evening. We had a very pleasant field-meeting by Clark's Lake. All our members are interested.— James C. Wood.

168, *Buffalo (C).* During the summer there were some excursions, which brought a number of specimens into the hands of our curator. With the new year fresh courage has inspired most of us. Our prospects are quite bright. We still have our standing committees in each department, and these have a report to make nearly every week. Every two weeks we have an essay. Our next topic is to be "Forests and their Utility." Besides this and the reading and discussion of scientific essays, we have our weekly report on the current scientific news, and notes and personal observations. Chapter K of this city has joined us, and Chapter I thinks of following the example of Chapter K.— Sophie Finkenstaedt.

187, *Albany, N. Y. (A).* We have found time for occasional meeting among the heavy requirements of school-life; and as for myself, I find our own back-yard a bewildering field for exploration. We have ten active and eleven honorary members. Our meetings are held alternate Wednesday evenings at the houses of members, and are always well attended and interesting. At our next meeting — our second anniversary — a special programme is to be carried out. We are to debate the comparative usefulness of astronomy and botany; have an extra number of *The Naturalist*, our MS. paper; scientific essays, readings and lectures. Albany A has never been more flourishing. — John P. Gavit.

Third Century.

215, *Tioga Centre, N. Y.* We have been steadily progressing in our department — botany. Last autumn we made asters a specialty, and succeeded in collecting and analyzing fourteen species and two varieties. We are now ready to exchange promptly.— Angie Latimer, Sec.

220, *De Pere, Wis. (C.)* Chapter C has disbanded. Please scratch our number out.— Jessie R. Jackson.

[*But we hope the Chapter will "jump into another bush," so we can "scratch them in again!"*]

234, *New York, (G).* We have joined Chapter 87, New York (B), — F. W. Roos, 335 W. 27th street.

238, *Winterset, Iowa.* One of our charter members is dead; one is in Oregon; two are away at college; one is in Mississippi. In fact, there is nothing left of our Chapter. I am sorry, for I think the Association work is a very great benefit to the members.— Harry C. Wallace.

[*Our correspondent will remember that by our present rules even one active member is allowed to maintain the honor, and retain the number and name of a Chapter once properly organized. We shall be disappointed if we do not meet him on the 24th of next August, at Davenport, Iowa, as the representative of a reorganized and efficient Chapter.*]

246, *Bethlehem, Pa.* We are in a very flourishing condition, and now have fifteen members. Our cabinet is crowded with specimens, all in good condition. We occupy a pleasant room rented by the

Chapter. We shall enter the coming season with undiminished enthusiasm for the study of Nature.

248, *Richmond, Va.* An informal meeting was held, and twenty-three of us boys were enrolled as members of a Chapter of the A. A. We elected our teacher, Miss Jennie Ellett, President. Committees were appointed to draft by-laws, build cabinets, etc. Instead of forming a new society, Mrs. Marshall has kindly consented to let us reorganize Chapter 248.— *W. T. Terry*, Sec., 109 E. Grace St.

252, *Utica, N. Y.* We have a most flourishing Chapter of forty-seven members. In the past year our school building was enlarged, and a room was made purposely to hold our treasures. In it is a cabinet overflowing with minerals, shells, and plants, 3 cases full of *lepidoptera*, a forty-dollar microscope, and a cabinet, which the boys are trying to fill with microscopical slides of their own manufacture. We have also an aquarium 12 x 24 inches, stocked with fish, newts, snails, turtles, etc., also a bird's egg cabinet that will hold several hundred specimens, and a Wardia case, 36 x 18 inches, which we are now using for hatching chrysalids. At our last meeting a cecropia "came out," measuring over six and a half inches across the wings. Our Chapter is divided into committees, each committee having a teacher for chairman. The committees are expected to furnish each week specimens representing their special branches. Of all the subjects before us the hardest "nut to crack" was, "What is a sea-bean?" but owing to indomitable perseverance, it has been most thoroughly cracked.

[*Please send us the kernel!*]

Agassiz's birthday was duly celebrated in the woods. Speeches were made, poems recited, and the rest of the day devoted to a grand specimen-hunt. It rained hard all day, but that could not quench the fire in this Chapter, and we returned home loaded down with treasures. We have shells, mica, and *lepidoptera* for exchange. The Chapter desires to express its deepest gratitude to the founder of the A. A. for two delightful years.—Frances E. Newland, Sec.

[*Such a delightful report as the one which we have here condensed, is more than enough to repay one for all the labor connected with the A. A. The debt of gratitude is on the other side.*]

254, *Fulton, N. Y.* We have started a library, and are now studying ornithology. Our membership is reduced to three, but all are active.— Herbert C. Howe.

[*If three active members understand "Reduction Ascending," they will soon reduce the membership to a dozen or more.*]

256, *Newton, Upper Falls, Mass.* The past year has been one of gratifying progress. We number twelve. Our meetings are very interesting, each member giving an account of some object in his branch of study, often illustrating it by the specimen or describing some book he has been reading, or relating some recent personal experience. At the first meeting of each month a paper called *Gatherings* is read, composed of original records of personal observations. Wishing to bring our Chapter and its work to the knowledge of our friends, we have held a series of socials at the home of one of our members. The first of the evening we have devoted to talks and essays by the members of the Chapter, and later we have played games, and amused ourselves in other ways. We find this plan very beneficial, and have already gained three new members and a present of books.— Mrs. J. M. H. Smith.

[*We commend this suggestive report to the earnest attention of every Chapter.*]

257, *Plantsville, Ct.* We have made large additions to our collections. Our library also has been enlarged, and we have now nearly 100 volumes. We decide on the subject for each coming meeting in this way. Each member writes on a ballot the subject he would prefer. The ballots are then shaken in a hat, and the one drawn first is our subject. Moreover, the one whose ballot is successful must furnish a paper on that subject, and all the others bring short items on the same subject. We closed our last meeting by a collation, and singing by our glee club.—A. L. Ely, Box 219.

260, *Mercer, Pa.* We have not been idle, and have quite a collection. We think every Chapter should keep a scrap-book for entering reports and clippings.— Mrs. H. M. Magoffin.

272, *West Town, N. Y.*— Most of us are attending school away from home. We therefore disband through the winter, and then reorganize for the summer vacation, and work as much as we can, for we have farm work to do besides. Still we can study as we work, and we do this. Our minerals are all labeled and mounted. We have about 200 birds' eggs, some of them quite rare. We pride ourselves on our insects. I think we have 300, still am not positive. Our botanical specimens number 200. The work we have done, though not very great, has done us a great amount of good.—William Evans, Sec.

Some Important Questions.

Manchester, Vt.

I am extremely anxious to experiment during the coming season with the American silk-producing worms, not for the purpose of producing raw silk, but for other reasons of scientific and practical interest. I wish to learn the best books for giving a knowledge of the habits of *Attacus Cecropia*, *Polyphemus*, and the Promethean moths. I shall be glad of any information regarding the best places to find their cocoons. I should like to hear of the experience of others in finding cocoons, and raising the moths. I have M. Trouvelot's papers on the subject, Dr. Garlick's letters on his experiments; also Dr. Stirling's, Prof. Riley's report on Silk Production No. 11, Packard's "Our Common Insects," Sir John Lubbock's "Origin and Metamorphosis of Insects" I should like the addresses of any parties who have cocoons of the said moths to dispose of; and finally, information regarding the success or failure of any who may have tried the experiment of raising the worms.

Very truly yours, C. F. Orvis.

[*Mr. Orvis is a member of the A. A., has been for years engaged in an important manufacturing business, and we trust may obtain from "those who know," all the information he desires.*]

Exchanges.

Two thousand square-cut post-marks, all different, in a neat book; also 1500 duplicates, for best offer in stone implements.— Laurie H. McNeill, Ch. 902, Mobile, Ala.

Correspondence with amateur egg-collectors desired. Iowa preferred.— Oscar Clute, Jr., Iowa City, Iowa.

American bird-skins and eggs (with data), for English. Also mounted microscopical pathological specimens. Lists exchanged. —Wm. D. Grier, 49 Gloucester St., Boston, Mass.

New Chapters.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
941	Hohokus, N. J. (A)	4	Mrs. R. Van Dien, Jr.
942	Sioux Falls, Dakota (B)	10	Percy Edmison.
943	Sancelito, Cal. (A)	7	A. J. Campbell, Box 31, Marin Co.
944	Buffalo, N. Y. (L)	12	Nathan N. Block, 82 Norris Place.
945	Baltimore, Md.	4	Maurice Straus, 225 Linden Ave.
946	Seneca Falls (B)	5	Wm. Hopper.
947	San Francisco, Cal. (J)	4	Miss Alice J. Ellis, 27 So. Park.
948	Prairie Du Chien, Wis. (A)	7	Chas. Chase, Jr.
949	New York, N. Y. (Z)	4	Fred Stanton, 420 W. 61st St.

Dissolved.

863	Providence, R. I. (E)	Frederic Gorham.
362	Newport, R. I. (B)	4 Thomas Crosby, Jr.
242	Philadelphia (I)	J. F. Stevens.

Reorganized.

746	Helena, Montana (A)	8	Kurt Kleinschmidt, Box 292.
68	Grand Junction, Iowa	2	Miss Sarah I. Smith.
248	Richmond, Va. (A)	23	W. T. Terry. 109 E. Grace St.

Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.,

Mr. Harlan H. Ballard,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

As this number of St. Nicholas goes to press nearly a month earlier than usual, the names of solvers of March puzzles can not appear until the issue of the June number.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

An Easter Rebus.

Bid folly fly and sin depart;
Keep inviolate your heart;
And Easter lilies, pure and fair,
Will bud and bloom forever there.

Inverted Pyramid. Across: 1. Depopulated. 2. Nominated. 3. Deluded. 4. Roses. 5. Ten. 6. D.

St. Andrew's Cross of Diamonds. I. 1. B. 2. Dem(and). 3. Dolor. 4. Belgium. 5. Moist. 6. Rut. 7. M. II. 1. M. 2. Ham. 3. Huron. 4. Marston. 5. Motor. 6. Nor. 7. N. III 1. M. 2. Tim. 3. Talon. 4. Million. 5 Moist. 6. Not. 7. N. IV. 1. M. 2. Sam. 3 Sedan. 4. Madison. 5. Mason. 6. Non. 7. N. V. 1. N. 2. Tam. 3. Titus. 4. Natural. 5. Murat. 6. Sat. 7. L.

Word-squares. I. 1. Racer. 2. Agave. 3. Canal. 4. Evade. 5. Relet. II. 1. Cabal 2. Above. 3. Bohea. 4. Avers. 5. Least. III. 1. Rabid. 2. Abide. 3. Bison. 4. Idols. 5. Dense.

Pi. Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair;
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Central Acrostic. Arbor Day. Cross-words: 1. slAin. 2. stRew. 3. saBot. 4. slOop. 5. stRap. 6. seDan. 7. smArt. 8. slYly.

Hour-glass. Centrals, April fool. Cross-words: 1. TartArean. 2. reaPers. 3. scRew. 4. vIe. 5. L. 6. aFt. 7. foOls. 8. limOsis. 9. inteLlect

Mythological Numerical Enigma.

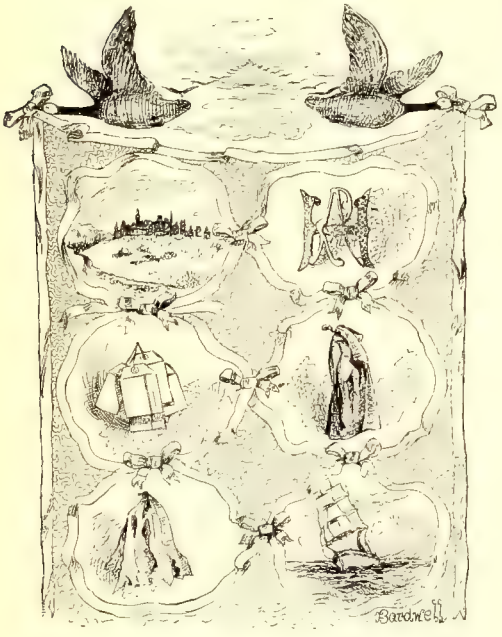
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April, and hunt violets.

Connected Double Squares. Upper left-hand square. Across: 1. Houp. 2. Alto. 3. Ties. 4. Host. Upper right-hand square. Across: 1. Pent. 2. Otoe. 3. Suet. 4. Tile. Lower left-hand square. Across: 1. Host. 2. Able. 3. Sour. 4. Hern. Lower right-hand square. Across: 1. Tile. 2. Eden. 3. Read. 4. Naps.

Bagatelle. 1. More haste, less speed. 2. Medicines were not meant to live on. 3. He who hides can find. 4. Pride goeth before a fall. 5. The absent party is always faulty. 6. A crowd is not company. 7. Penny wise, pound foolish. Key-words: haSte, meAnt, hiDes, prIde, paRty, crOwd, peNny.

Central letters, sadiron.

MOTHER GOOSE PUZZLE.



This puzzle is based upon one of the Mother Goose rhymes. The pictures represent the last word of the six lines of the verse. What is the verse?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventy-six letters, and am a quotation from "Love's Labor Lost."

My 63–21–58–31 is elevated. My 28–1–42–35 is headstrong. My 72–45–14–62–25 is on every breakfast table. My 2–19–52 is a fashionable kind of trimming. My 74–40–55–50–22 is a glossy fabric My 33–9–29–8 was the nationality of Othello. My 38–68–70–17–12–76 is the name of the 67–3–49–61 of one of Shakspere's most celebrated plays. My 6–43–5–26 is location. My 13–75–11–46 is mature. My 30–60–47–54–41 is what often follows a chill. My 53–36–4–24 is a mixture. My 16–39–71–20–66 is used in bread-making. My 37–73–65–7–23–27–69–18–56–51 is an allurement. My 32–57–10–15–64–44–59–34–48 is a school.

Harold J. Harding.

PI.

Ta emits a gaftarrn zebree mecos toalfing yb,
Dan gribsn, uyo wkon ton hwy,
A lenegif sa hewn agree wordse twaai
Freoeb a leapac tage
Meos dronswou gapeant; dan ouy scacer loudw tarts,
Fi form a cheeb's thear
A buel-yede Drady, pepsting froth, soldhu ays,
"Hedlob em! I ma Mya!"

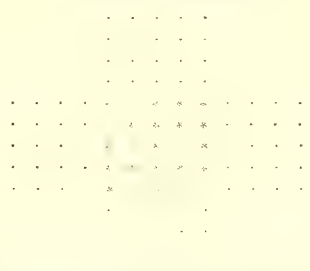
CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Each of the words described contains the same number of letters; the central letters, transposed, will spell the name of the heroine of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

1. Was conspicuous. 2. A hard covering. 3. A citadel. 4. A box for fruit. 5. To ward off. 6. A sudden fright.

Avis.

GREEK CROSS.



Upper Square: 1. To begin. 2. A small drum. 3. Over. 4. Wanders. 5. A lock of hair.

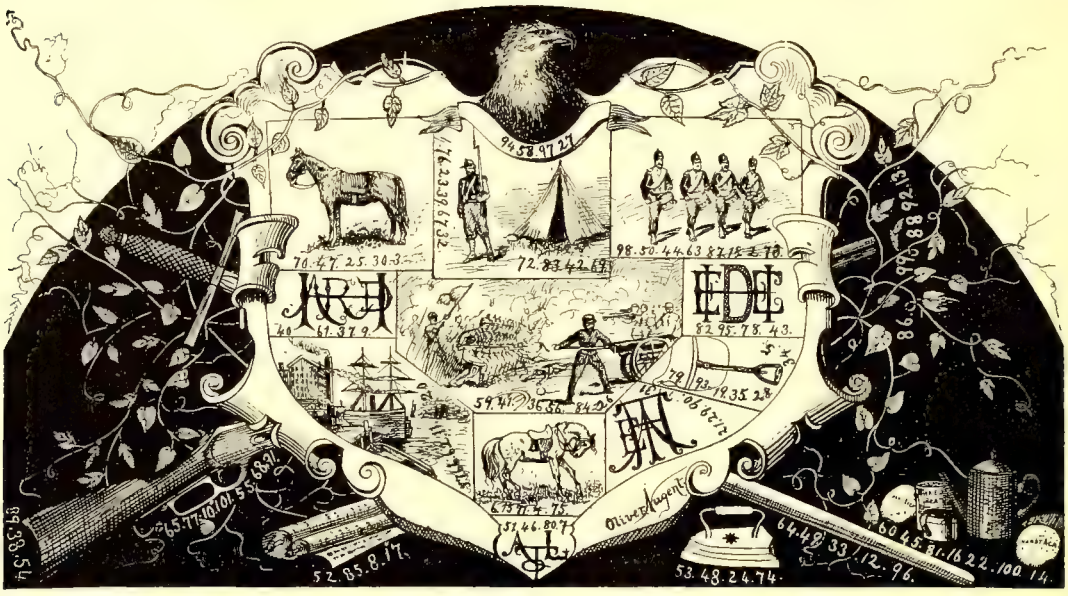
Left-hand Square: 1. A region. 2. A report. 3. Plentiful. 4. Plants of the cabbage family. 5. A lock of hair.

Central Square: 1. A lock of hair. 2. A black bird. 3. To elude. 4. A plant which grows in wet grounds. 5. To scoff

Right-hand Square: 1. To scoff. 2. Grand. 3. Declined. 4. A mournful poem. 5. To color anew.

Lower Square: 1. To scoff. 2. Mother of pearl. 3. Applause. 4. One of the Muses. 5. To furnish with a new upper part.

"Homer."



A DECORATION-DAY PUZZLE.

THE words forming this numerical enigma are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of a hundred and one letters, is a four-line verse by Bayard Taylor.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

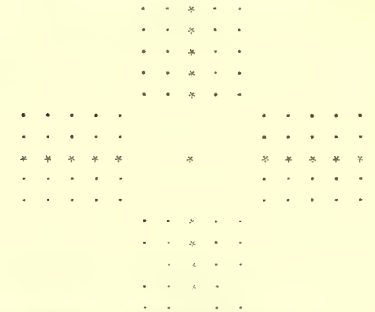
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ACROSS: 1. Pertaining to a monarch. 2. Entering without right. 3. Unmarried women. 4. Unfaithful. Primals, a vapor; centrals, a brown coating; finals, in a smaller degree. Primals, centrals, and finals combined, unsuspicious. F. L. F.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. Measurement. 2. Consumes. 3. A chemical substance. 4. A sheltered place. 5. In pyramid. Downward: 1. In pyramid. 2. Two-thirds of a girl's name. 3. Mankind. 4. Bad. 5. Celebrated. 6. Certain. 7. Wrath. 8. A bone. 9. In inverted. F. L. F.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Pertaining to a certain nymph. 2. A disease peculiar to children. 3. A dwelling-place. 4. The European blackbird. 5. A charm.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Burned wood. 2. A continued endeavor to gain possession. 3. The inner part. 4. The lesser white heron. 5. A pugilistic encounter.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An expression of contempt. 2. A small column without base or capital. 3. Parts of shoes. 4. To assign. 5. To squander.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A term used in playing with balls. 2. A sacred vestment. 3. Proper. 4. A fine yellow clay. 5. A measure.

Centrals, reading downward (eleven letters), an architect who builds houses. Centrals, reading across, a mechanical contrivance common in cotton-mills. "L. LOS REGNI."

FINAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. The primals will all be of the same letter; the finals will spell a name famous in history.

1. A small shell-fish. 2. An emblem. 3. A common plant having a scarlet blossom. 4. To weaken. 5. A specter. 6. An afternoon nap. 7. A leap. 8. Unassuming. 9. A violent effort. 10. Irony. 11. A channel. "JUVENTUS."

WORD-SQUARES IN DIAMONDS.

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I. Diamond: 1. In soles. 2. To touch lightly. 3. Satisfies. 4. A beverage. 5. In soles. Included word-square: 1. To touch lightly. 2. Consumed. 3. A beverage.

II. Diamond: 1. In strife. 2. To touch lightly. 3. Much talked of in railway offices. 4. An inclosure. 5. In strife. Included word-square: 1. To touch lightly. 2. A verb. 3. An inclosure.

III. Diamond: 1. In youthful. 2. The cry of a certain animal. 3. A mythical being. 4. Skill. 5. In youthful. Included word-square: 1. The cry of a certain animal. 2. Gaseous substance. 3. Skill. "ARTHUR PENDENNIS."

HOUR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, spell the name of a very prominent personage.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pleasing to the taste. 2. A substance similar to varnish. 3. An imp. 4. The name of a character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 5. In decorations. 6. Sick. 7. Resources. 8. To call by the wrong name. 9. Gives too many doses to. "D. I. VERSITY."

WORD-SQUARE.

THE letters of each of the words described may all be found in the word NAMER.

1. A girl's name. 2. Close at hand. 3. A cognomen. 4. Surface. "DENZIL ELINOR."



A JUNE MORNING.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIII. JUNE, 1886. NO. 8.

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"ONCE-ON-A-TIME."

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

HEIGH-HO! What frolics we might see,
If it only had happened to you and me
To be born in some beautiful far-off clime,
In the country of Somewhere, once-on-a-time!

Why, once-on-a-time there were mountains of gold,
And cans full of jewels, and treasures untold;
There were birds just waiting to fly before
And show you the way to the magical door.
And, under a tree, there was sure to be
A queer little woman to give you the key;
And a tiny, dancing, good-natured elf,
To say, with his scepter: "Help yourself!"
For millions of dollars grew from a dime
In the country of Somewhere, once-on-a-time.

If we lived in the country of Somewhere, you
Could do whatever you chose to do.
Instead of a boy, with the garden to weed,
You might be a knight, with a sword and a steed.
Instead of a girl, with a towel to hem,
I might be a princess, with robe and gem;
With a gay little page, and a harper old,
Who knew all the stories that ever were told,—
Stories in prose, and stories in rhyme,
That happened somewhere, once-on-a-time.

In the country of Somewhere, no one looks
At maps and blackboards and grammar books;
For all your knowledge just grows and grows,
Like the song in a bird, or the sweet in a rose.
And if ever I chance, on a fortunate day,
To that wonderful region to find my way,
Why then, if the stories all are true,
As quick as I can, I 'll come for you,
And we 'll row away to its happy shores,
In a silver shallop with golden oars.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Chapter VIII.

Lord Dorincourt had occasion to wear his grim smile many a time as the days passed by. Indeed, as his acquaintance with his grandson progressed, he wore the smile so often that there were moments when it almost lost its grimness. There is no denying that before Lord Fauntleroy had appeared on the scene, the old man had been growing very tired of his loneliness and his gout and his seventy years. After so long a life of excitement and amusement, it was not agreeable to sit alone even in the most splendid room, with one foot on a gout-stool, and with no other diversion than flying into a rage, and shouting at a frightened footman who hated the sight of him. The old Earl was too clever a man not to know perfectly well that his servants detested him, and that even if he had visitors, they did not come for love of him — though some found a sort of amusement in his sharp, sarcastic talk, which spared no one. So long as he had been strong and well, he had gone from one place to another, pretending to amuse himself, though he had not really enjoyed it; and when his health began to fail, he felt tired of everything and shut himself up at Dorincourt, with his gout and his newspapers and his books. But he could not read all the time, and he became more and more "bored," as he called it. He hated the long nights and days, and he grew more and more savage and irritable. And then Fauntleroy came; and when the Earl saw the lad, fortunately for the little fellow, the secret pride of the grandfather was gratified at the outset. If Cedric had been a less handsome little fellow the old man might have taken so strong a dislike to the boy that he would not have given himself the chance to see his grandson's finer qualities. But he chose to think that Cedric's beauty and fearless spirit were the results of the Dorincourt blood and a credit to the Dorincourt rank. And then when he heard the lad talk, and saw what a well bred little fellow he was, notwithstanding his boyish ignorance of all that his new position meant, the old Earl liked his grandson more, and actually began to find himself rather entertained. It had amused him to give into those childish hands the power to bestow a benefit on poor Higgins. My lord cared nothing for poor Higgins, but it pleased him a little to think that his grandson would be talked about by the country people and would begin to be popular with the tenantry, even in his childhood. Then it had gratified him to drive to church with Cedric and to see the excitement and interest caused by the arrival. He knew how the people would speak of the beauty of the little lad; of his fine, strong, straight little body; of his erect bearing, his handsome face, and his bright hair, and how they would say (as the Earl had heard one woman exclaim to another) that the boy was "every inch a lord." My lord of Dorincourt was an arrogant old man, proud of his name, proud of his rank, and therefore proud to show the world that at last the House of Dorincourt had an heir who was worthy of the position he was to fill.

The morning the new pony had been tried, the Earl had been so pleased that he had almost forgotten his gout. When the groom had brought out the pretty creature, which arched its brown, glossy neck and tossed its fine head in the sun, the Earl had sat at the open window of the library and had looked on while Fauntleroy took his first riding lesson. He wondered if the boy would show signs of timidity. It was not a very small pony, and he had often seen children lose courage in making their first essay at riding.

Fauntleroy mounted in great delight. He had never been on a pony before, and he was in the highest spirits. Wilkins, the groom, led the animal by the bridle up and down before the library window.

"He 's a well plucked un, he is," Wilkins remarked in the stable afterward with many grins. "It were n't no trouble to put *him* up. An' a old un would n't ha' sat any straighter when he *were* up. He ses — ses he to me, 'Wilkins,' he ses, 'am I sitting up straight? They sit up straight at the circus,' ses he. An' I ses, 'As straight as a arrer, your lordship!' — an' he laughs, as pleased as could be, an' he ses, 'That 's right,' he ses, 'you tell me if I don't sit up straight, Wilkins!'"

But sitting up straight and being led at a walk were not altogether and completely satisfactory. After a few minutes, Fauntleroy spoke to his grandfather — watching him from the window:

"Can't I go by myself?" he asked; "and can't I go faster? The boy on Fifth Avenue used to trot and canter!"

"Do you think you could trot and canter?" said the Earl.

"I should like to try," answered Fauntleroy.

His lordship made a sign to Wilkins, who at the signal brought up his own horse and mounted it and took Fauntleroy's pony by the leading-rein.

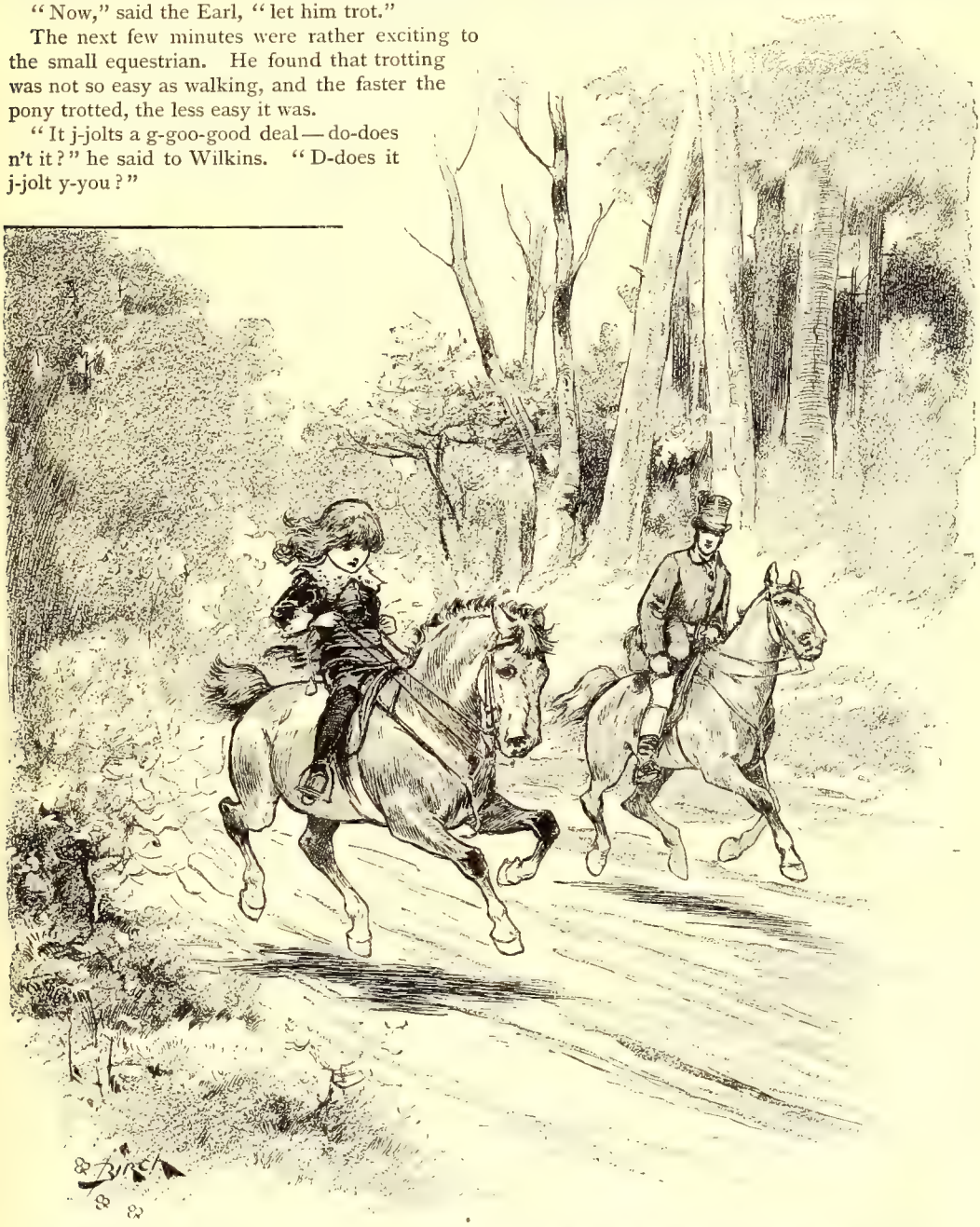
"Now," said the Earl, "let him trot."

The next few minutes were rather exciting to the small equestrian. He found that trotting was not so easy as walking, and the faster the pony trotted, the less easy it was.

"It j-jolts a g-goo-good deal — do-does n't it?" he said to Wilkins. "D-does it j-jolt y-you?"

"I 'm ri-rising all the t-time," said Fauntleroy.

He was both rising and falling rather uncomfortably and with many shakes and bounces. He



"WILKINS WAS CARRYING HIS HAT FOR HIM, AND HIS HAIR WAS FLYING, BUT HE CAME BACK AT A BRISK CANTER."

"No, my lord," answered Wilkins. "You 'll get used to it in time. Rise in your stirrups."

was out of breath and his face grew red, but he held on with all his might, and sat as straight as

he could. The Earl could see that from his window. When the riders came back within speaking distance, after they had been hidden by the trees a few minutes, Fauntleroy's hat was off, his cheeks were like poppies, and his lips were set, but he was still trotting manfully.

"Stop a minute!" said his grandfather. "Where 's your hat?"

Wilkins touched his. "It fell off, your lordship," he said, with evident enjoyment. "Would n't let me stop to pick it up, my lord."

"Not much afraid, is he?" asked the Earl, dryly.

"Him, your lordship!" exclaimed Wilkins. "I should n't say as he knowed what it meant. I 've taught young gen'lemen to ride afore, an' I never see one stick on more determin'der."

"Tired?" said the Earl to Fauntleroy. "Want to get off?"

"It jolts you more than you think it will," admitted his young lordship frankly. "And it tires you a little, too; but I don't want to get off. I want to learn how. As soon as I 've got my breath I want to go back for the hat."

The cleverest person in the world, if he had undertaken to teach Fauntleroy how to please the old man who watched him, could not have taught him anything which would have succeeded better. As the pony trotted off again toward the avenue, a faint color crept up in the fierce old face, and the eyes, under the shaggy brows, gleamed with a pleasure such as his lordship had scarcely expected to know again. And he sat and watched quite eagerly until the sound of the horses' hoofs returned. When they did come, which was after some time, they came at a faster pace. Fauntleroy's hat was still off; Wilkins was carrying it for him; his cheeks were redder than before, and his hair was flying about his ears, but he came at quite a brisk canter.

"There!" he panted, as they drew up, "I c-cantered. I did n't do it as well as the boy on Fifth Avenue, but I did it, and I stayed on!"

He and Wilkins and the pony were close friends after that. Scarcely a day passed in which the country people did not see them out together, cantering gayly on the highroad or through the green lanes. The children in the cottages would run to the door to look at the proud little brown pony with the gallant little figure sitting so straight in the saddle, and the young lord would snatch off his cap and swing it at them, and shout, "Hullo! Good morning!" in a very unlordly manner, though with great heartiness. Sometimes he would stop and talk with the children, and once Wilkins came back to the castle with a story of how Fauntleroy had insisted on dismounting near the village school, so that a boy who was lame and tired might ride home on his pony.

"An' I 'm blessed," said Wilkins, in telling the story at the stables,—"I 'm blessed if he 'd hear of anything else! He would n't let me get down, because he said the boy might n't feel comfortable on a big horse. An' ses he, 'Wilkins,' ses he, 'that boy 's lame and I 'm not, and I want to talk to him, too.' And up the lad has to get, and my lord trudges alongside of him with his hands in his pockets, and his cap on the back of his head, a-whistling and talking as easy as you please! And when we come to the cottage, an' the boy's mother come out all in a taking to see what 's up, he whips off his cap an' ses he, 'I 've brought your son home, ma'am,' ses he, 'because his leg hurt him, and I don't think that stick is enough for him to lean on; and I 'm going to ask my grandfather to have a pair of crutches made for him.' An' I 'm blessed if the woman was n't struck all of a heap, as well she might be! I thought I should 'a' hex-plodid, myself!"

When the Earl heard the story, he was not angry, as Wilkins had been half afraid that he would be; on the contrary, he laughed outright, and called Fauntleroy up to him, and made him tell all about the matter from beginning to end, and then he laughed again. And actually, a few days later, the Dorincourt carriage stopped in the green lane before the cottage where the lame boy lived, and Fauntleroy jumped out and walked up to the door, carrying a pair of strong, light, new crutches, shouldered like a gun, and presented them to Mrs. Hartle (the lame boy's name was Hartle) with these words: "My grandfather's compliments, and if you please, these are for your boy, and we hope he will get better."

"I said your compliments," he explained to the Earl when he returned to the carriage. "You did n't tell me to, but I thought, perhaps, you forgot. That was right, was n't it?"

And the Earl laughed again, and did not say it was not. In fact, the two were becoming more intimate every day, and every day Fauntleroy's faith in his lordship's benevolence and virtue increased. He had no doubt whatever that his grandfather was the most amiable and generous of elderly gentlemen. Certainly, he himself found his wishes gratified almost before they were uttered; and such gifts and pleasures were lavished upon him, that he was sometimes almost bewildered by his own possessions. Apparently, he was to have everything he wanted, and to do everything he wished to do. And though this would certainly not have been a very wise plan to pursue with all small boys, his young lordship bore it amazingly well. Perhaps, notwithstanding his sweet nature, he might have been somewhat spoiled by it, if it had not been for the hours he spent with his mother at Court Lodge. That "best

friend" of his watched over him very closely and tenderly. The two had many long talks together, and he never went back to the castle with her kisses on his cheeks without carrying in his heart some simple, pure words worth remembering.

There was one thing, it is true, which puzzled the little fellow very much. He thought over the mystery of it much oftener than any one supposed; even his mother did not know how often he pondered on it; the Earl for a long time never suspected that he did so at all. But being quick to observe, the little boy could not help wondering why it was that his mother and grandfather never seemed to meet. He had noticed that they never did meet. When the Dorincourt carriage stopped at Court Lodge, the Earl never alighted, and on the rare occasions of his lordship's going to church, Fauntleroy was always left to speak to his mother in the porch alone, or perhaps to go home with her. And yet, every day, fruit and flowers were sent to Court Lodge from the hot-houses at the castle. But the one virtuous action of the Earl's which had set him upon the pinnacle of perfection in Cedric's eyes, was what he had done soon after that first Sunday when Mrs. Errol had walked home from church unattended. About a week later, when Cedric was going one day to visit his mother, he found at the door, instead of the large carriage and prancing pair, a pretty little brougham and a handsome bay horse.

"That is a present from you to your mother," the Earl said abruptly. "She can not go walking about the country. She needs a carriage. The man who drives will take charge of it. It is a present from *you*."

Fauntleroy's delight could but feebly express itself. He could scarcely contain himself until he reached the lodge. His mother was gathering roses in the garden. He flung himself out of the little brougham and flew to her.

"Dearest!" he cried, "could you believe it? This is yours! He says it is a present from me. It is your own carriage to drive everywhere in!"

He was so happy that she did not know what to say. She could not have borne to spoil his pleasure by refusing to accept the gift even though it came from the man who chose to consider himself her enemy. She was obliged to step into the carriage, roses and all, and let herself be taken to drive, while Fauntleroy told her stories of his grandfather's goodness and amiability. They were such innocent stories that sometimes she could not help laughing a little, and then she would draw her little boy closer to her side and kiss him, feeling glad that he could see only good in the old man who had so few friends.

The very next day after that, Fauntleroy wrote to Mr. Hobbs. He wrote quite a long letter, and after the first copy was written, he brought it to his grandfather to be inspected.

"Because," he said, "it 's so uncertain about the spelling. And if you 'll tell me the mistakes, I 'll write it out again."

This was what he had written:

"My dear mr hobbs i want to tell you about my granfarther he is the best earl you ever new it is a mistake about earls being tirents he is not a tirent at all i wish you new him you would be good frends i am sure you would he has the gout in his foot and is a grate sufrer but he is so pashent i love him more every day becaus no one could help loving an earl like that who is kind to every one in this world i wish you could talk to him he knows everything in the world you can ask him any question but he has never plaid base ball he has given me a pony and a cart and my mamma a bewtifle carige and I have three rooms and toys of all kinds it would serprise you you would like the castle and the park it is such a large castle you could lose yourself wilkins tells me wilkins is my groom he says there is a dungon under the castle it is so pretty every thing in the park would serprise you there are such big trees and there are deers and rabbits and games flying about in the cover my granfarther is very rich but he is not proud and orty as you thought earls always were i like to be with him the people are so polite and kind they take of their hats to you and the women make curtsies and sometimes say god bless you i can ride now but at first it shook me when i troted my granfarther let a poor man stay on his farm when he could not pay his rent and mrs mellon went to take wine and things to his sick children i should like to see you and i wish dearest could live at the castle but I am very happy when i dont miss her too much and i love my granfarther every one does plees write soon

"your afechshnet old frend

"Cedric Errol

"p s no one is in the dungon my granfarther never had any one langwishin in there

"p s he is such a good earl he reminds me of you he is a unerversle favrit"

"Do you miss your mother very much?" asked the Earl when he had finished reading this.

"Yes," said Fauntleroy, "I miss her all the time."

He went and stood before the Earl and put his hand on his knee looking up at him.

"*You* don't miss her, do you?" he said.

"I don't know her," answered his lordship rather crustily.

"I know that," said Fauntleroy, "and that 's what makes me wonder. She told me not to ask you any questions, and — and I wont, but sometimes I can't help thinking, you know, and it makes me all puzzled. But I 'm not going to ask any questions. And when I miss her very much, I go and look out of my window to where I see her light shine for me every night through an open place in the trees. It is a long way off, but she puts it in her window as soon as it is dark and I can see it twinkle far away, and I know what it says."

"What does it say?" asked my lord.

"It says, 'Good-night, God keep you all the night!'—just what she used to say when we were together. Every night she used to say that to me, and every morning she said, 'God bless you all the day!' So you see I am quite safe all the time ——"

"Quite, I have no doubt," said his lordship dryly. And he drew down his beetling eyebrows and looked at the little boy so fixedly and so long that Fauntleroy wondered what he could be thinking of.

CHAPTER IX.

THE fact was, his lordship the Earl of Dorincourt thought in those days, of many things of which he had never thought before, and all his thoughts were in one way or another connected with his grandson. His pride was the strongest part of his nature, and the boy gratified it at every point. Through this pride he began to find a new interest in life. He began to take pleasure in showing his heir to the world. The world had known of his disappointment in his sons; so there was an agreeable touch of triumph in exhibiting this new Lord Fauntleroy, who could disappoint no one. He wished the child to appreciate his own power and to understand the splendor of his position; he wished that others should realize it too. He made plans for his future. Sometimes in secret he actually found himself wishing that his own past life had been a better one, and that there had been less in it that this pure, childish heart would shrink from if it knew the truth. It was not agreeable to think how the beautiful, innocent face would look if its owner should be made by any chance to understand that his grandfather had been called for many a year "the wicked Earl of Dorincourt." The thought even made him feel a trifle nervous. He did not wish the boy to find it out. Sometimes in this new interest he forgot his gout, and after a while his doctor was surprised to find his noble patient's health growing better than he had expected it ever would be again. Perhaps the Earl grew better because the time did not pass so slowly for him, and he had something to think of beside his pains and infirmities.

One fine morning, people were amazed to see little Lord Fauntleroy riding his pony with another companion than Wilkins. This new companion rode a tall, powerful gray horse, and was no other than the Earl himself. It was, in fact, Fauntleroy who had suggested this plan. As he had been on the point of mounting his pony he had said rather wistfully to his grandfather:

"I wish you were going with me. When I go away I feel lonely because you are left all by yourself in such a big castle. I wish you could ride too."

And the greatest excitement had been aroused in the stables a few minutes later by the arrival of an order that Selim was to be saddled for the Earl. After that, Selim was saddled almost every day; and the people became accustomed to the sight of the tall gray horse carrying the tall gray old man, with his handsome, fierce, eagle face, by the side of the brown pony which bore little Lord Fauntleroy. And in their rides together through the green lanes and pretty country roads, the two riders became more intimate than ever. And gradually the old man heard a great deal about "Dearest" and her life. As Fauntleroy trotted by the big horse he chatted gayly. There could not well have been a brighter little comrade, his nature was so happy. It was he who talked the most. The Earl often was silent, listening and watching the joyous, glowing face. Sometimes he would tell his young companion to set the pony off at a gallop, and when the little fellow dashed off, sitting so straight and fearless, he would watch the boy with a gleam of pride and pleasure in his eyes; and Fauntleroy, when, after such a dash, he came back waving his cap with a laughing shout, always felt that he and his grandfather were very good friends indeed.

One thing that the Earl discovered was that his son's wife did not lead an idle life. It was not long before he learned that the poor people knew her very well indeed. When there was sickness or sorrow or poverty in any house, the little brougham often stood before the door.

"Do you know," said Fauntleroy once, "they all say, 'God bless you'! when they see her, and the children are glad. There are some who go to her house to be taught to sew. She says she feels so rich now that she wants to help the poor ones."

It had not displeased the Earl to find that the mother of his heir had a beautiful young face and looked as much like a lady as if she had been a duchess, and in one way it did not displease him to know that she was popular and beloved by the poor. And yet he was often conscious of a hard, jealous pang when he saw how she filled her child's heart and how the boy clung to her as his best beloved. The old man would have desired to stand first himself and have no rival.

That same morning he drew up his horse on an elevated point of the moor over which they rode, and made a gesture with his whip, over the broad, beautiful landscape spread before them.

"Do you know that all that land belongs to me?" he said to Fauntleroy.

"Does it?" answered Fauntleroy. "How much it is to belong to one person, and how beautiful!"

"Do you know that some day it will all belong to you — that and a great deal more?"

"To me!" exclaimed Fauntleroy in rather an awe-stricken voice. "When?"

"When I am dead," his grandfather answered.

"Then I don't want it," said Fauntleroy; "I want you to live always."

"That 's kind," answered the Earl in his dry

way; "nevertheless, some day it will all be yours —some day you will be the Earl of Dorincourt."

Little Lord Fauntleroy sat very still in his saddle for a few moments. He looked over the broad moors, the green farms, the beautiful copses, the cottages in the lanes, the pretty village, and over the trees to where the turrets of the great castle rose, gray and stately. Then he gave a queer little sigh.

"What are you thinking of?" asked the Earl.

"I am thinking," replied Fauntleroy, "what a little boy I am! and of what Dearest said to me."

"What was it?" inquired the Earl.

"She said that perhaps it was not so easy to be very rich; that if any one had so many things always, one might sometimes forget that every one else was not so fortunate, and that one who is rich should always be careful and try to remember. I was talking to her about how good you were, and she said that was such a good thing, because an earl had so much power, and if he cared only about his own pleasure and never thought about the people who lived on his lands, they might have trouble that he could help—and there were so many people, and it would be such a hard thing. And I was just looking at all those houses, and thinking how I should have to find out about the



"UP THE LAD HAS TO GET, AND MY LORD TRUDGES ALONGSIDE OF HIM WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS."

people, when I was an earl. How did you find out about them?"

As his lordship's knowledge of his tenantry consisted in finding out which of them paid their rent promptly, and in turning out those who did not, this was rather a hard question. "Newick finds out for me," he said, and he pulled his great gray mustache, and looked at his small questioner rather uneasily. "We will go home now," he added; "and when you are an earl, see to it that you are a better one than I have been!"

He was very silent as they rode home. He felt it to be almost incredible that he, who had never really loved any one in his life, should find himself growing so fond of this little fellow,—as without doubt he was. At first he had only been pleased and proud of Cedric's beauty and bravery, but there was something more than pride in his feeling now. He laughed a grim, dry laugh all to himself sometimes, when he thought how he liked to have the boy near him, how he liked to hear his voice, and how in secret he really wished to be liked and thought well of by his small grandson.

"I 'm an old fellow in my dotage, and I have nothing else to think of," he would say to himself; and yet he knew it was not that altogether. And if he had allowed himself to admit the truth, he would perhaps have found himself obliged to own that the very things which attracted him, in spite of himself, were the qualities he had never possessed —the frank, true, kindly nature, the affectionate trustfulness which could never think evil.

It was only about a week after that ride when, after a visit to his mother, Fauntleroy came into the library with a troubled, thoughtful face. He sat down in that high-backed chair in which he had sat on the evening of his arrival, and for a while he looked at the embers on the hearth. The Earl watched him in silence, wondering what was coming. It was evident that Cedric had something on his mind. At last he looked up. "Does Newick know all about the people?" he asked.

"It is his business to know about them," said his lordship. "Been neglecting it — has he?"

Contradictory as it may seem, there was nothing which entertained and edified him more than the little fellow's interest in his tenantry. He had never taken any interest in them himself, but it pleased him well enough that, with all his childish habits of thought and in the midst of all his childish amusements and high spirits, there should be such a quaint seriousness working in the curly head.

"There is a place," said Fauntleroy, looking up at him with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes— "Dearest has seen it; it is at the other end of the village. The houses are close together, and almost falling down; you can scarcely breathe; and the people are so poor, and everything is dreadful! Often they have fever, and the children die; and it makes them wicked to live like that, and be so poor and miserable! It is worse than Michael and Bridget!" The rain comes in at the roof! Dearest went to see a poor woman who lived there. She would not let me come near her until she had changed all her things. The tears ran down her cheeks when she told me about it!"

The tears had come into his own eyes, but he smiled through them.

"I told her you did n't know, and I would tell you," he said. He jumped down and came and leaned against the Earl's chair. "You can make it all right," he said, "just as you made it all right for Higgins. You always make it all right for everybody. I told her you would, and that Newick must have forgotten to tell you."

The Earl looked down at the hand on his knee. Newick had not forgotten to tell him; in fact, Newick had spoken to him more than once of the desperate condition of the end of the village known as Earl's Court. He knew all about the tumble-down, miserable cottages, and the bad drainage, and the damp walls and broken windows and leaking roofs, and all about the poverty, the fever, and the misery. Mr. Mordaunt had painted it all to him in the strongest words he could use, and his lordship had used violent language in response; and, when his gout had been at the worst, he had said that the sooner the people of Earl's Court died and were buried by the parish the better it would be,—and there was an end of the matter. And yet, as he looked at the small hand on his knee, and from the small hand to the honest, earnest, frank-eyed face, he was actually a little ashamed both of Earl's Court and of himself.

"What!" he said; "you want to make a builder of model cottages of me, do you?" And he positively put his own hand upon the childish one and stroked it.

"Those must be pulled down," said Fauntleroy, with great eagerness. "Dearest says so. Let us—let us go and have them pulled down tomorrow. The people will be so glad when they see you! They 'll know you have come to help them!" And his eyes shone like stars in his glowing face.

The Earl rose from his chair and put his hand on the child's shoulder. "Let us go out and take our walk on the terrace," he said, with a short laugh; "and we can talk it over."

And though he laughed two or three times again, as they walked to and fro on the broad stone terrace, where they walked together almost every fine evening, he seemed to be thinking of something which did not displease him, and still he kept his hand on his small companion's shoulder.

(To be continued.)

WINGED SEEDS.

By Helen Gray Cone.

Oh, gold-green wings, and bronze-green wings,
And rose-tinged wings, that down the breeze
Come sailing from the maple-trees!
You showering things, you shimmering things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The shade of lovely leaves to spread?
Or shining angels, that had birth
When kindly words were said?

Oh, downy dandelion-wings,
Wild-floating wings, like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, you elfin things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The light of laughing flowers to spread?
Or flitting fairies, that had birth
When merry words were said?



BESSIE: "THAT MEANS NO MORE SCHOOL TILL COLD WEATHER COMES! MY TEACHER SAID SO!"

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

VIII.

QUEEN PARIS.

We have already been in Paris, but we saw very little of it, as we were merely passing through the city on our way to the south of France; and my young companions should not go home without forming an acquaintance with a city which, on account of its importance and unrivaled attractiveness, may be called the queen city of the world, just as London, with its wealth, its size, and its influence, which is felt all over our globe, is the king of cities. In Rome, and in other cities of Italy, we have seen what Europe used to be, both in ancient times and in the Middle Ages; but there is no one place which will show us so well what Europe is to-day, as Paris.

It is an immense city, being surrounded by ramparts twenty-one miles long, and is full of broad and handsome streets, magnificent buildings, grand open spaces with fountains and statues, great public gardens and parks free to everybody, and (what is more attractive to some people than anything else) it has miles and miles of stores and shops, which are filled with the most beautiful and interesting things that are made or found in any part of the world. All these articles are arranged and displayed so artistically, that people buy things in Paris which they would never think of buying anywhere else, simply because they had never before noticed how desirable such things were. But, even if we do not wish to spend any money, we can still enjoy the rare and beautiful objects for which Paris is famous; they are nearly all in the shop windows, and we can walk about and admire them for nothing and as much as we please.

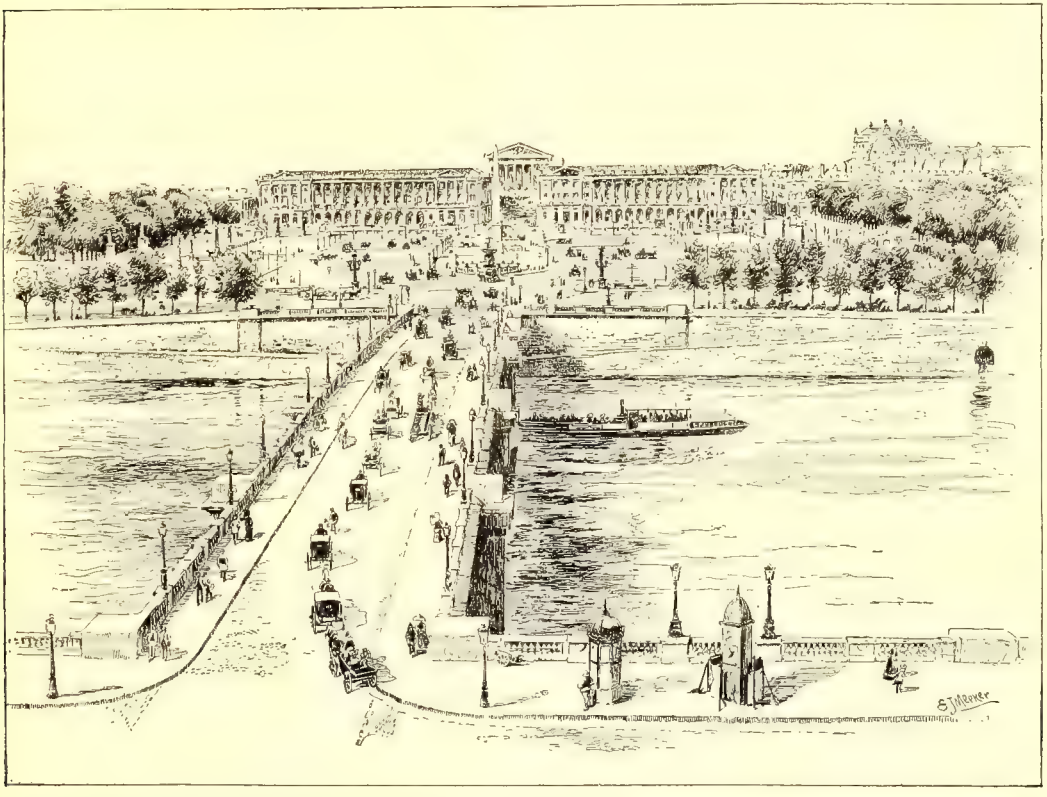
In many respects Paris is as lively as Naples; as grand as Rome; as beautiful, but in a different way, as Venice; almost as rich in remains of the Middle Ages as Florence; and yet, after all, it will remind you of none of those cities.

Before we visit any particular place in Paris, we shall start out to explore the city as a whole; although I do not mean to say that we shall go over the whole of the city. Those of us who choose will walk, and that is the best way to see Paris, for we are continually meeting with something that we wish to stop and look at; but such as do not wish to take so long a walk may ride in the *voitures*, or public carriages, which abound in the streets of Paris. In fine weather, these are convenient little open vehicles, intended to carry two persons, though more can be sometimes accommodated. They can be hired for two francs (about forty cents) an hour, with the addition of a small sum called a *pour-boire*, to which the driver is by custom entitled. Nearly everywhere we may see empty *voitures*, their drivers looking out for customers. When we want one, we do not call for it, nor do we stand on the curbstone and whistle, as if we were stopping a Fifth Avenue stage: If no driver sees us so that we can beckon to him, we follow the Parisian custom, and going to the edge of the pavement, give a strong hiss between our closed teeth. Instantly the nearest *cocher*, or driver, pulls up his horse and looks about him to see where that hiss comes from, and when he sees us, he comes around with a sweep in front of us.

The river Seine runs through Paris, and winds and doubles so much that there are seven miles of it within the city walls. It is crossed by twenty-seven bridges, and from one of these, the Pont de la Concorde, we shall start on our tour through Paris. The upper part of this bridge is built of stones taken from the Bastille prison after its destruction by the enraged people. Thus the Parisians can feel, when they cross this bridge, that they are treading under foot a portion of the building they so greatly abhorred. The view up and down the river is very fine, and gives us a good idea of the city we are about to explore. As we cross to the northern side of the Seine, on which lies the most important part of Paris, we have directly in front of us, the great Place de la Concorde, a fine open square, in the center of which rises an obelisk brought from Egypt. Here are magnificent fountains, handsome statuary on tall pedestals, and crowds of vehicles and foot-passengers crossing it in every direction, making a picturesque and lively scene. This was not always as pleasant a place as it is now, for during the great French Revolution the guillotine stood in this square, and here were executed two thousand eight hundred persons, among whom were Queen Marie Antoinette and her husband, Louis XVI. To the east of this square extends for a long distance the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, which belonged to the royal palace of that name, before it was destroyed. This garden is shaded by long lines of trees, and adorned with fountains and statues. On its southern side is an elevated walk, or terrace, very broad and

handsome, and about half a mile long. In the reign of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, this walk was appropriated to the daily exercise of the Prince Imperial. Here the young fellow could walk up and down without being interfered with by the people below; and underneath was a covered passage in which he could take long walks in rainy weather.

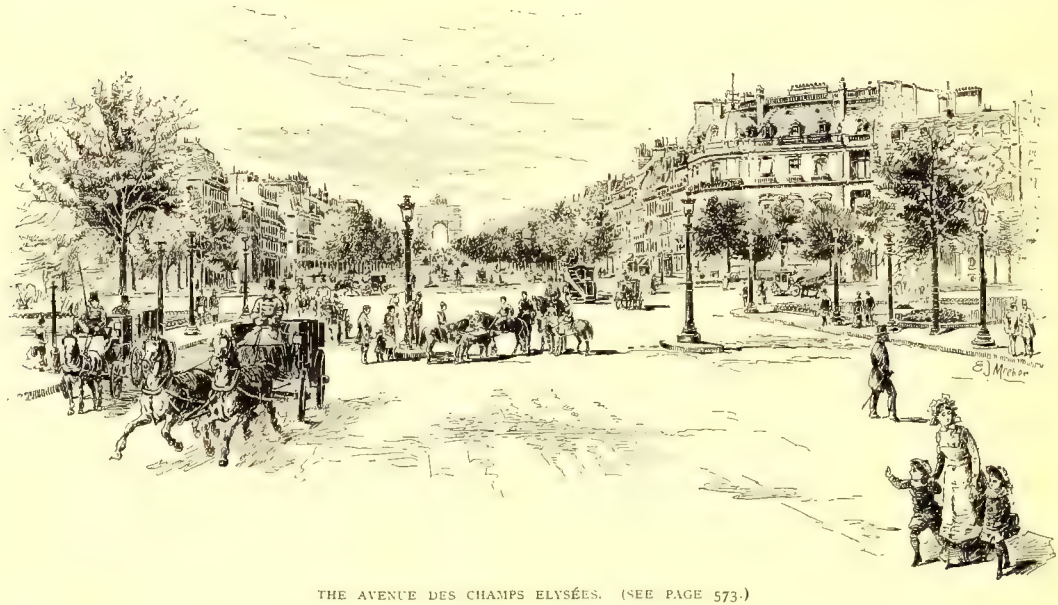
On the other side of the great square extends a broad and magnificent street, a mile and a third in length, called the Avenue des Champs Elysées. On each side, for nearly half a mile, this street is bordered by pleasure-grounds, beautifully laid out and planted with trees; and for the rest of the way it runs between two double rows of trees to the great Arch of Triumph, built by Napoleon Bonaparte to commemorate his victories. This arch is like those erected by the Roman emperors, and is covered with inscriptions and sculptures recording the glorious achievements of the great Napoleon. When Paris was taken by the Prussians in the war of 1871, the German army marched into the city through this arch of triumph; and if they wished to humiliate the French people, they could not have thought of a better plan. But the French people whom we now see here on fine afternoons do not look at all humiliated. They walk about under the trees; they sit upon the thousands of prettily painted iron chairs which are hired out at two cents apiece for a whole day; they drive up and down in the finest carriages that money can buy; and, so far as we can discover by looking at them, they are as well content and have as good an opinion of themselves as any people in the world. The pavement of the street and that of the great square is as smooth as a floor, and kept very neat and clean. This is the case indeed in nearly all the principal streets of Paris, and it is a pleasure to drive over their smooth and even pavements. But after a rain it is not so agreeable to walk across these streets, which are then covered with a coating of very sticky white mud.



ONE OF THE BRIDGES ACROSS THE SEINE,—SHOWING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE AND THE TUILERIES IN THE DISTANCE.

On the northern side of the square is a handsome street of moderate length, called the Rue Royale. It is filled with fine shops, and is very animated

and lively. At its upper end stands the beautiful church of the Madeleine, fashioned like a Grecian temple. We go up this street, and when we reach the broad space about the Madeleine, part of which is occupied as a flower-market, with long lines of booths crowded with many varieties of blossoms and plants, we find ourselves at the beginning of the magnificent line of streets, which



THE AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES. (SEE PAGE 573.)

are called the boulevards of Paris. The word *boulevards* means ramparts or bulwarks, and this long line of streets is built where the old ramparts of Paris used to stand. Of late, however, the word has been applied to many of the other broad and splendid streets for which Paris is famous. This crowded, lively, and interesting thoroughfare is over two miles long, and is, in fact, but one great street, although it is divided into eleven sections, called the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Boulevard des Capucines, Boulevard des Italiens, etc. These boulevards do not extend in a straight line, but make a great sweep to the north, and come down again to within a short distance of the river.

On each side of this wide line of streets are splendid shops and stores, cafés, restaurants, and handsome hotels; and before we have gone very far we shall see, standing back in an open space, the Grand Opera House of Paris. It is a magnificent building both inside and out; it is the largest theater in the world, and covers three acres of ground.

But although the fine buildings and the dazzling show-windows full of beautiful objects will continually attract our attention, they can not keep our eyes from the wonderful life and activity of the streets. The broad sidewalks, of course, are crowded with people, though no more than we often meet on Broadway, in New York, but the throng is peculiar because it is made up of such a variety of people who seem to be doing so many different things: ladies and gentlemen dressed in the latest fashions; working men in blue blouses; working women, always without any head-covering; boys and men with wooden shoes; gentlemen, and often ladies, sitting at little tables placed on the sidewalk in front of cafés, drinking coffee, or taking some other refreshment; soldier-policemen marching up and down, and looking very inoffensive; now and then a priest in long black clothes, and a broad felt hat. But yet among this multitude of people we seldom meet any one who is dashing along as if he were trying to catch a train or a boat, or to do something else for which he is afraid there is not time enough. Here and there we see, standing close to the curbstone, a little round wooden house, prettily ornamented, inside of which a woman sits selling newspapers which are displayed at the open window. These houses are called kiosks, and they take the place of the newspaper stands in our country. As far as possible, the French like to make their useful things ornamental, and these kiosks add very much to the appearance of the streets.

Occasionally we come to the opening of a covered arcade, extending a long distance back from the street, and crowded on both sides with shops, the pavement in the center being occupied only by foot-passengers. These arcades are called *passages*, and are among the most interesting features of Paris. The shops here are generally small, but they display their goods in a very enticing way. Some of the *passages* contain cafés and restaurants, and one of them is almost entirely devoted to the sale of toys and presents for children.

In another *passage* we shall find a very wonderful wax-work show, which, although it is not so large as the famous exhibition of Madame Tussaud in London, is, in many respects, much more interesting. There are figures here of all kinds, many of celebrated people, but instead of being set up stiffly around a room, they are arranged in groups in separate compartments, and in natural positions, as if they were saying or doing something. In the center of the room is a studio, in which the artist, who looks as natural as life, is painting a picture of a girl standing at a little distance from him, while behind him another girl is peeping over his shoulder to see how he is getting on, and she looks so life-like that we can almost expect to hear her say what she thinks about it. Near by, some ladies and gentlemen are looking over portfolios of drawings, other visitors are talking together and examining the pictures on the walls, while a servant is bringing in wax refreshments which look quite good enough to eat and drink. This scene will give us an excellent idea of life in the studio of a French artist. There are all kinds of scenes represented here, and some, especially in the basement, are of a gloomy and somber kind. One of these represents a body of policemen bursting into a room occupied by a band of counterfeiters engaged in making false money. The dismay of the counterfeiters, disturbed in their work, and the desperate fight that has already begun, are very startling and real, and we almost feel that we ought to move out of the way.

The roadway of the boulevards is filled with vehicles of every kind, and among these we particularly notice the great omnibuses, much larger than any we have, and each drawn by three powerful horses, generally white. These omnibuses have seats on top as well as inside, and a very good way to see the city is to take a ride upon one of those upper seats. The omnibuses are almost always well filled, but never crowded, no one being taken on after every seat is occupied, and a fixed number are standing on the outside platform. They stop at regular stations, not very far apart, and the people who wait here for them are provided with numbered tickets, which they procure from the agent at the station, so that when the omnibus comes, as many as can be accommodated take their seats in regular order, according to the number of their tickets. In this way, there is no crowding and pushing to get in, and those who are left behind have the best chance at the next omnibus.



PORTE ST. DENIS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

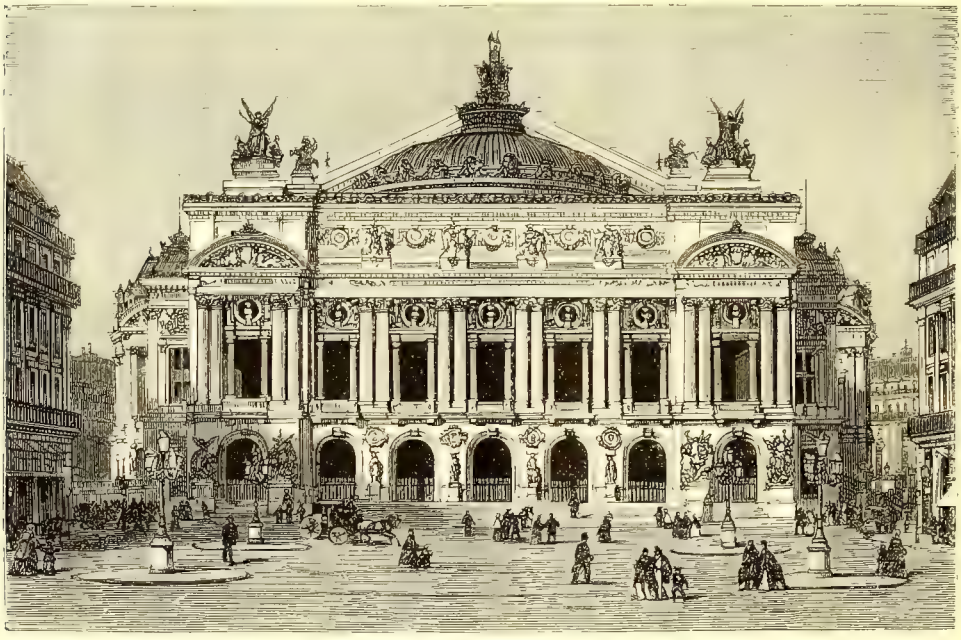
In other parts of the city of Paris, there are street

railways, called here tramways, which are managed very much in the same manner as the omnibuses. These vehicles are convenient and cheap, but not very agreeable, and it is much pleasanter to walk and pay nothing, or to take a *voiture* and pay thirty cents for two people for a drive from one end of the city to another.

And thus we go on along the boulevards, passing the celebrated gateways, Porte St. Martin and Porte St. Denis, until we come to the great open space once occupied by the Bastille, in which now rises a tall, sculptured column surmounted by a figure of Liberty. Those who have studied and remembered modern French history will take a great interest in this spot, where so many important events occurred.

Here end the boulevards. We now turn toward the river, and soon reach a wide street called the Rue de Rivoli, one side of which is lined with shops under arcades, which, in some respects, are more attractive than any we have yet seen. At many of these, photographs are sold; and their windows are crowded with pictures. All sorts of useful and cheap things are to be found here, and a walk through this street is like a visit to a museum. On the other side of the street is the great Palace of the Louvre, which extends for some distance, and after that, we come to the Garden of the Tuileries. When we have walked through this magnificent pleasure-ground, we shall reach the point from which we started on our tour.

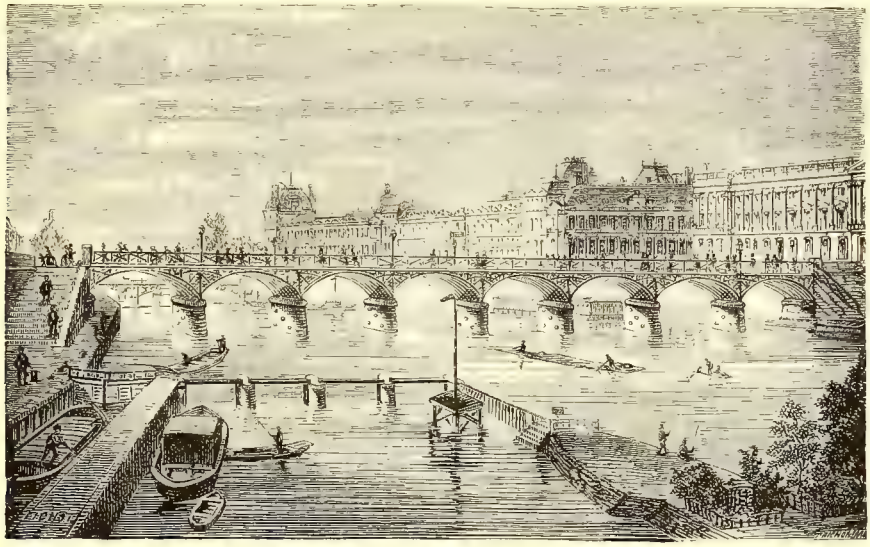
We shall take many other walks and drives through the streets of Paris, and wherever we go, we shall find in each an interest of a different sort. On the southern side of the river, is the Latin Quarter, where there are some celebrated schools and academies, which, for centuries, have been the resort of students. Here we shall find narrow streets, crowded footways, and shops full of all sorts of antiquarian articles, and odds and ends of every kind, some of which seem to have no other value than that they are old, while other things are very valuable, and often very cheap.



THE OPERA-HOUSE, PARIS.

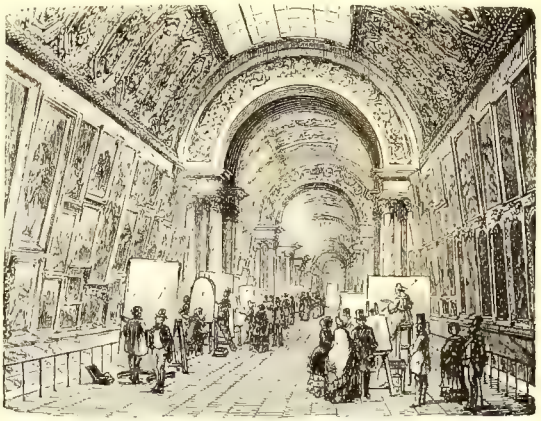
Here, too, we find book shops, and shops where prints and engravings are sold, and all with their windows and even their outside walls crowded with the best things they have to offer. Along the river front are rows of stalls covered with second-hand books at very low prices, and those of us who are collectors of old coins can find them here by the peck or bushel. In this quarter, also, are some immense dry-goods and variety stores, which are worth going to see. One of them is so large, and there is so much to see in it, that, at three o'clock every day, a guide who can speak English sets out to conduct visitors through the establishment and to explain its various details.

In nearly every quarter of Paris, on either side of the river, we shall find shops, shops, shops; people, people, people; life, activity, and bustle of every sort. Splendid buildings meet our eyes at every turn,—churches, private residences, places of business, and public edifices. In the western portion of the city, near the Arc de Triomphe, there are fewer shops, these streets being generally occupied by fine private residences. But there is very little monotony in Paris; no quarter is entirely given up to any one thing. We can not walk far in any direction without soon coming upon some object of interest. The parks, palaces, public monuments, gardens, grand and beautiful churches, fountains of various designs, great market-places, squares, and buildings of historic interest or architectural beauty, are sometimes collected in groups, but, as a rule, they are scattered all over the city.



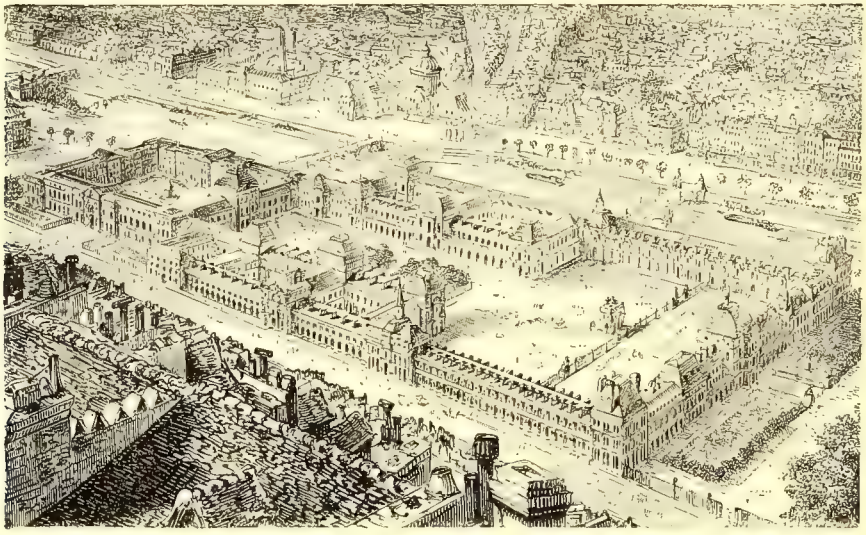
THE PONT DES ARTS AND THE LOUVRE.

When we have satisfied ourselves with what Paris itself is, although we have not seen anything like the whole of it, we shall set about visiting some of its especial attractions. And the first place we shall go to will be the great palace of the Louvre. This palace, with its courts and buildings, covers some twenty acres. Here have lived kings, queens, and princes; but now the palace has been made into a museum for the people, and its grand halls and galleries are filled with paintings, statuary, and other works of art, ancient and modern, from all parts of the world. It would take many, many visits even to give one look at every painting and statue in the Louvre; but if we have not much time to spare, it is possible to see the best things without walking ourselves to death through the never-ending galleries. Some of the finest paintings of Raphael, Da Vinci, Murillo, and other great masters, are collected in one room, which many persons would think well worth coming to Paris to see, if they saw nothing else. The original statue of the noble Venus de Milo is in the sculpture galleries; and in the Egyptian museum, which is so full that the history of Egypt may be studied here almost as well as in that land itself, we shall see a large stone sphinx which once



A GALLERY IN THE LOUVRE

belonged to that king of Egypt from whom the children of Israel fled, and the inscriptions on it show that it must have been a pretty old sphinx even when

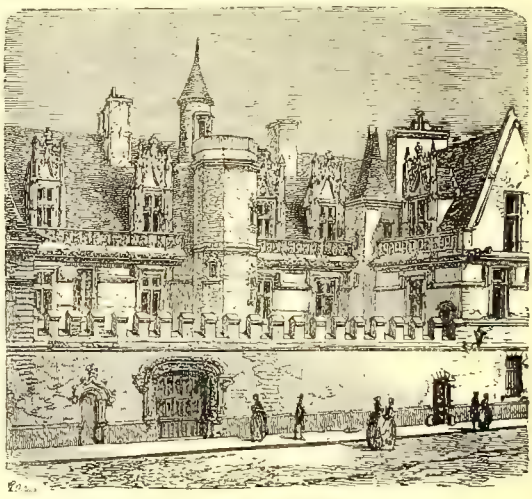


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LOUVRE.

Pharaoh had it. In another part of the museum are three life-size figures in stone, which are portraits of persons who lived before the great pyramids were built, about 4000 years before the Christian era.

Altogether, the collections of the Louvre are among the finest and most extensive in the world, and they have a great advantage over the galleries of the Vatican at Rome: In the Vatican some of the galleries are open on one day and some on another, some requiring one kind of order of admission, some another, and others yet another, and these permits are sometimes troublesome to obtain; — but the galleries of the Louvre are free to all, rich or poor, who may choose to walk into them on any day of the week except Monday, which is always reserved for cleaning, dusting, and putting things in order.

In the old palace of the Luxembourg, a very much smaller building, there is another valuable collection of paintings, but all by French artists; and the Hotel de Cluny, not far away, is a small palace of the Middle Ages, and is one of the quaintest, queerest, pleasantest, and most homelike palaces we are likely to meet with. It is now a museum, containing over ten thousand interesting objects, mostly relating to mediæval times. Here, among the other old-time things, we can see the very carriages and sleighs in which the great people of the seventeenth century used to ride. Those of us who suppose that we have now left the Romans for good must not fail to visit some large baths adjoining this palace, built about the end of the third century, when the Romans had possession of Gaul. They then had a palace on this spot, and felt bound, as the ancient Romans always did, to make themselves comfortable with baths and everything of the kind. There are other museums and art exhibitions in Paris, but those we have seen are the most important; and it is very pleasant to find that they are greatly



HOTEL DE CLUNY.

frequented by the poorer classes of the city, who are just as orderly and well behaved while walking about these noble palaces as if they be-



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL (FROM THE REAR).

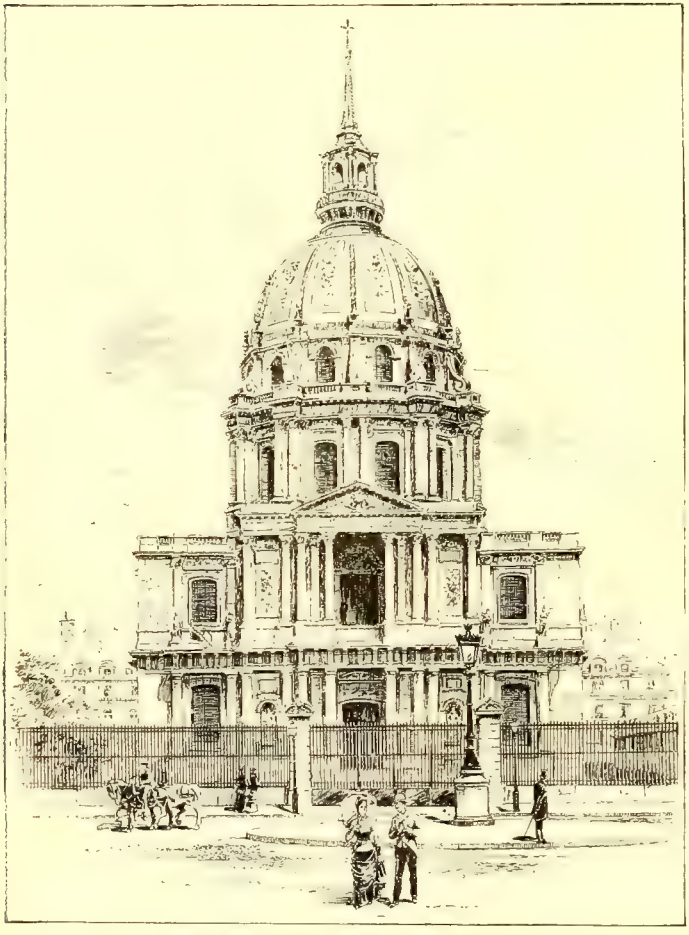
longed to the highest families of the land. In the great garden of the Tuileries, in the courts and gardens attached to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, and in all the pleasure-grounds of the city, we find the poor people enjoying themselves; and in some cases they seem to get more good out of these places than do the rich. The old women sit knitting in the shade of the trees; the little babies with their funny caps toddle about on the walks; the boys and girls have their games in the great open spaces around the fountains, and while those who have a cent or two to spare can hire little chairs and put them where they like, there are always benches for those who have no pennies to spend. The convenience of resting one's self in the open air is one of the comforts of Paris. In many places along the principal streets, there are benches on the sidewalk, where weary passers-by may rest shaded by the trees. In one part of the city, chiefly inhabited by the poor and the working people, a fine park has been laid out entirely for their accommodation. In very many ways the French government offers opportunities to the poor people to enjoy themselves, and it is pleasant to see how neat, orderly, and quiet these people are. It is very necessary that they should be kept in good humor, for when the lower classes of Paris become thoroughly dissatisfied, they are apt to rise in fierce rebellion, and then down go kings, governments, and palaces.

On the southern side of the river rises a great gilded dome which glistens in the sun, and may be seen from all parts of Paris. This dome belongs to the church attached to the Hotel des Invalides, or hospital for invalid soldiers, and it covers the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. This tomb, which is very magnificent and imposing, is some distance below the floor of the church, and we look down upon it over a circular railing. There we see the handsome sarcophagus, made of a single block of granite weighing sixty-seven tons, which contains the remains of a man who once conquered the greater part of Europe.



LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

Paris is full of churches, some old and some new, and many grand or beautiful, but no one of them is so interesting as the famous cathedral of Notre Dame, which stands on an island in the Seine, called *La Cité*, or the Island of the City, because here the original Paris was built. This great church is not so attractive in appearance as some that we have seen elsewhere, but it is connected with so many events in the history of France, that as we wander about under its vaulted arches and through its pillared aisles, and as we look upon the strange and sometimes startling sculptures in the chapels, the curious wood carvings about the choir, the immense circular window of gorgeously stained glass in the transept, which sends its brightness into the solemn duskiness of the church, we shall do so with a degree of interest increased by what we have read about this old and famous building.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

Another church which we shall wish to see is Sainte-Chapelle, or Holy Chapel, built in 1245 by King Louis IX., who was known as St. Louis. It stands on the same island as Notre Dame, and near the Palace of Justice, a great pile of buildings containing the law courts. This church or chapel is small, but it is, perhaps, the most beautiful of the kind in the world. The walls of the upper story, in which the royal court used to worship, are almost entirely of exquisitely colored glass. These walls are formed of windows nearly fifty feet high, and the light shining through every side of this gorgeous temple of stained glass produces a remarkable and beautiful effect.

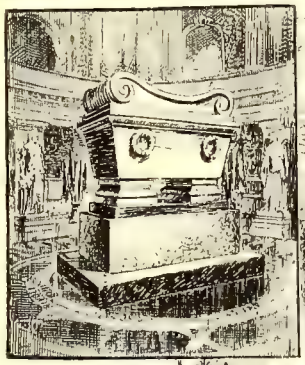
The present Palace of Justice is for the most part a modern building, but portions of the old edifice of the same name which used to stand upon this spot still remain. In one of these we shall visit the old Conciergerie, which is famous as a French state prison. Here we shall see the little room with a brick floor, in which the beautiful Marie Antoinette, the wife of Louis XVI., was imprisoned for two months before her execution. Here is the very arm-chair in which she sat. Thus we bring to mind the events of the great French revolution, and can easily recall the sorrowful things which took place in the halls and rooms of that gloomy Conciergerie.

Another celebrated Parisian church is the Pantheon, an immense edifice. This building was intended as a burial-place for illustrious men of France.

We have all heard of the famous cemetery of Père-Lachaise. It lies within the city, and will be interesting to us, not only because of its great size and beauty, and because it contains the graves of so many persons famous in art, science, literature, and war, but because it is so different from any graveyard to which we are accustomed. It has more than twenty thousand monuments, and many of these are like little houses standing side by side as if they were dwellings on a street. Each vault generally belongs to a family, and the little buildings are almost always decorated with a profusion of flowers and wreaths, and often with

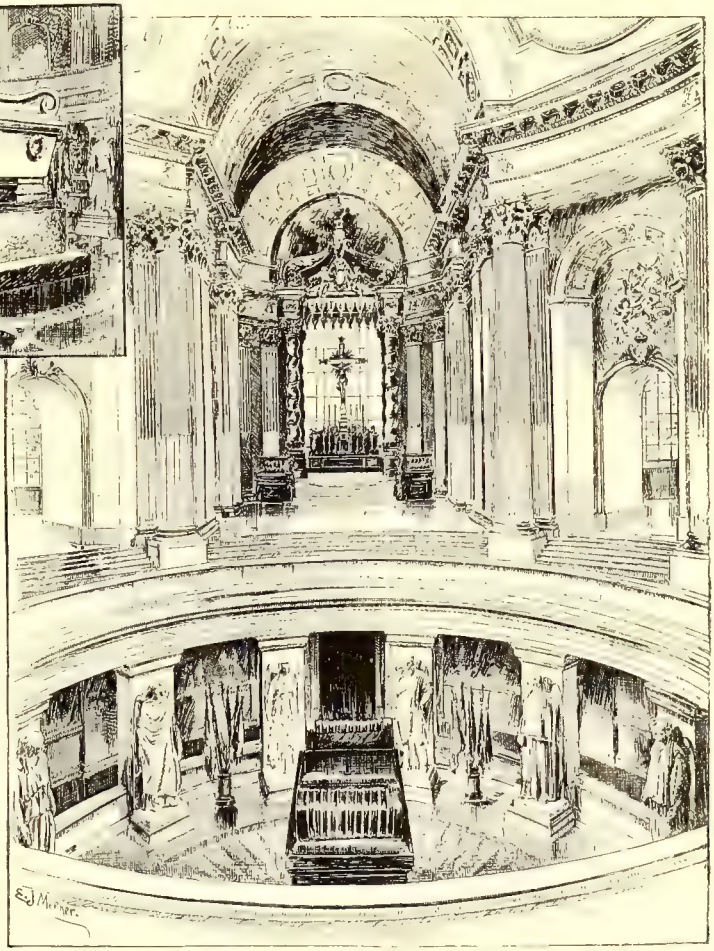
pictures and hanging lamps. Here, as in other French cemeteries, it is not uncommon to place a framed photograph of a deceased person over his grave.

There are small steamboats which run up and down the Seine like omnibuses, and the charge to passengers is about two cents apiece. These little boats are called by the Parisians *mouches*, or flies, and as they are often very convenient for city trips, we shall take one of them and go to the Jardin des Plantes, a very extensive and famous zoölogical and botanical garden. Here we may ramble for hours, and see animals from all parts of the world in cages, and houses, and in little yards, where they can enjoy the open air.



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

At the other end of the city, outside the walls, is the Jardin d' Acclimatation, that contains a great number of foreign animals and plants, many of which have been naturalized so as to feel at home in the climate of France. In one house here, we may see all kinds of silk-worms, with the plants they feed upon growing near by. In another part of the grounds we shall find trained zebras and ostriches harnessed to little carriages, in which children may take a ride; and we shall see some very gentle elephants and camels, on which we may mount and get an idea of how people travel in the East. We shall here perhaps call to mind the account of this place which was published in ST. NICHOLAS more than ten years ago,—in June, 1874.



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

The Bois de Boulogne, adjoining this garden, is a very large park, where we can see the fashionable people of Paris in their carriages on fine afternoons.

There are certain goods sold in Paris known under the name of "*articles de Paris.*" These consist of all sorts of pretty things, generally very tasteful but not very expensive, among which are jewelry and trinkets of many kinds, and a great variety of useful and ornamental little objects made in the most attractive fashion. These goods, of course, can be bought in other cities, but Paris has made a specialty of their manufacture, and many shops are entirely given up to their sale. A great number of such shops is to be found in the Palais Royal. This is a vast palace built for Cardinal Richelieu, in 1625, and is in the form of a hollow square, surrounding the garden of the Palais Royal. Around the four sides of the palace, under long colonnades and facing the garden, are rows of shops, their windows filled with all sorts of sparkling and beautiful things in gold, silver, precious stones, bronze, brass, and every other material that pretty things can be made of. By night or by day the colonnades of the Palais Royal

are very attractive places, and as all visitors go to them, so do we. Even if we do not buy anything, we shall be interested in the endless display in the windows.

Another place we shall wish to visit is the famous manufactory of Gobelin tapestry. In this factory, which belongs to the Government, are produced large and beautiful woven pictures, and the great merit of the work is that it is done entirely by hand, no machinery being used. The operation is very slow, each workman putting one thread at a time in its place, and faithfully copying a painting in oil or water-colors, which stands near him, as a model. If, in a day, he covers a space as large as his hand, he considers that he has done a very good day's work. These tapestries, which are generally very large and expensive, are used as wall-hangings in palaces and public buildings. It will be an especial delight, I think, to the girls in our company to watch this beautiful work slowly growing under the fingers of the skillful workmen.

Outside of Paris, but not far away, there are some famous places which we must see. First among these are the palace and grounds of Versailles, a magnificent palace, built by Louis XIV. for a summer residence. This gentleman, who liked to be called *Le Grand Monarque* had so high an idea of the sort of country place he wanted, that he spent upon this palace and its grounds the sum of two hundred millions of dollars.* The whole place is now open to the public, and the grand and magnificent apartments and halls, some of them nearly four hundred feet long, are filled with paintings and statuary, so that the palace is now a great art gallery. The park is splendidly laid out, having in it a wide canal nearly a mile long. The fountains here are considered the finest in the world, and when they play, which is not very often, thousands upon thousands of people come out from Paris to see them. In the grounds are two small palaces, once inhabited by French queens; and one of these, called the little Trianon, was the beautiful home of Marie Antoinette, whose last home on earth was the brick-paved room of the Conciergerie. The private garden attached to this little palace, which is more like a park than a garden, possesses much rural beauty.

Here, on the margin of a lake, we may see the little thatched cottages which Marie Antoinette had built, that she and the ladies of her court might play at being milkmaids. These cottages stand just as they did when those noble ladies dressed themselves up like peasant girls, and milked cows, which, I have no doubt, were very gentle animals, while the royal milkmaids probably tried to make themselves believe that they could have the happiness of real milkmaids as well as that which belonged to their own lives of luxury and state.

At Fontainebleau is another royal palace, to which is attached a magnificent forest of forty-two thousand acres. The kings of France did not like to feel cramped in their houses or grounds, and in this beautiful forest, which measures fifty miles around, there are twelve thousand four hundred miles of roads and foot-paths. On the borders of this forest is the village of Barbizon, where lived the artist, Millet, of whom you have read in ST. NICHOLAS.

Not far from Paris is the old palace of St. Germain, in which many kings have been born, lived, and died, and to which there is a forest of nine thousand acres attached. There is also St. Cloud, with a ruined palace and a lovely park, with statues, fountains, and charming walks; and, near by, the village of Sèvres, where the famous porcelain of that name is made. Also within easy distance of the city, is the old cathedral of St. Denis, where, for over a thousand years, the kings of France were buried. Here, in a crypt or burial-place under the church, we may look through a little barred window into a gloomy vault, and see, standing quite near us, the metal coffin which contains the bones of Marie Antoinette, whose palaces, pleasure-grounds, prison-house, and place of execution we have already seen.

The history of France shows us that Paris has been as rich in historical events as it is now in bright, attractive shops; but, as a rule, it is much more pleasant to see the latter than to remember the former. In our walks through Paris, we will not think too much of the dreadful riots and combats that have taken place in her streets, the blood that has been shed even in her churches, and the executions and murders that have been witnessed in her beautiful open squares. Instead of this, we will give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the Queen of Cities, as she now is, thinking only of the unrivaled pleasures she offers to visitors, and of the kindness and politeness which we almost always meet with from her citizens.

* A sketch of the boyhood of this spendthrift monarch was given in the series of "Historic Boys," under the title of "Louis of Bourbon: the Boy King," in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1884.

GRANDPAPA ROSEBUSH



There are roses that grow
on a vine, on a vine,
There are roses that grow
on a tree;
But my little Rose
Grows on ten little toes,
And she is the rose for me.
Come out in the garden,
Rosy Posy!
Come visit your cousins,
child, with me.
If you are my grandchild,
it stands to reason
That Grandpapa Rosebush
I must be.

Oh! fair is the rose
on the vine, on the vine,
And fair is the rose
on the stalk;
But there's only one rose
Who has ten little toes,
And it's that rose
I'll take for a walk.
Come put on your calyx,
Rosy Posy!
Put on your calyx
and come with me;
For if you are my grandchild,
it stands to reason
That Grandpapa Rosebush
I must be.

THE KELP-GATHERERS.

[*A Story of the Maine Coast.*]

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELDER TWINS.

BEFORE Beman's Beach had become the popular summer resort which all tourists know to-day, there lived, a little back from the rocky coast which stretches away from it toward the south-west, a farmer named Elder. He had a large family, which consisted mostly of girls; but there were two boys, who were twins.

The boys were called Moke and Poke. These were not their baptismal names, of course. Moke Elder had been christened Moses, and Poke Elder had received at the same time the respectable appellation of Porter—both after their uncle, Mr. Moses Porter, who lived in the family. But they were so seldom called by those names that most people seemed to have forgotten them. Moke was Moke, and Poke was Poke, the world over.

That is to say, *their* world, which would not have required a tape measure quite twenty-five thousand miles long to go around it. "Frog-End" was the nickname of the part of the town where they lived,—probably on account of a great marsh which was very noisy in spring,—and they were little known beyond its borders.

But everybody about Frog-End and along the coast knew Moke and Poke. That is to say, they were known as twins, if not as individual, separate boys. They looked so much alike, both being thin-faced and tow-headed, and dressed so much alike, often wearing each other's clothes, that he who, meeting one alone, could always say "Moke," or "Poke," as the case might be,—and feel sure he was n't calling Moke "Poke" or Poke "Moke,"—must have known them very well indeed.

Of course, only a born Frog-Ender could do that. I am not a Frog-Ender myself, and the only way I could ever tell them apart was by looking closely at their moles.

They had two moles between them, exactly alike, except that Moke wore his on the right cheek, quite close to the right nostril, while Poke hung out his sign on the left cheek, at about an equal distance from the left nostril; as if Nature had had just a pair of moles to throw in with their other personal attractions, and had divided her gift in this impartial way.

Even after people had learned these distinguishing marks, however, they could not always remember, at a moment, which had the right mole and which the left; but they would often say "Poke" to the right mole and "Moke" to the left mole, in a manner that appeared very ridiculous to the boys' seven sisters, who could n't see that they resembled each other at all.

The twins were nearly always together, whether at work or at play; when one was sent on an errand, as a rule both would go, if it was only to get a pound of board-nails or a spool of thread at the village store. They were about the age of their neighbors and playmates, Oliver Burdeen (commonly called Olly), who, when he was at home, lived two farms away from them, and Percival Bucklin (familiarly known as Perce), who lived still nearer, on the other side.

These four boys are the three heroes of our story,—counting the twins as one,—and they come into it on a certain afternoon late in August, just after a great storm had swept over the New England coast.

Uncle Moses Porter—uncle of the twins on the mother's side, an odd and very shabby old bachelor—comes into it at the same time, but does n't get in very far. It would be hard to make a hero of him. At about four o'clock that day he stood in Mr. Elder's backyard, barefooted and without his hat, watching the clouds and the wooden fish on the barn, and making up his mind about the weather. That was a subject to which he had given the study of a lifetime. He could tell you as many "signs" as there are letters in the alphabet, and spell out to-morrow's weather very exactly with them; that is to say, what it should be, not always what it actually was—Nature sometimes neglecting in the strangest way her own plain rules. A great deal was said about Uncle Moses's occasional lucky hits, and very little about his frequent misses; and he enjoyed a world-wide reputation (the Frog-End world, again) as a weather-prophet, until "Old Probabilities" at Washington took the wind out of his predictions, and drove him, so to speak, out of the business.

But at the time of which I write he was at the pinnacle of his fame, and nobody ventured to doubt his prognostications. If the weather did n't turn out as he predicted, why, so much the worse for the weather!

"Wind has whipped 'round the right way this time, boys!" he remarked, after long and careful observation. "It 's got square into the west, and I predict it 's a-go'n' to stay there, and give us fair weather, nex' four-'n'-twenty hours. The 's no rain in yon clouds; it 's all been squeezed out, or else I never saw a flyin' scud afore!"

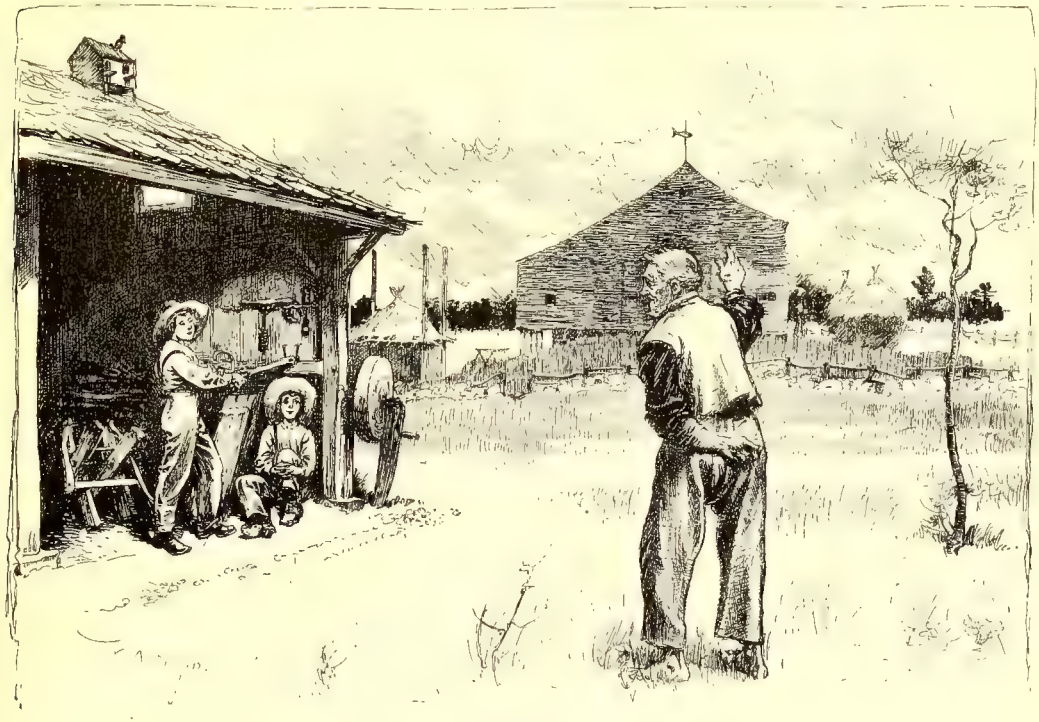
He paused as if to relax his mind after the severe strain of this prophecy, and smiled as he came toward the woodshed,-where the twins were standing.

"An' I tell ye what, boys! A heap o' that kelp the storm 's hove up, are a-go'n' to land, this tide an' tomorrer mornin's, an' you 'd better be on hand to git our share on 't."

Chapter II.

A PARTNERSHIP.

Mr. Bucklin, another Frog-End farmer, had a similar right, and he and his son Percival were that same afternoon talking about the expected harvest of kelp. Mr. Bucklin was saying that there was nothing to be gained by starting for the beach till the next morning, and that even then he could n't go, as being one of the town's selectmen he would have some public business to attend to,—and Percival, a bright, strong, enterprising boy of sixteen, was insisting that their team ought to be on the shore by daylight, and that he would be there



UNCLE MOSE PREDICTS FAIR WEATHER.

Of all the farm-work the twins ever tried, they found going for sea-weed the most delightful. There was a relish of adventure in it; and it took them to the beach, which was always a pleasant change for boys brought up on Frog-End rocks. The kelp was usually hauled up from the shore and left to rot in heaps; after which, it became excellent dressing for the land.

There was no good beach very near Mr. Elder's farm, but he had a right on Beman's Beach, two or three miles down the coast.

with it if he could get anybody to go with him, when the Elder twins came crossing fields and leaping fences, and finally tumbled over the bars into the yard where father and son were talking.

"Uncle Mose says——" began Moke.

"Wind 's just right for the kelp," struck in Poke.

"There 'll be stacks of it," Moke exclaimed.

"And we 're going!" Poke continued.

That was the way they usually did an errand or told a story,—one giving one fragment of a sen-

tence, and his brother the next, if, indeed, they did n't both speak together.

They ended with a proposition. Their father had gone to Portland with the team; and if Mr. Bucklin would let Perce take his tip-cart and yoke of steers, they would go with him, and all the sea-weed gathered by the three should be shared equally by the two farmers.

"And what we want is——" said Moke.

"To start after an early supper this evening," said Poke.

"Camp to-night at the beach," Moke added.

"And be on hand to begin work——" Poke added, contributing his link to the conversational chain.

"As soon as the tide turns in the morning," rattled both together.

Mr. Bucklin smiled indulgently.

"I think your uncle is right," he said. "And I 'm willing Perce should go. Though I don't know about your starting to-night to camp out."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Percival, as eager for the adventure as if he had been a third twin and shared the enthusiasm of his two other selves. "That will be all the fun!"

"We 'll take some green corn——" said Moke.

"And new potatoes——" said Poke.

"And a sickle to cut grass——" Moke ran on.

"And make a fire of driftwood——" Poke outstripped him.

"For the steers," said Moke, finishing his own sentence, and not Poke's.

"To roast 'em," concluded Poke, referring to the potatoes and green corn, and not to the steers.

"It 'll be just grand!" Percival exclaimed. "May we, father? The tide will turn about daylight; we 'll have our breakfast on the beach, and be ready to go to work; and we 'll haul two big heaps on the shore, one for us and one for them, and leave 'em till they 're ready to draw away and spread on the land. May we, father?"

"You 're not so sure the kelp 'll land," said the cautious farmer. "It 's notional about it sometimes."

"But if the wind keeps off shore it will!" said Moke and Poke, two voices for a single thought.

"The wind may chip around again, and the kelp all disappear as clean as if the beach had been swept. But I don't care," added the farmer indulgently. "If you boys want to take the chance, I 'll let Perce have the steers. You might gather some driftwood, anyhow. The storm must have driven a good lot of that high up, out of the reach of the common tides."

His easy consent made the boys as happy as if they had been going to a circus; and they immediately began to make preparations for the trip.

Moke and Poke ran home for their suppers, and came running back in an incredibly short time, bringing a basket of provisions, with ears of unhusked corn and bottles of spruce-beer sticking out, a blanket for their bed on the beach, and each a three-tined pitchfork for handling the kelp. These were put into the cart, along with articles furnished by Percival, and a quantity of hay which Mr. Bucklin said they would find comfortable to sleep on that night, even if it did n't come handy to feed the oxen.

The yoked steers were then made fast to the cart, and they set off.

CHAPTER III.

GOING FOR SEA-WEED.

NEVER king in his coach enjoyed a more exhilarating ride than our three youngsters in the old tip-cart, drawn by the slow cattle along the rough country road. The source of happiness is in our own hearts; and it is wonderful how little it takes to make it run over, in a healthy boy.

A board placed across the cart-box served as a seat; and when one of them tired of riding on that, he would tumble in the hay. Perce wielded the ox-gad at first; but soon the twins wished to drive. Both reached for the whip at once.

"Wait a minute! you can't both have it!" cried Perce. "The oldest first!"

"I 'm the oldest," declared Moke.

"So I 've heard you say," Perce replied. "But I don't see how anybody ever remembered."

"They looked out for that when they named us," said Moke.

"It was uncle Moses's idea," said Poke. "He told 'em, 'Call the oldest by my first name and the youngest by my last name ——'"

"'And that will fix it in folks's minds,'" Moke completed the quotation.

"That was before they discovered the moles," said both together.

"I never thought of that," said Perce. "But whenever anybody asks me which is the oldest, I think of your initials, and run over in my mind — *L, M, N, O, P; — M* comes before *P;* then I say, 'Moke 's the oldest.' But how could they tell you apart before they saw the moles?"

"They tied a red string around Moke's ankle," said Poke.

"But once the string came off, and Ma thinks it might have been changed," said Moke.

"And to this day she can't say positively but I am Moke, and Moke is me," said Poke.

Perce laughed. "Why did n't you have something besides a couple of teenty-taunty moles to distinguish you?" he asked. "Why did n't one

of you be light-complexioned and the other dark? There 'd have been some sense in that."

"We could n't!" said Poke.

"You did n't try," replied Perce.

"We could n't if we had tried," said Moke. "Twins are always ——"

"The same complexion," struck in Poke. "Just like one person."

"No, they 're not; there 's no rule about that," said Perce. "And when you talk of one person — have you heard of the man over in Kennebunk?"

"What about him?" asked the twins.

"Why, have n't you heard? One half his face," said Perce, "as if you should draw a line straight down his forehead and nose to the bottom of his chin," he drew his finger down his own face, by way of illustration; "one half — it 's the right half, I believe — is as black as a negro's. Yes; I'm sure it 's the right half."

"Pshaw!" said Moke.

"Oh, Jiminy!" said Poke.

"I don't believe it!" said both together.

"It 's true, I tell you!" Perce insisted. "My father has seen him; and my father would n't lie."

"He must have had some disease," said Moke.

"He 's what they call a leopard," said Poke.

"You mean a leper?" laughed Perce. "No; he is n't a leper, nor an albino. Why, boys! did n't you ever hear of such a case? It 's quite common, and it 's easily explained."

"I give it up! How do you explain it?" said the twins.

"Simply enough!" exclaimed Perce. "The other side of his face is black too." And he keeled over backward on the hay.

It was an old joke which he had indeed heard his father tell; but it was new to the twins, who were completely taken in by it.

"Throw him out of the cart!" shrieked Poke, half smothered with laughter, at the same time seizing hold of Perce as if to execute his own order.

"I'll jolt him out!" cried Moke, who was driving; and he began to urge the oxen into a heavy, clumsy trot, which shook up the cart and its contents in a way that was more lively than pleasant.

"Oh, don't do that!" cried Perce, with the jolts in his voice. "You 'll break the e-g-g-s in my ba-ask-et!"

"I 've had one supper, but I shall want another by the time we get to the beach," said Poke.

"So shall I!" cried Perce. "We 'll make a big fire on the shore, and have a jolly time. And, I say, boys, let 's call for Olly Burdeen, and make him come down on the beach with us to-night."

"That will be fun, if he is n't too proud to go with country people now," replied Moke.

"Since he 's been waiting on city folks, he 's as stuck up as if he 'd tumbled into a cask of molasses," said Poke.

"Olly is all right," said Perce. "He does n't put on any airs with me. We 'll have him with us, anyhow!"

Chapter IV.

OLLY BURDEEN'S NEW CLOTHES.

THERE was but one boarding-house at Beman's Beach in those days. Originally a farm-house, it stood in not the very best situation, a little distance back from the sea, in a hollow of the hills. It was kept by a farmer's widow, Mrs. Murcher, who, as her business expanded, had built on additions until her house looked as if it had the mumps in one enormously swollen cheek.

While his Frog-End mates were driving thitherward in the tip-cart, and talking about him, Master Olly Burdeen, the third hero in our story (counting the twins as one), was standing before a bureau in Mrs. Murcher's best corner room, and smiling graciously at his image in the oval-shaped looking-glass.

He held a hair-brush in his right hand and a comb in his left, and after giving his sleek locks an artistic touch or two, he would tip the mirror a trifle and recede a step, to get a still more pleasing view of his personal perfections.

It was not his own room, there in the new part — the swollen cheek, as it were — of the summer boarding-house. Nor can I have the satisfaction of declaring that it was his own brush and comb with which he was making so free, nor his own cologne that had imparted to his naturally rough, rusty hair its extraordinary fragrance and smoothness. But the broadly smiling mouth, snub nose, and freckles were possessions nobody would have thought of disputing with Master Olly; and the tolerably well-fitting, genteel, grayish-brown suit he had on had belonged to him about eight hours.

Olly Burdeen was not, in fact, one of Mrs. Murcher's boarders. He was only a boy-of-all-work employed by her for the season. The room belonged to Mr. Hatville, who had gone yachting that afternoon; and Olly had taken temporary possession to admire himself in his new clothes before the convenient glass.

For new they were to him, although they had been rather well worn that summer by the friendly young boarder, who, on departing in the morning, had made Olly a present of them in return for the errands Olly had done for him.

This was the first opportunity to try them on that the proud recipient had found. He had never in his life worn anything so stylish, and we can smile tolerantly at the innocent vanity with which

he surveyed himself in Mr. Hatville's mirror. His liberal use of Mr. Hatville's hair-brush and cologne-bottle was not, perhaps, so excusable. And when with fearful joy he took from its embroidered case by the mirror the tempting gold watch which Mr. Hatville had, either by accident or design, left hanging there, on changing his clothes that afternoon to go yachting,—when, I say, Master Burdeen



OLLY IS WELL SATISFIED WITH HIS APPEARANCE.

lifted out that valuable time-piece by its dangling chain, and placed it in the watch-pocket of his new waistcoat, it must be owned that he was carrying his ideas of hospitality too far.

"It only needed a watch to set it off," he said; "and here it is!"

In his button-hole he hooked the gold guard, letting the heavy seal hang, and the chain fall in a graceful curve on his vest. Then he drew out the watch and opened it with a pressure of the spring (it was a hunter's case), and looked at the time; shutting it again with a delightful snap, and replacing it in his pocket, as he strutted the while with amiable satisfaction before the tilted glass.

"I'll have just such a watch of my own some day," he said to himself, proudly, "and just such a gold chain, with a seal as big as that! See if I don't!"

With a sigh he started to put it back in the embroidered case where he had found it. But that required too great an effort of self-denial.

"I 'd like to wear it a few minutes; where 'll be the harm?" he thought. "Of course, I wont let any accident happen to it."

He looked at the time again; it was half-past six. The two or three men boarders who remained with Mrs. Murcher (for it was now late in the season) had gone yachting, and the ladies were at tea. It was an hour of leisure with Olly, and having put on his new rig, he thought it would be pleasant to take a stroll on the beach, a sort of rehearsal of his rôle of "walking gentleman," before going that evening to show himself to the admiring natives at Frog-End. He could n't resist the temptation to carry the watch, on this preliminary excursion; buttoning the guard and seal under the top buttons of his coat, so that they should n't be observed as he left the house.

"I only wish *she* could see me!" he whispered blushingly to himself, as he went down the stairs.

"She" was Miss Amy Canfield, the youngest of the lady boarders, and in his eyes the prettiest. She had been kind to Olly, as, indeed, the most of the boarders had been; and it put him into a warm glow, from his cheeks to his shins, as he thought of meeting her surprised gaze.

But Amy was at tea with the rest, and as oblivious of him at that moment as if he had never existed. So he passed out of the house unnoticed, and went to enjoy his little strut alone; unbuttoning his coat again, and glancing down at the superb chain and seal, as he took the sandy path to the beach.

"If I see the Susette," he said,—for that was the name of the yacht,—"I 'll hurry back, and have the watch in its place again long before Mr. Hatville lands."

This he fully intended to do. But neither from the intervening sand-hills, nor from the shore itself, which he reached after a short walk from the boarding-house, was the yacht anywhere to be seen.

The sea had gone down rapidly since the recent gale. It rolled on the beach, in breakers made dark and turbid by the sea-weed which, uptorn by the storm and mixed with sand, still tumbled and washed to and fro in the waves.

"Wind 's got around square in the west," observed Olly. "The yacht 'll have a mean time beating up!"

The sky was partly covered by heavy masses of broken clouds, in an opening of which the sun was just setting over dark growths of pine and spruce that rose behind the dunes, a little back from the beach. As it went down, the shadows of the woods stretched out, like wings, over the dunes and the smooth, glistening slope of beach sand, just washed

by the receding tide. Then the sunset light on the white crests of the breakers was quenched, and the whole sea was in gloom. For a moment only, for now the flying clouds caught a flush which spread swiftly over the sky, until the entire heavens, almost down to the sea rim, appeared one burning flame. The sea itself had a strange, wild beauty, the dark and sullen waters but half consenting to reflect the glow of the clouds on their heaving waves.

Chapter V.

LAUNCHING THE DORY.

"JUST the time to take a little row," thought Olly Burdeen, as he strolled about, looking sometimes admiringly at his new clothes and the gay watch-guard, and sometimes casting wistful glances at the sea.

He knew the thrilling pleasure of crossing and recrossing the breakers in a good boat, and rocking on the swells outside.

"I believe I 'll try it once," he said. "Maybe I can see the yacht around the point."

The point was a rocky arm of the shore which shut off the ocean view on the north-east, the direction from which the Susette was expected. But the little harbor it would have to enter was a deep cove in the broken coast at the other end of the beach, a quarter of a mile away.

"It can't possibly come in without my seeing it in season," thought Olly, with a glance at the watch, which he took from his pocket and opened and shut again with a sort of guilty joy, for the twentieth time.

There were a couple of dories drawn up above high-water mark; and he knew where a pair of old battered oars were hidden under a row of bathing-houses close by. He drew them out and threw them on the sand. Then he looked at the sea-weed in his way,—little windrows of it littering the beach, and dark masses rolling in the surf. The tide had been going out about three hours.

"I can get through that easily enough," he said.

He dragged the lightest of the dories down to the water's edge, and put in the oars. He knew just how it should be launched, and understood the necessity of sending it straight across the breakers, and of never, by any chance, letting them strike it sidewise.

Placing himself at the upper end, he waited for a good wave, and pushed the boat into it,—running with it until his feet were almost in the water, then holding it firmly until another wave lifted it. Just as that was subsiding, he gave the dory another push, leaped in at the same time, caught up the oars, and had them in the rowlocks and in the water just as the third wave came.

So far, so good. He had done the same thing many times before, and had never met with an accident. Two or three sturdy strokes, and he would have been safe outside the rollers. But at a critical moment he paused to look at a few spatters of water on his new clothes; and on the instant one of his oars caught in a whirling tangle of kelp.

The boat was going out swiftly in one direction; the billow that bore the kelp was rushing in with tremendous force in the other. No one knows the power of a wave, who has not felt it at some such crisis. What happened was over so quickly that Olly himself could not have explained it. A brief struggle, a terrible wrench, a buffet in the breast and face from the end of an oar,—and he was lying on his back in the dory with his heels above the thwarts.

For a few seconds he lay there, half stunned by the blow and the fall. His breath seemed to have been quite knocked out of his body. It did not take him long to recover it, however, and to reverse the positions of his head and his heels. When he did so, he found the boat swinging around broadside to the breakers, with one threatening at that very moment to overwhelm it.

Instinctively he seized an oar and pulled with all his might to head the dory to the wave. He succeeded, and sent it careening safely over it and the next great swell, and so out to sea.

But it was at the expense of the oar. It was an old one, much worn by the friction of the rowlocks, and his last stroke broke it short off at the weak point. The paddle-end fell overboard, and only the handle remained in his hand.

He then turned to look for the other oar, and found that he had lost it at the time of his tumble. He could see it going over on a breaker, several rods behind him. For now the wind took the dory, and was wafting it away almost as rapidly as if it carried a sail.

He tried paddling with the stub that remained in his hand, but made so little headway with it that he began to be seriously alarmed. He had been sufficiently startled by his accident and the danger of an overturn in the rollers; but he now saw himself in face of an unforeseen peril.

He at first thought he would jump overboard and swim to the beach; but even then he remembered his clothes, which a wetting might ruin—to say nothing of Mr. Hatville's watch.

There was, besides, another danger. The kelp! He was a good swimmer; but could he ever make his way through breakers in which such fields of sea-weed tossed and rolled?

The night was shutting down with gathering clouds. The wind struck the skiff with a force he had not felt under the lee of the woods. Not a human being was in sight, nor a boat — only two or three distant sails on the horizon.

"Oh, the yacht! Where is the yacht?" he cried aloud, gazing eagerly around the point of rocks, the view beyond which was rapidly opening as he drifted out to sea.

A little while before, he would have been sorry enough to have had the Susette come in before he had time to land and run back to the boarding-house with the borrowed watch; but now he wished for nothing so devoutly as that it might come along and pick him up — so much worse things might happen than the discovery of the time-piece in his possession.

But no yacht hove in sight. The glory had faded out of the sky. The sea darkened; the wind increased. He shouted for help, though with little hope of making himself heard.

There were only women at the boarding-house, and even if his voice reached them, it must have sounded so faint and far away as to attract no especial attention. But the upper windows were visible over the sand-hills. Perhaps somebody, perhaps Amy Canfield herself, was gazing from them.

In that hope he swung his hat with frantic gestures of distress, still screaming for help, as he drifted away on the darkening waters.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*In Historical Biography*]

By Horace E. Scudder.

Chapter XV.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

It was on the 15th day of June, 1775, that George Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the American army. The next day he made his answer to Congress, in which he declared that he accepted the office, but that he would take no pay; he would keep an exact account of his expenses, but he would give his services to his country. There was no time to be lost. He could not go home to bid his wife good-by, and he did not know when he should see her again, so he wrote her as follows:

"Philadelphia, 18th June, 1775.

"My Dearest:

"I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

"You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of it being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself and given pain to my friends."

That is to say, he could not refuse the appointment without laying himself open to the charge of being a coward and afraid to run the risk, or a selfish man who preferred his own ease and comfort. He was neither. He was a courageous man, as he had always shown himself to be, and he was unselfish, for he was giving up home and property, and undertaking a life of the greatest difficulty in the service of — what? His country? Yes. But we must remember that Virginia was his country more than all the colonies were, and at present it was only Massachusetts that stood in peril. Of course every one is impelled to do great things by more than one motive. Washington was a soldier, and his blood tingled as he thought of being Commander-in-Chief, and doing the most that a soldier could; but he was, above all, a man who had a keen sense of right and wrong. He saw that England was wrong and was doing injustice to America. The injustice did not at once touch him as a planter, as a man who was making money; it touched him as a free man who was obedient to the laws; and he was ready to give up everything to help right the wrongs.

Washington left Philadelphia on his way to Boston, June 21, escorted by a troop of horsemen, and accompanied by Schuyler and Lee, who had just been made major-generals by Congress. They

had gone about twenty miles when they saw a man on horseback coming rapidly down the road. It was a messenger riding post-haste to Philadelphia, and carrying to Congress news of the battle of Bunker Hill. Everybody was stirred by the news and wanted to know the particulars.

"Why were the Provincials compelled to retreat?" he was asked.

"It was for want of ammunition," he replied.

"Did they stand the fire of the regular troops?" asked Washington anxiously.

"That they did, and held their own fire in reserve until the enemy was within eight rods."

"Then the liberties of the country are safe!" exclaimed Washington. He remembered well the scenes under Braddock, and he knew what a sight it must have been to those New England farmers when a compact body of uniformed soldiers came marching up from the boats at Charlestown. If Hill made him extremely anxious to reach the army.

In New England, the nearer he came to the seat of war, the more excited and earnest he found the people. At every town he was met by the citizens and escorted through that place to the next. This was done at New Haven. The collegians all turned out, and they had a small band of music, at the head of which, curiously enough, was a freshman who afterward made some stir in the world. It was Noah Webster, the man of spelling-book and dictionary fame. At Springfield, the party was met by a committee of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and at last, on the 2d of July, he came to Watertown, where he was welcomed by the Provincial Congress itself, which was in session there.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day that Washington rode into Cambridge,



"'DID THEY STAND THE FIRE OF THE REGULAR TROOPS?' ASKED WASHINGTON ANXIOUSLY."

they could stand fearlessly, there was stuff in them for soldiers.

All along the route the people in the towns turned out to see Washington's cavalcade, and at Newark a committee of the New York Provincial Congress met to escort him to the city. There he left General Schuyler in command, and hurried forward to Cambridge, for the news of Bunker escorted by a company of citizens. As he drew near Cambridge Common, cannon were fired to welcome him, and the people in Boston must have wondered what had happened. The Provincial Congress had set apart for his use the house of the President of Harvard College, reserving only one room for the President; but this house, which is still standing, was probably too small and incon-

venient; for shortly afterward Washington was established in the great square house, on the way to Watertown, which had been deserted by a rich Tory, and there he staid as long as he was in Cambridge. By good fortune, years afterward, the poet Longfellow bought the house, and so the two names of Washington and Longfellow have made it famous.

On the morning of the next day, which was Monday, July 3, 1775, Washington, with Lee and other officers, rode into camp. Cambridge Common was not the little place it now is, hemmed in by streets. It stretched out toward the country, and a country road ran by its side, leading to Watertown. An Episcopal church stood opposite the common, and a little farther on, just as the road turned, nearly at a right angle, stood an old house. In front of this house, at the corner of the road, was a stout elm-tree. It was a warm summer morning, and the officers were glad of the shade of the tree.

On the left, and stretching behind, were the tents of the American camp. The soldiers themselves were drawn up in the road and on the dry, treeless common. Crowded about were men, women, and children, for the news had spread that the general had come, and the crowd and the soldiers were well intermingled. What did they see? They saw a group of men on horseback, in military dress; but the foremost man, on whom all eyes were bent, was a tall, splendid figure, erect upon his horse; those nearest could see that he had a rosy face, thick brown hair that was brushed back from his face, and clear blue eyes set rather far apart. By his side was a man who appeared even taller, he was so thin and lank; he had a huge nose, eyes that were looking in every direction, a mouth that seemed almost ready to laugh at the people before him. He sat easily and carelessly on his horse. This was General Lee.

Now, the strong Virginian, easily marked by his bearing and his striking dress,—for he wore a blue coat with buff facings, buff small-clothes, an epaulet on each shoulder, and a cockade in his hat,—turned to General Ward, who had heretofore been in command of the army, and laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, drew it from the scabbard, and raised it in the sight of the people. The cannon roared, no doubt, and the people shouted. It was a great occasion for them, and everybody was on tiptoe of curiosity to see the Virginians. All this is what we may suppose, for there is no account of the exact ceremony. We only know that, at that time, Washington took command of the army.

But what did Washington see, and what did he think, now, and later, when he made a tour of inspection through the camp and to the outposts? He saw a motley assembly, in all sorts of uniforms and without any uniform at all, with all sorts of weapons and with precious little powder. So little was there, that Washington was very anxious lest the British should find out how little he had; and so while he was urging Congress to provide supplies, he had barrels of sand, with powder covering the top, placed in the magazine, so that any spy hanging about might be misled. Some of the soldiers were in tents, some were quartered in one or two college buildings then standing, and some built huts for themselves. The most orderly camp was that of the Rhode Island troops, under General Nathaniel Greene.

The men were in companies of various sizes, under captains and other officers who had very little authority over the privates, for these usually elected their own commanders. A visitor to the camp relates a dialogue which he heard between a captain and one of the privates under him.

"Bill," said the captain, "go and bring a pail of water for the men."

"I shan't," said Bill. "It 's your turn now, Captain; I got it last time."

But the men, though under very little discipline, were good stuff out of which to make soldiers. Most of them were in dead earnest, and they brought, besides courage, great skill in the use of the ordinary musket. A story is told of a company of riflemen raised in one of the frontier counties of Pennsylvania. So many volunteers applied as to embarrass the leader who was enlisting the company, and he drew on a board with chalk the figure of a nose of the common size, placed the board at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, and then declared he would take only those who could hit the mark. Over sixty succeeded. "General Gage, take care of *your* nose," says the newspaper that tells the story. General Gage, as you know, was the commander of the British forces in Boston.

Washington wrote to Congress, "I have a sincere pleasure in observing that there are materials for a good army, a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage."

His first business was to make an army out of this material, and he shrewdly suggested that, inasmuch as there was great need of clothing, it would be well to furnish ten thousand hunting-shirts at once. Not only would these be the cheapest garments, but they would furnish a convenient and characteristic uniform, which would destroy the distinctions between the troops from different colonies or towns. If the men looked alike, they would act together better.

There is a story that Washington had a platform



UNDER THE ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.—
GENERAL WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

built in the branches of the elm under which he had taken command of the army, and that there he sat with his glass, spying the movements across the water in Boston. Whether this be so or not, he was constantly scouring the country himself, and sending his scouts within the enemy's lines. The most critical time came at the end of the year 1775, when the term of the old soldiers' enlistment expired, and the ranks were filling up with raw recruits.

"It is not in the pages of history, perhaps," writes Washington to the President of Congress, on the 4th of January, "to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together without———, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another, within that distance of twenty-odd British regiments, is more, probably, than ever was attempted. But if we succeed as well in the last as we have heretofore in the first, I shall think it the most fortunate event of my whole life."

The blank purposely left in this letter, in case it should fall into the hands of the enemy, was easily filled by Congress with the word "powder." At one time there was not half a pound to a man. General Sullivan writes that when General Washington heard of this, he was so much struck by the

danger that he did not utter a word for half an hour.

When Washington left Philadelphia for Cambridge, he wrote to his wife as if he expected to return after a short campaign. Perhaps he said this to comfort her. Perhaps he really hoped that by a short, sharp struggle the colonies would show Great Britain that they were in earnest, and would secure the rights which had been taken from them. At any rate, from the day he took command of the army in Cambridge, Washington had one purpose in view, to attack Boston just as soon as possible. The summer was not over before he called his officers together and proposed to make the attack. They hesitated, and finally said they were not ready for so bold a move. He called a council again, the middle of October, but still he could not bring them to the point. He kept on urging it, however, as the one thing to do, and Congress at last, just at the end of the year, passed a resolution giving Washington authority to make an assault upon the British forces "in any manner he might think expedient, notwithstanding the town and property in it might be destroyed."

As soon as he received this authority, Washington again called his officers together, and urged with all his might the necessity of immediate action. He thought they should make a bold attempt at once to conquer the English army in Boston. In the spring more troops would come over from England. "Strike now!" he said, "and perhaps it will not be necessary to strike again." But it was not till the middle of February that he was able to persuade his generals to agree to a move. As soon as he had won them over, he made his preparations as rapidly as possible, and on the 3d of March took possession of Dorchester Heights. That movement showed the British what was coming. If they were to stay in Boston, they would at once be attacked. They took to their ships and sailed out of Boston harbor.

Washington had driven them out, though he had fought no battle. It is impossible to say what would have happened if he could have had his way before, and attacked Boston. There were many friends of America in Parliament, and if the news had come that the New England men had actually destroyed Boston, the town where their property was, in their determination to drive out the British soldiers, I think these friends would have said: "See how much in earnest these Massachusetts men are! They have a right to be heard, when they are willing to sacrifice their own town to secure their rights." Boston was not destroyed, and the war went on; but one effect of this siege of Boston was to inspire confidence in Washington. He showed that he was a born leader. He did not hold back, but went right to the front, and beckoned to the other generals to come and stand where he stood. He had courage; he was ready to attack the enemy. It was a righteous cause in which he was embarked, and he wished to make short work of the business. There were to be seven weary years of war, and Washington was to show in other ways that he was the leader; but it was a great thing that in the beginning of the struggle he should have been head and shoulders above the men around him, and that when he drew his sword from the scabbard he was no boaster, but was ready at once to use it.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEADING THE ARMY.

ON the 13th of April, 1776, Washington was in New York, which now promised to be the center of operations. Here he remained four or five months, making one visit meanwhile to Philadelphia, at the request of Congress, which wished to confer with him. He was busy increasing and strengthening the army and erecting fortifications.

That spring and summer saw a rapid change in men's minds regarding the war with England. Washington no longer thought it possible to obtain what the colonies demanded and still remain subject to England. He was ready for independence, and when Congress issued its declaration, Washington had it read before the army with great satisfaction.

Not long after the declaration of independence, an English fleet arrived in New York Bay, bringing a large body of troops, under the command of Lord Howe, who, with his brother Admiral Howe, had been appointed commissioners to treat with the Americans. In reality, they only brought a promise of pardon to the rebels. It was very clear to Washington that the British Government had not the slightest intention of listening to the grievances of the colonies with a desire to redress them; but that they meant by these proposals to distract the colonies if possible and build up a party there that would oppose the action of Congress. There was a little incident attending the arrival of the commissioners that showed the feeling which prevailed.

One afternoon, word came that a boat was coming to head-quarters, bringing a messenger from Lord Howe with a communication. Washington had noticed that the British, whenever speaking of him or other American officers, had refused to regard them as officers of the army; they were simply private gentlemen who had taken up arms against the King. Now Washington knew that

while it was in itself a small matter whether he was addressed by people about him as General Washington or Mr. Washington, it was not at all a small matter how Lord Howe addressed him. That officer had no business with George Washington, but he might have very important business with General Washington. Accordingly, he called together such of the American officers as were at head-quarters to consult them in regard to the subject, and they agreed entirely with him. Colonel Reed was directed to receive the messenger and manage the matter.

Accordingly, he entered a boat and was rowed out toward Staten Island, whence Lord Howe's messenger was coming. The two boats met halfway, and Lieutenant Brown — for that was the name of the messenger — was very polite, and informed Colonel Reed that he bore a letter from General Howe to Mr. Washington. Colonel Reed looked surprised. He himself was an officer in the continental army, and he knew no such person. Thereupon Lieutenant Brown showed him the letter, which was addressed, George Washington, Esq. Colonel Reed was polite, but it was quite impossible for him to bear a letter to the commander of the American army addressed in that way. The lieutenant was embarrassed; as a gentleman and an officer he saw he was in the wrong. He tried to make matters better by saying that it was an important letter, but was intended rather for a person who was of great importance in American councils than for one who was commanding an army.

Colonel Reed continued to refuse the letter, and the boats parted. Presently, however, Lieutenant Brown came rowing back and asked by what title Washington chose to be addressed. It was quite an unnecessary question, Reed thought. There was not the slightest doubt as to what General Washington's rank was. The lieutenant knew it and was really very sorry, but he wished Colonel Reed would take the letter. Colonel Reed replied that it was the easiest matter in the world; it only needed that the letter should be correctly addressed. And so they parted.

Five days later, an aide-de-camp of General Howe appeared with a flag and asked that an interview might be granted to Colonel Patterson, the British Adjutant-General. Consent was given, and the next day Washington, with all his officers about him, received Colonel Patterson, who was very polite, and addressed him as "Your Excellency," which did quite well, though it was dodging matters somewhat. He tried to explain away the affair of the letter and said that no impertinence was intended, and he then produced another, addressed to George Washington, Esq., etc., etc.

Evidently, Lord Howe thought he had invented a capital way out of the difficulty. *Et cetera, et cetera!* Why, that might cover everything,— General-Commanding, Lord High Rebel, or anything else this very punctilious Virginia gentleman might fancy as his title. It would save Washington's pride and relieve Lord Howe's scruples. Washington replied coolly, Yes, the *et cetera* implied everything, but it also implied anything or nothing. It was meaningless. He was not a private person; this letter was meant for a public character, and as such he could not receive it, unless it acknowledged him properly. So Colonel Patterson was obliged to pocket the letter and try to cover his mortification and to deliver the contents verbally.

Perhaps all this sounds like very small business. In reality it meant a great deal. Were Washington and other officers rebels against the King, or were they the officers of a government which declared itself independent of the King? Lord Howe gave up trying to force Washington into the trap, and wrote to his government that it would be necessary in future to give the American commander his title; and Congress, to whom Washington reported the matter, passed a resolution approving of his course and directing that no letter or message be received on any occasion whatsoever from the enemy, by the Commander-in-Chief or by other commanders of the American army, but such as should be directed to them in the characters they respectively sustained. Little things like this went a great way toward making the people stand erect and look the world in the face.

The Americans needed, indeed, all the aid and comfort they could get, for it was plain that they were at a great disadvantage, with their half-equipped troops stationed some on Long Island and some in New York, between the North and East rivers, surrounded by Tories, who took courage from the presence of a large British force in the bay. Washington used his best endeavors to bring about a strong spirit of patriotism in the camp which should put an end to petty sectional jealousies, and he felt the sacredness of the cause in which they were engaged so deeply that he could not bear to have the army act or think otherwise than as the servants of God. He issued a general order which ran as follows:—

"That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General, in future, excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

The time was now at hand when the army would be put to a severe test, and Washington was to show his generalship in other and more striking ways. The battle of Long Island was fought August 27, 1776, and was a severe blow to the American army. Washington's first business was to withdraw such of the forces as remained on Long Island to the mainland, and unite the two parts of his army. for the troops to hold themselves in readiness to attack the enemy at night, and he made the troops that defended the outer line of breastworks to have all the air of preparation as if they were about to move at once upon the enemy. All this time it was raining and uncomfortable enough, for the soldiers were unprotected by tents or shelter of any kind, save such rude barriers as they could



THE RETREAT FROM LONG ISLAND.— WASHINGTON DIRECTING THE PASSAGE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY ACROSS THE EAST RIVER, AT NIGHT.

He had nine thousand men and their baggage and arms to bring across a swift strait, while a victorious enemy was so near that their movements could be plainly heard. Now his skill and energy were seen. He sent verbal orders for all the boats of whatever size that lay along the New York shore up the Hudson and on the East River to be brought to the Brooklyn side. He issued orders raise. They kept up a brisk firing at the outposts, and the men who held the advanced position were on the alert, expecting every moment orders to advance.

Then they heard dull sounds in the distance toward the water. Suddenly at about two o'clock in the morning a cannon went off with a tremendous explosion. Nobody knew what it was, and to this day

the accident remains a mystery. But the soldiers discovered what was going on. A retreat instead of an advance had been ordered. The order for an advance was intended to conceal the plan. Washington was on the shore superintending the embarkation of the troops. Some had gone over; when the tide turned, the wind and current were against them; there were not enough boats to carry the rest. To add to the confusion one of the officers blundered, and the men who had been kept in front to conceal the movement from the British were ordered down to the Ferry. For a while it looked as if the retreat would be discovered, but it was not, and when morning came the entire army had been moved across to New York, and not a man in the British army knew what had been done. It was a great feat, and Washington, who had not closed his eyes for forty-eight hours, and scarcely left the saddle all that time, again showed himself a masterly general.

He had now to show the same kind of ability the rest of the autumn. It requires one kind of generalship to lead men into battle and another to lead them on a retreat away from the enemy. With a large fleet in the harbor, it was clear that the British could at any time destroy New York and any army that was there. Accordingly, Washington withdrew his army up the island. The British followed. They could transport troops on both sides of the island, by water, and could prevent the Americans from crossing the Hudson River into New Jersey. They began to land troops on the shore of East River not far from where the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry now is. Some breastworks had been thrown up there and were held by soldiers who had been in the battle of Long Island. They seem to have been thoroughly demoralized by that defeat, for they fled as soon as they saw the British advancing, and other troops which had been sent to reënforce them were also seized with panic and fled.

Washington heard the firing in this direction and galloped over to the scene. He met the soldiers running away and called on them to halt. But they were overcome by fear and had lost their self-command. They paid no heed to him, and Washington, usually cool and self-possessed, was so enraged by their cowardly behavior that he flew into a transport of rage, flung down his hat, exclaiming, "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America!" and drawing his pistols and sword in turn, rushed upon the fugitives, trying to drive them back to their duty. He had no fear of danger himself, and he was within a short distance of the British, riding about furiously, when one of his aids, seeing the danger, seized the horse's bridle and called his commander to his senses.

To cover the army, Washington posted his forces across the narrow upper part of the island, from Fort Washington on the Hudson to the Harlem River, and here he kept the British at bay while his men recovered their strength and were ready for further movements. Meanwhile, across the Hudson River from Fort Washington, another fort, named from General Lee, had been built, and Washington had posted General Greene there. It was evident that with the British in force, with an army and navy, it would be impossible to hold New York or the Hudson River, and it was also clear that should Washington's army be defeated there, the British would at once move on Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting. With New York commanding the Hudson River and with Philadelphia in their hands, the British would have control of the most important parts of America.

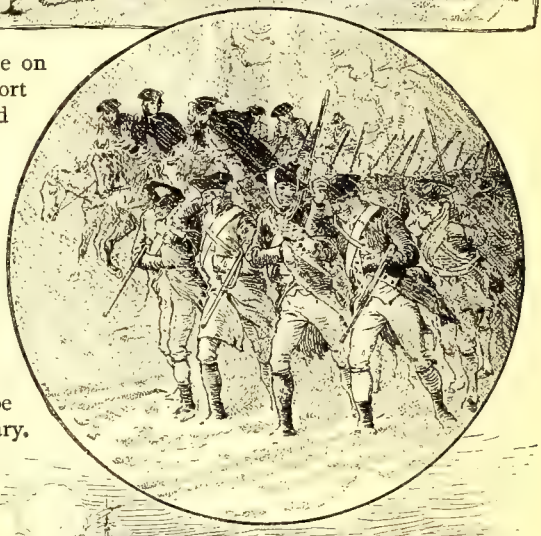
Washington saw also that there was hard work before him and that it would be impossible to carry on the war with an army which was enlisted for a year only, and he bent his energies toward persuading Congress to enlist men for a longer period. He had to organize this new army and to superintend countless details. His old habits of method and accuracy stood him in good stead then, and he worked incessantly, getting affairs into order, for he knew that the British would soon move. Indeed, it is one of the strange things in history that the British, with the immense advantage which they had, did not at once after the battle of Long Island press forward and break down the Continental army in a quick succession of attacks by land and water. It is quite certain that Washington, in their place, would not have delayed action.

At the end of October, Washington occupied a position at White Plains, in the rocky, hilly country north of New York. Step by step he had given way before General Howe, who had been trying to get the American army where he could surround it and destroy it. Washington, on the other hand, could not afford to run any risks. He wished to delay the British as long as possible, and not fight them till he had his new army well organized. There was a battle at White Plains, and the Americans were forced back; but Washington suddenly changed his position, moved his men quickly to a stronger place, and began to dig intrenchments. He was too weak to fight in the open field, but he could fight with his spade, and he meant to give Howe all the trouble he could. He expected another attack, but in a day or two there were signs of a movement, and he discovered that the enemy was leaving his front.

He was not quite certain what Howe's plans



might be, but he was quite sure he would move on Philadelphia. Meanwhile he kept watch over Fort Washington, and gave orders that it should be held only so long as it was prudent, but that in case of extreme danger, it should be given up and its garrison cross the river to Fort Lee. He himself with all but the New England troops, crossed the river higher up, at King's Ferry. The New England and New York troops he posted on both sides of the river to defend the passes in the Highlands, for it was of great importance to have open communication between Philadelphia and New England. A division also was left under General Lee at White Plains, who was to be ready to join Washington when it became necessary.





CROSSING THE DELAWARE.— THE MARCH TO TRENTON.— WASHINGTON DIRECTING THE ARTILLERY AT TRENTON. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

General Greene, who was in command at Fort Lee, on the New Jersey side of the Hudson, hoped to keep Fort Washington, on the New York side, which was also under his command. He hoped to keep it even after the British had begun to lay siege to it. Washington was obliged to leave this business to Greene's discretion, for he was occupied with moving his army across the river, higher up, and if the fort could have held out, they might have been able to prevent the British from crossing to New Jersey. But Greene counted on a stouter defense than the men in the fort gave, and when Washington at last reached Fort Lee it was only to see from the banks of the river the surrender of Fort Washington with its military stores and two thousand men. It was a terrible loss; and, moreover, the capture of that fort made it impossible to hold Fort Lee, which was at once abandoned.

Now began a wonderful retreat. The English under Lord Cornwallis, with a well-equipped army, and flushed with recent victory, crossed over to New Jersey and began moving forward. They were so prompt that the Americans left their kettles on the fire in Fort Lee as they hastily left. Washington, with a small, ragged, discouraged army fell back from the enemy, sometimes leaving a town at one end as the British entered it at the other; but he broke down bridges, he destroyed provisions, and so hampered and delayed the enemy that they made less than seventy miles over level country in nineteen days.

Meanwhile the British general was issuing proclamations calling upon the people of New Jersey to return to their allegiance, and promising them pardon. Many gave up and asked protection. It seemed as if the war were coming to an end, and that all the struggle had been in vain. The American army, moreover, had been enlisted for a short term only, and before the end of December most of the men would have served their time. General Lee delayed and delayed, and Washington himself was harassed and well-nigh disheartened; but he meant to die hard. One day, when affairs looked very dark, he turned to Colonel Reed, who was by him, and said, drawing his hand significantly across his throat: "Reed, my neck does not feel as though it was made for a halter. We must retire to Augusta County in Virginia, and if overpowered, must pass the Alleghany Mountains."

But Washington was made for something more than a guerilla chieftain. He had put the Delaware River between his army and the British, who were now scattered over New Jersey, going into winter quarters, and intending, when the river was frozen, to cross on the ice and move upon Philadelphia. Suddenly, on Christmas night, Washington recrossed the river with his little army, making a perilous passage through cakes of floating ice that crunched against the boats, surprised a large detachment of Hessians near Trenton, and captured a thousand prisoners. Eight days later he fought the battle of Princeton. Within three weeks he had completely turned the tables. He had driven the enemy from every post it occupied in New Jersey, except Brunswick and Amboy, made Philadelphia safe, and shown the people that the army, which was thought to be on the verge of destruction, could be used in the hands of a great general like a rod with which to punish the enemy.

Men were beginning to see that here was one who was a true leader of men.

On the day after the victory at Trenton, Congress, "having maturely considered the present crisis, and having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigor and uprightness of General Washington," passed a resolution that "General Washington shall be, and he is hereby, vested with full, ample, and complete powers to raise armies, appoint officers, and exercise control over the parts of the country occupied by the army." Washington had been constantly checked by the necessity of referring all questions to Congress and to his generals. Now he was to have full power, for he had shown himself a man fit to be trusted with power.

(To be continued.)

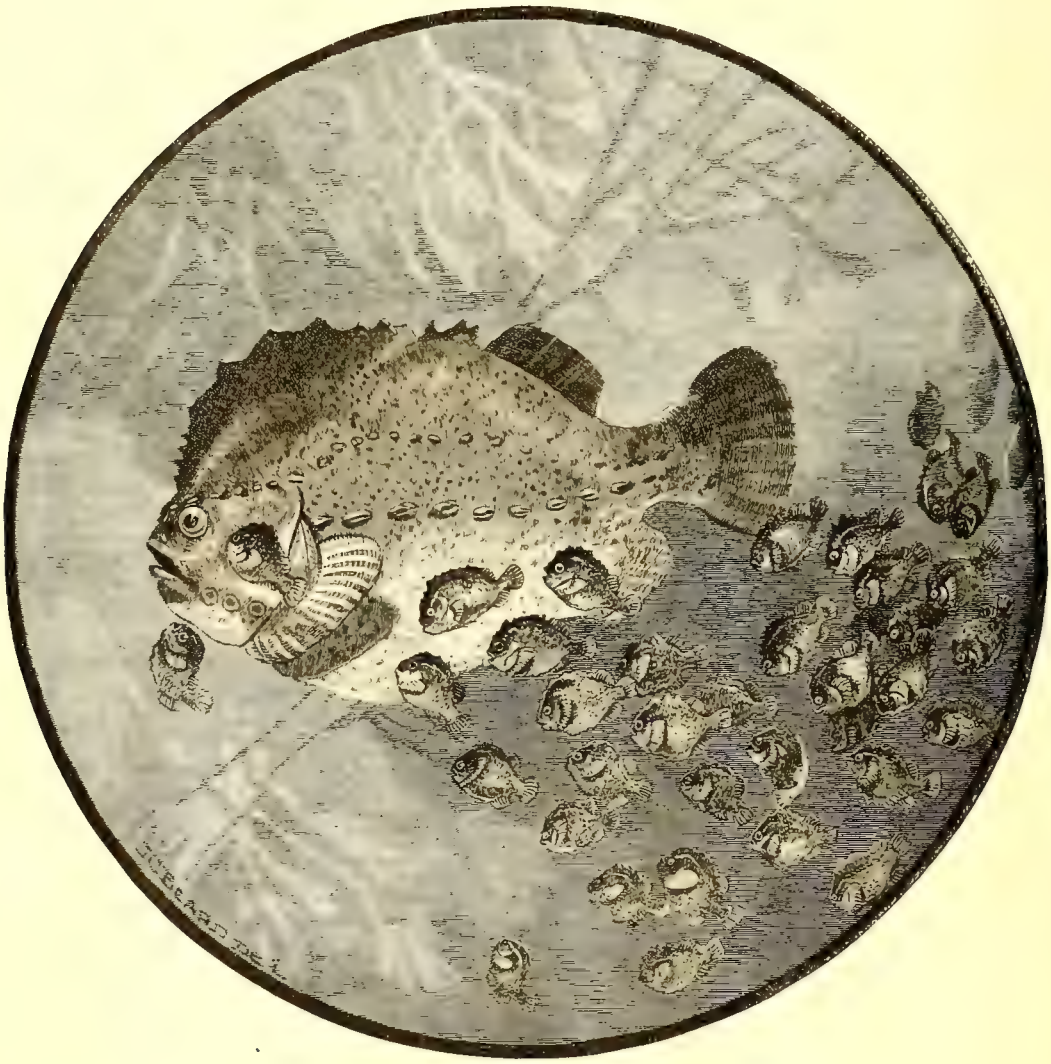
THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

By Edith M. Thomas.

"If the weather is fair,"
Said the butterfly, jaunty and free,—
"If the weather is fair,
I'll go dance in the meadow there!"
"And I," said the prudent bee,
"Will be early at work, you will see,—
If the weather is fair!"

FISHES AND THEIR YOUNG.

By C. F. Holder.



"HEN AND CHICKENS." (SEE PAGE 602.)

A NUMBER of years ago, an English naturalist was sitting on the edge of a small stream that flowed sluggishly into the sea on the coast of British Guiana, when his attention was attracted by some curious holes that lined the cliff just above the water. He had fully determined to investigate these crab-caves, as he supposed them to be, when he was startled by seeing a fish, known to the natives as the "hussar," which had been darting up and down and apparently having a rollicking time, run suddenly up into shoal water, and begin to struggle for the shore. At first the naturalist thought that it was pursued by some larger fish and that its action was due to fright; but the fish, retaining its upright position, kept wriggling on slowly up the beach by using its

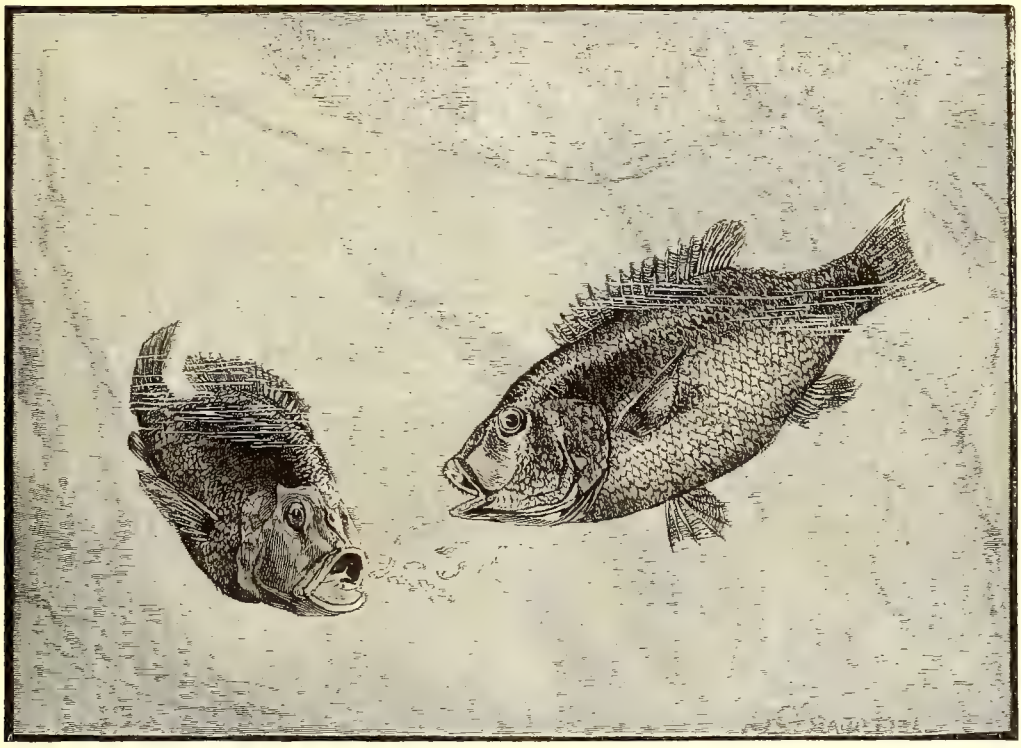
pectoral fins as feet, and in a few moments it disappeared within one of the supposed crab-holes.

Wondering then whether the fish were hunting crabs, or seeking its nest, the watcher soon decided the question as he saw, farther down the shore, several other "hussars" entering their nests. Springing down, he caught a number of the fishes in their homes.

The fishes had excavated the holes in the bank just above the surface of the water, and in them had formed regular nests of grass or leaves, in which the roe or eggs were deposited. The young, when hatched, at once tumbled out into the water and were then protected by the parents.

Such a method of rearing their young is certainly remarkable. In forming their nests, fishes sometimes remind us of the birds, and some of them indeed may be said to equal their feathered cousins in their nest-building faculty. This curious "hussar" fish may be compared with the cliff-swallow that burrows its way into the bluffs, and builds its nest several feet from the entrance, or to the Southern petrel, that excavates its nest in a still more wonderful manner.

The fish known to naturalists by the long name of *Ophiocephalus*, one species of which is found in the Sea of Galilee, is a singular creature. At the approach of the breeding season, it seeks a favorable place to build — generally in shallow water. There perhaps an old sunken root is found, or a projecting ledge of rock. To that spot bits of grass, leaves, growing sea-weed, and refuse of all kinds are brought by the parents, which now proceed to weave this building material into an oval shape. The threads of grass are wound in and out, entangled with one another in various ways, and the interstices filled with mud. During the construction, one or more orifices are left leading into the nest or entirely through it; the grasses are wound around the old root, and finally a compact oval nest is seen suspended and swinging in the tide, — a veritable cradle for the baby fishes.



THE NEST-BUILDING FISH OF THE SEA OF GALILEE TAKING ITS YOUNG INTO ITS MOUTH FOR PROTECTION.

The eggs are deposited in the interior, and attach themselves to the grass and the sides of the nest. In due time swarms of tiny fishes fill this curious abode, and show a decided inclination to stray away. They are, however, watched and guarded by the parents, which drive them back when they wander too far from home.

This nest-building fish of the Sea of Galilee displays, however, a still more curious method of protection,—for in time of danger, the young are frequently taken into the capacious mouth of the male parent-fish, and thus guarded from harm. This habit is common to quite a number of fishes.



A SEA-HORSE AND ITS YOUNG.

An enormous cat-fish called the *lan-lan*, that sometimes attains a length of thirteen feet and a weight of over two hundred pounds, has been seen surrounded by a swarm of young, which upon the slightest alarm rushed into its open mouth for protection; and one of the largest of the South American fresh-water fishes, protects its young in the same way.

The method of a curious South American fish, called the *aspredo*, is no less wonderful. The parent does not carry its eggs in its mouth, but fastens them to its body and fins, by means of stems or stalks; so that each egg has a sort of cradle to itself. As the fish rushes along, these swing to and fro, presenting the appearance of a number of barbels or bells.

A cat-fish at Panama has still another method of carrying its young. This is no less than a pouch, reminding us of a kangaroo. But the perfection of this paternal care—for it is the father that has the pouch—is observed in the sea-horses and pipe-fishes. These have a perfect pouch, into which the infant fishes are taken as soon as hatched, and in which they are carried about until they are able to make their own way in the world. A sea-horse in charge of its young is a very curious sight. The parent fastens its prehensile tail about some pieces of weed, and drives the young fry into the outer world, and soon a host of young sea-colts are seen moving along upright in the water by the curious screw movement of their dorsal or back fins, a body of them appearing like a tiny cloud in the water. The little creatures are so helpless that many of them—sometimes the entire brood—fall a prey to other fishes. They are, however, provided with a means of protection by their resemblance to plants. The pipe-fishes look much like the grass among which they live, and the sea-horses are often decorated with curious barbels and fringes that resemble the weeds under cover of which they hide themselves.

Among the fishes of the ocean that show a decided affection for their young, should be mentioned the curious *Cyclopterus lumpus*— the lump-fish, or "hen and chickens," so common upon the coast of Maine. The name "lump-fish" expresses the general appearance of this fish far better than a long description could, as the creature's body is covered with curious lumps and excrescences that add to the peculiarity of its appearance. The lump-fish is equally common on the English coast, and as the time for rearing a family approaches, it constructs from the sea-weed a rude nest for the protection of the eggs. These the watchful parents guard, their ugly forms, probably, having a decided effect upon all intruders, though, in truth, the lump-fishes are utterly incapable of harming any enemy, and, with their clumsy movements, are unable to catch other fishes in a chase. As soon as the young are hatched, they follow one of the parent-fishes, in a drove or herd, clustering about its head, now darting off, returning with a rush and cuddling under it, after the manner of small chickens seeking refuge under their mother's wings; hence the name of "hen and chickens" bestowed upon them by the English fishermen.

Though the lump-fishes are poor swimmers, and likely, if hurled among the breakers, to be thrown upon the shore, nature has provided them with ample means of protection. The lower fins join in such a way as to form a complete sucker, so that when in danger of being knocked about by the waves, the fish has merely to settle upon a rock, fasten its sucker-like fins to this, and ride out the gale or season of danger like a ship at anchor on a lee shore.

A PUZZLED PAPA.

By M. L. B. Branch.

We 're going this year to Littleton,
My wife, our Jack, and Nan and I.
Now Nan is seven, and Jack is ten;
How many tickets shall I buy?

Jack pays half-fare, and Nan pays none,
Though with her dolls she fills a seat;
However stern conductors are,
They give her only glances sweet.

But this year, Nan her kitten takes,
A little, purring, playful thing;
While Jacky has a grave young pug,
Which everywhere he 's bound to bring.

Nan has a long-legged Brahma chick,—
She loves that pet with all her heart;
And Jacky owns three pretty doves,
From which he can not bear to part.

"In cage and basket," say the two,
"Well covered up, our pets can go."
They have no doubts; but I have mine,—
And this is what I want to know:

If the cat mews, the puppy barks,
And if the doves at once all coo,
And if the Brahma chicken crows,
As the conductor passes through,

What will he say? How will he look?
What shall I do, in my despair?
Can I, for such a tribe, hand up
Our tickets two, and one half-fare?

We 're going this year to Littleton,
My wife, our Jack, and Nan and I,
Dog, cat, three dolls, three doves, a chick —
How many tickets shall I buy?

THE WILD FLOWERS.

By Jessie Penniman.

The violet blooms in a shady place
Where the sun comes peeping through;
The hare-bell grows on gray old rocks
And shows its robes of blue.

The May-flower grows on a wooded hill
At the foot of the green old pines,
Where the ferns and moss in clusters show
And the checker-berry twines.

These all grow in the fairest bowers;
There is no room for the daisy flowers.

So the daisy grows by the dusty road,
Sweet and sunny and shy,
Lifting its pretty, modest head
To nod to each passer-by.

"Why do you grow by the roadside, dear?
It is all dust and sand;
Come to the violet's shady nook,
Or join the May-flower's band."

But the daisy said:
"The violet's place
Is better for her, you see;
And the May-flower's place is better for her;
And mine is the *best* for *me*."



THE BOYS' PARADISE.

[*A Summer Visitor's Account of Camp Chocorua.*]

BY ELIZABETH BALCH.

IN the Indian language the meaning of "Asquam" is "shining waters," and surely no name could better describe the beautiful lake of sparkling blue, which, nestling among the noble White Mountains, is dotted with numerous islands. Upon one of these islands is Camp Chocorua, so called from the mountain of that name,—the highest point to be seen in the chain of hills inclosing the lake.

Some five years ago it was decided to establish on this island a summer camp for boys, the term to begin in June, and to end about the tenth of September. The first summer the camp opened with some half-dozen boys. Last season, twenty-five manly little fellows tumbled in and out of the lake, like water brownies, perfectly fearless, paddling canoes which had been made by themselves, swimming equally well in clothes or without, and growing active and healthy in the strong, pure mountain air.

Five men, composing "the faculty" in this summer camp, have charge of the boys, and "freedom without license" might almost be the camp motto, so careless, happy, and untrammeled are the lads, yet so perfect is the discipline. One of the first principles of the camp system is, that in every way the faculty shall live the same lives as the boys themselves, sharing their work as well as their pleasures; the spirit existing between the two is therefore far less that of master and pupil than that of good comrades, who are at the same time helpful friends.

Life at Camp Chocorua is a busy one. There are no "book lessons," to be sure; but a good many things are taught that are not always to be found in books. To begin with, bracing mountain air and active out-of-door life give a keen appetite, and it is no small undertaking to provide food for twenty or thirty hungry mouths. Then, too, the tin dishes and plates in which the food is cooked and eaten have to be cleaned and kept in order, and "dish-washing" therefore becomes a necessity. The kitchen-beach is a lively place at these times. In the carpenter's shop, there is work of various kinds to be done; there, too, canoes are built, but no boy is allowed to paddle or sail a canoe until he is an adept at swimming, and can be trusted to take care of himself in the water. This rule is one of the strictest in camp. The *Golden Rod* is the camp newspaper. It is edited and entirely conducted by the boys. In its columns appears a notice to the effect that the "Good Will Contracting Company washes clothes, irons clothes, cleans and tidies beaches, builds piers, stone walls, steps, etc., carries dirt and publishes newspapers." From this announcement idleness would seem to stand but a poor chance at Camp Chocorua. The boys are divided into four crews, and these crews undertake in turn the different kinds of work: one day, the cooking; the next, dish-washing; the third, police duty, which includes the tidying of beaches, and all work assigned to no other crew. The fourth day is "off duty." This



DISH-WASHING.

changes the kind of work done daily, and yet gives each boy a chance of learning all the tasks. One of the faculty works with each crew of boys.

The boys sleep in wooden buildings, which are roofed over, but thoroughly ventilated, and the lads seem cozy enough lying curled up in army blankets or on mattresses placed on the floor. They may, if they wish, take a dip in the lake before breakfast,

and no one who has not tried it can realize the brightening, bracing, "wakening-up" effect of that morning dip! How it clears the brain and invigorates the body, making one feel equal to all things, strong and ready to do! The regular morning swim does not take place until later, — about eleven o'clock, after the camp work is completed. All through the week the boys may wear shoes and stockings, or they may go barefoot, just as they happen to fancy, and the camp costume consists of a gray flannel shirt and short trousers.

On Sundays, however, they all wear, in addition, scarlet stockings, and scarlet caps, while their gray shirts are laced with scarlet cords. A bonny crew they look, as they push off in the "church boat" at three o'clock, to meet, at Cox's beach, half a mile away, any visitors from the neighboring hotel or farm-houses who may wish to join in the Sunday services. These are conducted in a lovely spot called the "chapel," on the farther side of the island. Rustic seats are ranged around an open space, in the center of which, above a rock forming a natural altar, rises a large cross made of white birch. This altar is dressed with leaves and flowers by the boys, before the service begins; and after the little congregation is assembled, one hears in the distance clear young voices singing some processional hymn, and along a path through the woods, with the sunlight dancing in and out among the branches, the boys come nearer and nearer. Then they take their places at the place appointed for the choir, whilst Mr. Ernest Balch takes his on the other side of the flower-decked rock, and reads the service.



THE SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE "CHAPEL"

The offertory made at these services goes to the different charities contributed to by the camp, and more than one sick boy or girl in different hospitals have whiled away hours of loneliness and suffering by reading ST. NICHOLAS, which those happy, healthy boys at Camp Chocorua have sent them as a solace in their pain. Sunday afternoon is devoted to writing letters to home-folk, and in the evening, at prayers, Mr. Balch has a quiet talk with the boys in the chapel.

The summer sports take place in August, and consist of fancy swimming and diving, canoe and boat racing, base-ball and tennis. Last year the parents and friends of the boys, to the number of one hundred, accepted the invitation of the camp, and dined there at the conclusion of the sports,

which lasted two days. A few weeks later some little plays were acted by the boys. These were very clever productions, and they were excellently performed. The price of admission was modestly placed at fifteen cents, but the visitors gave more than that, since the object of the entertainment was to add to money already collected which was to be devoted to endowing a bed in a children's free hospital, so soon as the required amount could be raised. A huge bonfire was burning brightly on the shore, and dozens of red-capped boys darting about in its ruddy blaze, proved a picturesque contrast to the great white moon as it rose slowly above the mountains and threw a broad band of silvery light across the lake, while from boat to boat cheery "good-nights" rang over the water as the guests who had enjoyed the evening's festivities were rowed to shore.



THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE UPON ANY STAGE.— A CHARITY PLAY IN THE WOODS.

These charities at Camp Chocorua mean, in the purest sense of the words, "helping others out of one's own store," for the money contributed by the boys is their own, fairly earned by them to do with as they please. Once in camp, an equal weekly allowance is given to every boy, no matter what may be the difference in their parents' means. This allowance is small, and if more money is desired, either for candy, or soda water, or as a contribution to the charities, or to buy materials for a new canoe, or to purchase a canoe already built,— for any extra luxury in fact,— the boy with such desires is obliged to earn the money needed, and work which is paid for at the regular rate of wages for labor will always be furnished him whereby he can earn it. Contracts can be taken for leveling paths, or building walls, or anything else which is needed at the camp, and the money earned by such work is deposited in the Chocorua Bank by the boy earning it. Against this amount on deposit, he draws his check in strict business fashion, which check is duly honored and cashed. If at the end of the term any surplus remains to his credit, he has entire right to dispose of it as he may choose, but no money from home is granted a boy exceeding the original sum stipulated as his weekly allowance. Just as men work and make money, and learn how to use that money in the outer world, so do these

boys work, and make money and use it in this miniature world at Camp Chocorua. By the time they are ready to enter a larger sphere in life, they know and appreciate the worth of money honestly earned, and understand the true art of spending it.

Lest the boys should in truth become very water-sprites, they go, toward the end of the term, for a week's tramp over the hills. A large canvas-topped wagon, drawn by oxen, carries blankets and provisions, and any boys who grow tired and foot-sore can have a lift when they feel like it. They camp out at night and have many amusing adventures by day; and at the different farm-houses to which they come in their wanderings, fresh milk is willingly furnished to the jolly, brown-faced, red-capped lads, who make the hills ring cheerily with their songs and laughter. Each year the youngest boy of the whole party is called the camp "infant," and is accorded several extra privileges, not the least of which is the right of tasting the ice-cream whenever it is made, without having been obliged to assist in making it.

Were I a boy, the life at Camp Chocorua would be my idea of a thoroughly good time, combining as it does plenty of fun, and a free, open-air life, with the acquisition of much useful knowledge for one's self, and the habit of exercising a thoughtful helpfulness for others.

A BOYS' CAMP.

By One of the Campers.

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat;
Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,—
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy."—

These lines from Shakspere's "As You Like It" came to me again and again as Papa finished the reading of a circular which a friend had handed him.

"Camp Harvard," so the circular declared, "is located on the shore of one of New Hampshire's most picturesque lakes, about equidistant from Winchendon, Mass., and Rindge, N. H. The design of the camp is to furnish boys with a rational and healthy outdoor life during the summer months, where, under competent care and supervision, they can learn to swim, row, fish, do some tramping and mountain-climbing, and engage in other manly sports; form and cultivate good habits, and build up their bodily strength. The cabins are of wood, roofed, floored, commodious, and weatherproof. Each member has a cot. The best of wholesome food is provided."

"I know one of the two young men who established Camp Harvard," said Papa, as he concluded the reading of the circular. "They are students at the Cambridge Theological Seminary. I have made some inquiries, and I shall be glad to have you spend the summer in the woods with them. I presume the other boys will be much younger than yourself, but you would, doubtless, find many of them companionable; and life in the open air, for a couple of months, would, I think, be pleasant and beneficial to you."

It was a long time before I fell asleep that night. I had always been anxious to camp out, and here was a glorious opportunity.

Then followed busy days. The circular said: "Boys are recommended to bring, in addition to the clothes they travel in, two gray flannel shirts, two pairs old trousers, knickerbockers (one pair corduroy), long rubber coat, swimming trunks, two pairs heavy blankets (dark), strong shoes (one or two pairs with rubber soles), old overcoat, ordinary underclothing, stout red belt, high stockings (two pairs dark red), slippers, night-shirts or *pajamas*, brush and comb, sponge, towels, soap-case, two tooth-brushes, tennis racquet, skull-cap, belt-knife, and an old jacket."

Mamma saw that I was supplied with all these things, and on the morning of July 1, I took my place on a railroad train, bound for Rindge. As we approached Rindge, I spied a large mountain-wagon with four horses drawn up alongside the shanty which served as a depot. I was confident that this was for the campers, for it already contained five boys. Ten boys left the train. The divinity student, who was one of the "masters" of the camp, and whom I had already met in the city, welcomed me, and we all took seats in the wagon. Up hill and down we traveled, and the horses seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. Mountain drivers have a way of slowing up their horses going downhill, and sending them up on a gallop. Now the road wound along a narrow ledge beside Monomonock and thence onward through a dense forest, where tall, straight sugar-

maples raised their leafy crowns high in air; smooth beeches, with round, gray trunks, stood like massive pillars; and great yellow birches, with shaggy, curling bark and gnarled limbs, rose like monarchs above the lesser trees. Finally, a sudden turn in the road brought us face to face with the words, "CAMP HARVARD," in large red letters on a sign suspended from a noble oak. The gate-bars were down and a ride of less than half a mile farther brought us to a pretty grove where clustered the cabins that composed the camp.



ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL (SEE PAGE 610.)

Who has not felt the pleasures of life in the forest? It is quite impossible to put them into words, or to make one who has never experienced them understand what they are.

There is a sense of freedom and freshness every hour. A round of simple, natural toils and amusements fills up each day. The ear soon becomes attuned to the surroundings, and it begins to hear a gentle sound, like the dropping of ceaseless rain. It is the pattering of the minute particles falling from spruce and pine and hemlock, to mingle with decaying roots and underbrush and form the rich, dark forest-mold on which every step falls so softly. Then there is a rustling of leaves, a pattering of quick, light feet, and a red squirrel runs along a fallen trunk, peers at one curiously, and, half in fear, half in audacity, gives its sharp, shrill bark. A little bird which one can not see pierces the air with a slender, long-drawn note. A woodpecker beats his sounding tattoo on a hollow tree, and, growing bolder, comes nearer and nearer, until perhaps he ventures to try the very trunk against which you are leaning.

Everything about the camp was examined by us with great interest. First the cookhouse, where a man was preparing dinner. This cabin contained a range, two long tables, a refrigerator, and a great quantity of cooking utensils. All the dishes, cups, saucers, and platters were of tin and shone like mirrors. Adjoining, was the storehouse, which was the base of table supplies. The sleeping cabin was about fifty feet in length and oblong, with a slanting roof. The upper half of sides and rear were "flaps," swinging on hinges. These were open during the day, but usually closed at night. Above the flaps was an open space of fourteen inches all around, and over

this the eaves projected. Cots were ranged about the sides of the cabin, and choice of these was decided by lot. At one end was an open veranda, where the dining-tables stood. Large reflecting lanterns were placed at intervals, and several small lights hung in a row near the entrance.

There were an ample medicine chest and other useful camp features, and over one end of the cabin was a loft for trunks. Fifty feet from the cabin was the beach. The pretty lake showed scarcely a ripple upon its fair surface. It was three miles long and at some points a mile wide, with many coves and inlets. Part of it seemed like a succession of small lakes. Along the shore, were boats in great variety, from the flat-bottomed fishing-boats to the racing gig with its outriggers and delicate lines. The silent hills beyond lifted themselves toward heaven in the glory of enduring strength, while old Monadnock towered aloft as commander over all.

The tooting of a horn summoned us back to headquarters. Trunks were put in place, blankets and the camp toggery brought forth; we exchanged our city clothes for the latter, and life at Camp Harvard began. Consulting the bulletin, I found myself assigned to duty as "table-boy," with one of the fellows who came up on the train as my associate. It was new work for me, but one of the masters took hold with us. The table was soon set and a steaming hot dinner was brought from the cookhouse. Grace was said by one of the masters, the company all standing with bare heads; then caps were resumed and hungry appetites began to be appeased. Great milk-cans, each holding ten quarts, were brought up from the icehouse. The supply of bread, vegetables, or meat needed constant



CAMPING OUT ON MOUNT MONADNOCK. (SEE PAGE 611.)

replenishing. When dinner was over and the table had been cleared and the floor swept, my duties ceased until supper-time. The camp work was done by detachments of boys whose assignments varied with each day. A bulletin containing the assignments for the following day was posted each evening, so that every boy knew in advance what was required of him. All campers, masters included, shared the daily labors. The plan succeeded admirably. Each boy grew to be particular in the discharge of his duties, for neglect was seen to be a boomerang. For instance, if the boy whose special care happened to be drinking-water, failed to keep up a fresh supply, the other fellows who had to suffer for his shortcomings made life a burden to him; and so the whole camp acted as a sort of police force to keep each member up to the mark. This arrangement transferred much responsibility from the masters to the boys themselves, and a sense of responsibility is a good thing for anybody.

After supper, a roaring camp-fire was built, and by this time we all were very well acquainted, and gradually came out of our shells. The masters were plied with questions, and yarns were spun. Perhaps the pleasantest feature of camp life was the evening gathering around the blazing logs, and the nine o'clock horn always seemed to toot ahead of time. The brother of one of the masters had spent a year among the mines and ranches of Colorado, and his graphic descriptions and thrilling tales were admirably adapted to our willing ears. Songs we always had. They may not have ranked high as literary productions; any lack in this respect, however, was more than made up by their spirited rendering. Here is one, to the tune of "It 's a way we have at old Harvard":

"It 's a way we have at Camp Harvard,
It 's a way we have at Camp Harvard,
It 's a way we have at Camp Harvard,
To pass the time away.
If I 'd a son or a ward, sir,
A 'dig,' a prig, or a bard, sir,—
I 'd send him to Camp Harvard, sir,
To pass the time away.

"For we 'd like to have you know, sir,
That shirking is no go, sir;
First work, then play, and so, sir,
We pass the time away.

"Now if you really wish, sir,
An epicurean dish, sir,
Just wait till we bake this fish, sir,
To pass the time away."

—and so on through several stanzas.

By ten o'clock every night, we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets, lights went out, and silence reigned. I did n't chafe much under this rule, for the true camper is always asleep as soon as he lies down. The next thing I heard was a buzzing sound—the alarm clock had rung, it was half-past six, and the sunlight was streaming in upon the campers. Several of us jumped into the lake for a bath; later in the season this morning plunge became general, and every fellow had to report with soap and tooth-brush. After breakfast, there came the usual camp work,— lanterns to be filled, the sleeping cabin to be swept out, various "police" duties to be attended to, and fuel to be provided; at eleven, there was instruction in swimming. And so the days went by. The work was so systematized as not to fall heavily upon any one person, unless he shirked; and there was ample time for base-ball, cricket, tennis, fishing, boating, and other amusements. When the days were very warm, hammocks were very popular. The Fourth of July was celebrated with appropriate exercises. The Stars and Stripes floated gayly from our staff, and the cabins were decked with bunting and small flags. At night, the farmers and woodsmen, with their sisters, cousins, aunts, and sweethearts, began to swarm down upon us and lined the lake shore. Our fireworks were set off from a scow anchored one hundred yards from land, and the effect was fine.

Sunday morning breakfasts were after the most approved New England fashion,—baked beans, brown bread, fishballs, and chocolate. Everybody was expected to write a letter home during the forenoon. After dinner came the choir rehearsal, followed by four o'clock service in a picturesque little opening in the woods which nature seemed to have designed for a chapel. There rough benches had been made under the shadowy trees, and the sylvan chancel had been carpeted with moss. At the back of the chancel, stood a great rude cross, outlined boldly against the somber background of dense forest; and directly before us was a rustic pulpit. Our Sunday service in this woodland sanctuary was attended by large numbers of strangers, many driving a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. The master who acted as minister wore a white surplice and read the service of the Episcopal Church. The chants and a familiar hymn were sung to a violin accompaniment. Then came a short address.

A collection was always taken up in behalf of the Charity Fund, which, at the end of the season, the boys voted to divide between the Sheltering Arms Nursery of Brooklyn, and the Boys' Home in Boston.

The mail arrived at noon and sunset each day, being brought by "the captain," an aged member of an historic New Hampshire family. The captain was often accompanied by his good wife. She was a motherly creature, and both were prime favorites at camp. The captain had served his country in the war, and had many a yarn to spin.

The camp dog was a splendid Newfoundland

named Duke, and he was the champion swimmer. Two of the campers had cameras and took photographs, which they sold at good profit.

We were often visited by city people boarding at some one of the farmhouses within a radius of ten or twelve miles. Some of these visitors came often, and apparently found considerable satisfaction in observing the details of camp life. Some of us knew a number of Boston and New York people at one of the most popular of these boarding-houses, and one day these friends gave us a most enjoyable entertainment, consisting of a lawn-party, a tennis tournament, and a supper. At another time, we went to a sheet-and-pillow-case party at the same place. Later on, some friends at another boarding-house delighted us with a series of tableaux and charades, followed by supper.



THE MORNING PLUNGE IN THE LAKE.

Several business partnerships were formed among the boys. Contracts for work were awarded to the firms making the lowest bids. The successful bidders would hire other boys to help them. The specifications had to be strictly observed. Among other things, a new wharf was built, one of the cabins shingled, and another covered with tar-paper.

Boys could do as they pleased with money earned in this way. Idleness was not popular.

One fine day, we took a long tramp up Mount Monadnock. An early start was made, and by noon we had covered more than half the distance. Halt was ordered in a shady grove, and before long our wagon arrived with blankets, rubber coats, cooking utensils, provisions, and various tools. We had a substantial lunch while resting on the banks of a pretty brook, before we resumed our march.

We soon reached the base of the mountain, and then the climb began. But it is a long lane that knows no turning, and rest came at last. We drove stakes in a picturesque glen on a plateau just below the summit,—a well-chosen spot, shielded from the wind. A bountiful supply of fuel and of pine boughs for bedding was immediately secured. A fireplace was built, and our supper soon began to stew in the great kettle which hung from a tripod. One of our favorite dishes was flapjacks. Numerous visitors came from the fashionable hotel down the mountain, where, the next evening, an impromptu entertainment was given to us. We were on the mountain three days, and they were full of incident and pleasure. At night, we slept around the blazing logs, and two boys were assigned to stand watch each hour, so that no one was deprived of much sleep. Every fellow washed his own plate, cup, knife, and spoon after each meal, and submitted them for inspection to one of the boys who acted as assistant-master. We all were sorry to leave the old mountain. But it was good to plant foot once more upon our native heath. And Camp Harvard was always dearer than ever when we returned to it after such an expedition.

Until he could swim a certain distance, no camper was allowed in the boats. All of the boys were soon quite at home in and on the water. One of the Philadelphia boys made the best mile record. There were various organizations in camp, such as cricket, base-ball, tennis, and rowing clubs,

and a society of naturalists. Then there were various committees. The steward of the Charity Fund was very energetic, and before we broke up camp, he had collected a great quantity of used clothing, which we voted to divide between the newsboys of New York and Boston.

On August 13 and 14 came the annual athletic meeting. There were all sorts of exercises, with first and second prizes in each, and entries closed on the 12th. Crowds of visitors came each day. The tennis tournament was hotly contested in both singles and doubles, but the boat races and tug-of-war were the most exciting events. Long and short distance walking and running; sack and obstacle races; throwing the hammer; climbing; running, standing, and broad jumps; diving; swimming contests,—all were included in the programme. On the night of the 14th, we entertained a large company of visitors at supper, and a lady very gracefully presented the prizes. Then followed fireworks and music. I had won either first or second prizes in several events, and experienced the proud distinction of having my name telegraphed to a Boston paper, whose editor was rusticating near by. Some of the records were very good, considering that the boys, with the single exception of myself, were only from ten to fourteen years old.

There was not a single case of serious accident or illness for the camp diary to record. We were all healthily bronzed, and were as hardy as only life in the open air can make boys; and I am sure that camp life enabled us all to do better work at school during the winter.

We broke camp on the morning of September 1. The night before, we had as guests our neighbors for miles around. Our good friends the Deacon and the Captain each made touching speeches, and the camp resounded again and again with three times three "'rahs" for them and other summer friends, each named in turn. The night was very cold, but every heart was warm. Sky-rockets shot through the air, bombs, flower-pots, and other fireworks exploded, and Lake Monomonock looked almost like a sheet of fire. Then amid this blaze of glory our guests departed to the tune of our favorite song. Lake Monomonock settled down to its somber stillness; old cloud-capped Monadnock loomed above us like the great pyramid, and now came a realizing sense of the sad parting which the morrow threatened to bring us.

Morning came at last. The wind blew fresh and made the air as clear as crystal. Four-horse teams were in readiness, horns were produced, and with one long last look, off we started. Our woodland home never seemed so fair as when we turned our faces away from it. Those fragrant pine-trees had heard boys cheer before, but never until now with such lusty vigor and manifest feeling had come forth that inspiring watch-cry of:

"'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! CAMP HARVARD!"

ROBIN'S RETURN.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

ROBIN on the tilting bough,
Red-breast rover, tell me how
You the weary time have passed
Since we saw and heard you last.

"In a green and pleasant land,
By a summer sea-breeze fanned,
Orange-trees with fruit are bent;
There the weary time I 've spent."

Robin rover, there, no doubt,
Your best music you poured out;
Piping to a stranger's ear,
You forgot your lovers here.

"Little lady, on my word,
You do wrong a true-heart bird!
Not one ditty would I sing,
'Mong the leaves or on the wing,
In the sun or in the rain;
Stranger's ear would list in vain.
If I ever tried a note,
Something rose within my throat.

'T was because my heart was true
To the North and spring-time new;

My mind's eye a nest could see
In yon old, forked apple-tree!"

(NOTE.—It is said that the robin does not sing during its winter stay in the South.)



LITTLE MISS MABEL.

By Daisy Jones.

Little Miss Mabel,
Brimming with play,
Turned into Grandmamma
All in a day.
"Now, children, you see
How I look," said she,
"And Grandmamma Harris
Looked just like me.
They always do; it 's the
natural way.
All children take after their
Grandmas, they say."

MOTHER'S IDEA.

Mr. Atherton has been the master of the Centreville Academy ever since I can remember. A few months ago, however, he was offered a better position in the city, and he decided to leave Centreville. We were very sorry, for we all liked him; and now that he has left, it really seems as if a part of the building itself had been taken away.

We were to have a public examination during the last two days of his stay, and Florence Grantley had thought of a beautiful project. She always has good ideas, though I must say they are generally rather expensive. But then her father is rich, and I suppose she never has to think twice before spending a dollar, as some of us are obliged to do. Her plan was to buy an album, put all our pictures in it, and present it to Mr. Atherton before the company, after he had closed the school. The girls wished me to make the presentation address. Of course I was enthusiastic about it, and went home thinking over what I should say and should wear, and all that. There are fifteen girls in our class, and Florence said she knew of a lovely album, one we would n't be ashamed to give him. It would cost only eleven dollars and twenty-five cents; and that, you see, would be only seventy-five cents apiece. I went in to dinner full of the new project, and began to talk about it at the table.

But Father vetoed it at once. He said he did n't believe in the idea at all. It would be too expensive for some of us, and he did not wish to hear another word about it.

When Father takes that tone, of course there 's no more to be said. I am too old to cry before everybody, but I did n't wish any more dinner, and as soon as possible I went up to my room and had a good cry.

Mother came upstairs as quickly as she could. I knew she would. Mother is a born comforter. Oh, what do girls do who have no mother? She told me I must remember how hard Father had to work for every dollar, and that although what he said sometimes sounded harsh, it was only because his business troubles made him worry, and it added to them to have us wish for things he felt he could n't afford. Dear Mother! I wonder if she ever wishes for things she does n't get.

Then I told Mother all about it; that it was not merely that one plan, but that I could never join in any project that came up. All the other girls had birthday parties and I went, but never gave one in return. "Of course I don't expect that," said I, feeling a little conscience-stricken, as I saw the look on Mother's face. "Birthdays are so common in this family, of course we can't notice them; but I thought this time we had found something Father could sympathize with. He so often speaks of Mr. Atherton, and the respect he has for him—but of course that 's all over now. If I can't, I can't; it *does* seem hard though never to do as the others do."

"I know it, child," Mother said, softly touching my hair. "Many things are hard. You are old enough now to know a little of the life of your elders," she went on; "and you must remember that it is absolute necessity, and not lack of sympathy, that forces Papa to say no, as he sometimes does."

"Well, if he would only soften it a little," I could n't help saying. "A blunt no is a great deal harder to bear."

"I know, dear," Mother said, with a sigh; "but Father thinks he does what is best."

"But what can I say, Mother. I must let them know I can't contribute. This very afternoon they 'll all be talking of it."

"Tell them nothing positively. Say as little as possible; and give me time to think."

At this, my mind was relieved immediately. I was sure the trouble would somehow end in just the right way, though I knew Mother could n't squeeze the money from the housekeeping allowance, even if she could think it right to do so after what Father had said. But I had faith that Mother would manage for me, so I went to school, feeling very confident, and said as little as possible.

That night Mother came to my room and told me to invite all of my class to spend Thursday evening with us. "You know Grandpa sent us a barrel of apples," she said, "a bushel of nuts, and some corn to pop. May be I 'll make a cake or two, and the coffee will not cost much. Fortunately, we have dishes enough. That will offset the birthday parties a little, and make you have a good time, too. If you know any really nice boys, invite them, and may be Papa 'll get out his violin, and you can have a little dance."

You see, Mother was a girl herself once. She does n't forget her feelings, and she talks over such things with me just as though she were another girl. Of course I was only too delighted to obey, but still, I must confess, although it was very nice, it did n't help me out of the real difficulty a bit. It gave the girls something fresh to talk about, however; and as it would be three weeks before Mr. Atherton would leave, the subject of his present dropped out of sight for a few days.

But that matter of the boys troubled me a great deal. We girls are all about fourteen and fifteen, and really, while we are almost young ladies, boys at that age are very boyish. They don't know what to do with their hands, nor how to ask one to dance, nor to do anything nicely. I mean the generality of boys; of course my brothers do, but then they have had Mamma to train them, and sisters to practice with ever since they were little, which, of course, makes a difference. If it were not that I hated to give up the dancing, and if it was n't such a bother to dance with a girl with a handkerchief tied on her arm—because she keeps forgetting she is a boy, and taking the wrong hand and everything is put out—I should have given up the idea of asking any boys.

Again I flew to my never-failing refuge in time of trouble, and Mother drew out her needle slowly from the stocking she was darning, and began to consider the matter.

"You see, Mother, it is n't a grand affair, but I want it to be as pleasant a time of its kind as possible, and a lot of awkward boys would just spoil it."

"Now, don't decry the boys, my dear; they are a very good institution in their place."

"Yes, indeed, but their place is sliding downhill, or skating, not in a girls' party trying to be agreeable; and they have sense enough to know it. You know yourself how impossible it is to get Joe to go anywhere with me, and he is a model of politeness, compared with most of his associates."

"Well, it would n't be quite fair to punish the boys, and girls, too, in trying to amuse them," Mother replied. "There are boys enough who would be interested in this little gathering of yours. There are those three lads at the minister's, who are fitting themselves for college. They are not more than sixteen years old, and ought not to be above a little informal party. Besides, Mrs. Grey told me she wished they knew some people who would make their stay pleasanter for them. Then there is young Mr. Adams, at Dr. Preston's, I know he would come, and his mother wrote me, asking me to be good to him."

"Oh, what a dear mother you are, *that* puts the success of the thing beyond doubt!"

"There are four good names, then, to start with," said Mother; "and those, with John and Sam, Father's young friends, will be a good beginning. As for the rest, let the girls themselves invite them; there's nothing like making people responsible for the success of a thing."

Well, the next day being Wednesday I took the class into my confidence, and between us all we made out a list of gentlemanly and agreeable boy-friends; but the four that Mother took it upon herself to invite were the best of all.

Well, every one came; not one of the thirty was missing. Through all Father's troubles, we had kept our house, because Mother's father gave it to her when she married. It was a large old-fashioned house with a wide hall that went right through it; two sets could dance there and one in each parlor. When I was tired, Mother took my place at the piano; and with Father at the violin we had as good music as one could wish for dancing. All the girls wore their best dresses but without finery, and everything went off beautifully. At eleven we had our simple refreshments. Mother had cut up a sheet of mottoes and scattered them among the popped corn, and they made ever so much fun. When that was over and we were standing about before beginning anything else, Father suddenly spoke up, saying that there was a little matter to which he would like to call attention; he supposed that the masculine portion of his audience would hardly be thrilled, but the girls, he knew, would be deeply interested. Then he went on to say that there had been some talk among the young ladies of getting up a surprise present for their teacher, and that an album had been spoken of; but he said he had a scheme that seemed to him much better. Then he brought out a sheet of Bristol board, beautifully ornamented with scroll work, and handsomely engrossed upon it was a set of resolutions saying how sorry we were that Mr. Atherton was going to leave, how much we had profited by his stay with us, and expressing our best wishes for his future. I don't, of course, give all this in Father's words, but after he had read the testimonial, he made a capital, witty speech. Then he called on us all to sign the testimonial if we approved it. He told us, too, that he could have the sheet nicely framed for three dollars, which would involve a cost of only twenty cents to each subscriber; and he would venture to say that Mr. Atherton would be even better pleased with the testimonial proposed than with something more expensive.

Of course it "took" immediately; all the girls were delighted and signed it there and then, in their very best handwriting, and most of them paid their twenty cents at once. We empowered Father to have it framed, and they voted that I should make the presentation. But the fact that Father had entered into it so well and done so much just for my pleasure touched me more than all. I knew that he had given a great deal of attention to ornamental penmanship, but I had no idea he could make so handsome a scroll as that testimonial. I always knew, of course, that Father loved his children. If any of us are sick, he is as tender as a woman; and he daily makes all manner of sacrifices for us; but here he showed that he had a great deal of sympathy with all our hopes and plans.

Of course, with the cake and coffee and everything, the entertainment cost more than my contribution and picture would have done, but it seems that Mother had been planning for some time to do something for me which should help me pay my party obligations, and that was not the only time when she proved that she has "the happy faculty of common sense," as Father says.

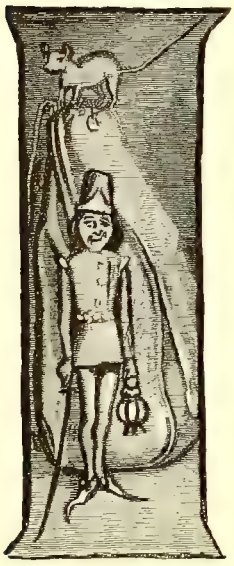
I do believe my little party was more talked about than those of many of the other girls, though they cost many times as much money as did mine.

Well, examination day came, and when I presented the testimonial to Mr. Atherton, though I said only a word or two, he could hardly speak at all, and he told Father afterward that we could n't have pleased him better. It seems that he had heard some whispers about a present, and had a fear that it was going to be something expensive, and felt troubled about it; for, as he told Father, he could n't refuse a thing before it was offered him, and he did n't know what to do; but the testimonial he could accept with real pleasure and satisfaction.

You can hardly imagine what a different position I have occupied in school since that affair. I was never really unpopular, but I was seldom appealed to. Now, however, I am consulted about everything, and my opinion has a great deal of weight with the girls.— But I know where the honor really belongs, and I always say it is because Father so well carried out Mother's idea.

THE SATCHEL.

By Tudor Jenks.



WAS just graduated from college, when I received a letter from my uncle Ralph, which surprised me very much, as I had never known him except by name. I had always been told by my mother that he was very eccentric, and certainly the letter was queer; for it read:

"Nephew Dick (if that 's your name):

"I want an assistant in my laboratory. I will pay you well. Answer at once.

"Uncle Ralph."

I was puzzled what to say in reply. I had no profession in view, and did n't like to throw away what might be a good chance. I talked it over with my mother, and she said she thought it would be worth trying and could certainly do no harm. So, not to be outdone in brevity, I answered:

"Dear Uncle Ralph:

"If terms suit, I 'll try.

"Your nephew Dick."

I think he was pleased with the answer, for he received me very cordially, though he did n't say much. My salary was quickly and satisfactorily settled, and I took a room near my uncle's house and began my work.

At first I had so much to learn that I could n't have earned my salt; but before very long I began to see my way clearly, and I really think I made myself useful — still I could not be sure.

Strangely enough, I never could tell what my uncle was trying to accomplish. I made many mixtures of chemicals, prepared all sorts of apparatus, but was never allowed to see what my uncle was about. Whenever I had prepared any materials, he would carry them off into a little private room of which he always kept the key upon his watch-chain. No one was allowed to enter this room, and I soon learned that it was wisest to say nothing concerning it. Not being inquisitive, I did not pry into the mystery, but did whatever I was told to do, without asking any questions.

As time went on, I could see that my uncle was becoming very nervous and irritable over his work. Always a silent man, he now seldom spoke a word.

One day he sent me to buy him some chemicals, giving me a list which he had written out for me. Upon examining the list I found that the articles would make a large package, so I picked up my little traveling-bag and started out.

Some of the substances required were rare, and I was obliged to ask at a number of places before I succeeded in finding them; and it was dusk when I reached the house.

I heard my uncle calling me as I came in, and found him very impatient.

"Did you get them all?" he asked, as soon as he saw me.

"Yes; after some trouble," I replied.

"Where are they?" he inquired.

"Here," I said, and I handed him the bag.

He took it without a word, and immediately retired into his private room.

During his absence, I busied myself in the laboratory in putting everything in order. I worked away for a long while — how long I can not exactly tell — when suddenly I heard an explosion in my uncle's little room, followed by a cry.

I rushed to the door and knocked.

"What is it?" he growled.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"Nothing! Don't be foolish!" said my uncle. "Nothing can hurt me!"

I went back to the laboratory, and, having nothing further to do, sat down to wait for his coming.

Again came the explosion, followed by the same cry.

I started up and, before I thought, I cried aloud, "You 're not hurt, are you?"

The door opened suddenly, and my uncle came out, looking very much excited.

"Dick!" said he, "go home. Here is your bag. I shan't need your help to-night."

I took what I thought was my bag, and went home to my room.

When I lighted my student-lamp I saw that, instead of my traveling-bag, my uncle had given me an old, dusty, wrinkled and battered leather satchel, which looked as though it might be a century old.

I laughed, and tried to open it. It was locked. After puzzling over the lock until I was tired, I

opened my closet door and flung the satchel upon the highest shelf.

"To-morrow," said I, "I 'll exchange it for my own bag."

I am afraid Uncle Ralph's treatment was beginning to affect my temper. I did n't like the way he had treated me that night. Then he had n't paid me my salary for a long time, and my bills were coming in faster than I could pay them.

It is very discouraging to do other men's work, especially when you are not allowed to see the results of your labor; and I had worked some months without a single hint of what I was about. I began to believe I had made a mistake. What good would it do me to work away in the dark, learning little or nothing, and without hope of doing better? My uncle would tell me nothing, and was provoked by being even questioned.

I became very much discouraged over my prospects, and wondered whether I ought not to confess I had made a mistake, and to begin the study of some regular profession.

How long I sat thinking, I can not tell; but I was aroused by the faint flicker of my fire as it went out, leaving me in perfect darkness.

As I groped about my room, looking for matches, I heard a rustling which seemed to come from the other side of the room. Then came tiny knockings, irregularly, and muffled shouting, as though far away.

By listening more intently I heard the sounds plainly enough to distinguish the squeaking of mice and — could I be mistaken? — a scream; very faint, it is true, but still a scream of fright.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "there must be mice in the closet! But what can the scream be?"

I went to the closet, and, opening the door, was amazed to see that the upper part was faintly lighted, as though by a big fire-fly. Puzzled at this, I brought a chair, and, climbing upon it, saw — a grand battle. Upon one end of the shelf was a flying host of mice. How they scurried away! Some jumped to the floor; some seemed to merely vanish, and they were gone!

While smiling at their panic, what was my surprise to hear from the other end of the shelf some one addressing me in a piping, little voice.

"Eh?" I exclaimed; "did any one speak?"

"I had the honor!" the voice replied.

Turning, I saw upon the shelf a diminutive figure carrying a little lantern in one hand, and something like a needle in the other.

Before I could recover from my astonishment, and not before I had been asked sarcastically whether I should know him the next time we met, the little man went on:

"This is a pretty way to treat me, — is n't it?"

"What in the world — what can this mean?" I blundered out.

"Well! I like that," replied the pigmy in a scornful tone; "asking what this can mean, after having kept me shut up in that old leather satchel for over two thousand years! — Why, I should have been starved before long; my provisions were almost gone, I can tell you! Perhaps you think



"THE LITTLE MAN HELD HIS LANTERN NEAR MY FACE AND SAID: 'I THINK I MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.'"

I 'm not hungry now? Oh, no! of course not! — and you want to know what this means?"

Here he burst out laughing so loudly that I plainly heard it.

"I should be glad to do anything in my power to aid you," I began, wishing to do my best to pacify the little fellow; "but as for having kept you shut up for twenty centuries, why, my dear fellow, that 's simply absurd, for I am only twenty-three years old now!"

"Oh, see here," he answered scornfully, "that 's a little more than I can stand! You 've played the innocent game long enough; you can't fool me that way again. Why, I suppose you will deny that your name is Trancastro, next?" and he hopped up and down in a rage.

"Tran——which? Tran—— what?" I began.

"That 's right, that 's right!" cried the little imp in a perfect fury. "Go on — deny everything!"

"See here!" I cried, now out of patience with his whims, "I don't know anything about you or your Tran-what-you-may-call-him, and if you had n't kicked up such a racket in my closet I

never would have come near you!—I wish I had n't, and then the mice would have finished you—and a good riddance!"

As I paused for breath the little man held his lantern as near my face as possible, and after a long, earnest look, said with great gravity and deliberation:

"I think I must have made a mistake!"

Then, turning suddenly, he gave a great skip and shouted out, "And then—I am free!"

"Certainly you are, so far as I am concerned," I replied carelessly; "but I can't imagine what all this fuss is about. So long as you are pleased, I suppose I must be satisfied."

Meanwhile he had continued to jump and whirl about, until he dropped his lantern and it went out, leaving us in the dark. Then he calmed down enough to say, "What can *you* know about it? You—only twenty-three years old!" He chuckled as though this were a great joke at my expense, and went on, "If you will offer me a chair and something to eat, I 'll tell you the whole story."

So I stepped down from the chair, lighted my student-lamp, and offered my little guest my hand. Into it he climbed, and I deposited him upon the table under the light, where I could see him plainly.

He was about six inches in height and dressed in what seemed to be mouse-skin. He wore a little belt and a helmet the size of a thimble. His face was unwrinkled, but intelligent enough for any age.

Seeing he was unwilling to be stared at, I broke the silence by saying, "I am sorry I can not offer you a chair—but mine are too large, I am afraid." I feared he might be hurt by the hint.

"Not at all!" he replied politely, now that he had convinced himself I was not that awful Tran-somebody, "see here!"

He beckoned to my favorite easy-chair. At once it rose gently into the air, and, dwindling down to a size suitable for the little wretch, dropped softly down upon the table beside him.

Ignoring my exclamations, he seated himself comfortably within it, and, looking up at me, said, as though nothing had happened, "I said I would tell you all about it, did n't I?"

"Yes," I answered, leaning eagerly forward.

"Well, I 'll not!" said he bluntly.

"You 'll not?—and why not?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, calmly crossing his little legs, "you could n't understand it."

"Perhaps I could," I replied, smiling indulgently. "Just try me."

"Do you know what *dnax* is?" he asked, apparently hoping that I might.

"No, I can't say I do—exactly," I confessed unwillingly.

"Then of course you could n't understand it—for that's the very beginning of it!—But no matter. Let 's change the subject. Is there anything I can do for you in return for your hospitality to a hungry guest?"

"I beg your pardon—I quite forgot," and I rang the bell.

When the servant came, I ordered supper for two. This strange order caused the servant to gape in silent astonishment. I repeated the order, however, and she hurried away without asking any questions. Returning, she placed the supper upon the table, without seeing the frantic retreat of the little man as she approached the table with the heavy tray.

"What an awkward blockhead!" exclaimed the



"'PERHAPS,' SAID THE LITTLE MAN, 'HAVING LIVED FORTY CENTURIES, I MAY BE OLD ENOUGH TO ADVISE A YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY-THREE.'"

angry little fellow. I made no answer, being puzzled over the proper way to ask my small friend to eat with a knife and fork larger than himself.

But, as I hesitated, the mysterious beckoning process again took place, and one-half the contents of the tray diminished to a size convenient for his use. He ate almost greedily, like a starving man. I watched him in silent wonder until he seemed to be satisfied.

Then, pushing back his chair, he said gratefully: "A very nice supper! I should like to return your kindness in some way. You little know what a service you have done me in releasing me from that cruel Trancast——"

Here he broke off suddenly and remained in a

brown study. He seemed so melancholy that I interrupted his thoughts by asking:

"And what could you do for me?" He brightened up again as I spoke, and answered:

"Who can tell? What are your troubles?"

"Well," said I thoughtfully, "I have n't many. But I should like the advice of some one older and wiser than I am."

"I shall not say how *wise* I may be," said the little man soberly; "but perhaps, having lived forty centuries, I may be old enough to advise a young man of twenty-three."

I looked up, expecting to see him smiling, but he was as sober as a judge. So I told him all about my uncle and my work, and concluded by asking him what he thought I ought to do. He seemed intensely interested, and remained silent some moments after I had finished. I waited more anxiously for his opinion than I should have liked to admit.

At length he said solemnly, "Bring your uncle to me!"

"Bring——" I repeated, in amazement, "bring my——"

"Bring your uncle to me!" he repeated firmly, and so solemnly that I never thought of resisting.

"Oh, very well," I said hastily; "but how in the world am I to do it?"

"Easily enough!" he explained; "write him a note!"

"But what shall I say?" I asked helplessly.

"You said he was interested in chemistry?" asked the strange little fellow.

"I believe he cares for nothing else," I replied.

"Very well. Now write this: 'I have made a discovery to-night such as you never dreamed of. Come at once!' That will bring him," said my guest.

Why I was so easily bullied by the manikin I can not tell; but I wrote the note and sent it at once.

"Now," resumed my little guest, "what else can I do for you?"

"Nothing," I replied, laughing; "unless you will pay my bills for me!"

"With pleasure," he answered gravely; "let me see them."

I brought the bills, and he went over them very carefully.

"Hm—hm—very good!" he said, when he had finished his examination. "You have not been very extravagant. I 'll reduce them for you!"

He began beckoning, as he had beckoned to the chair and the tea-tray, and I smiled, expecting to see the papers grow smaller and smaller. But when he stopped I could see no change, although he seated himself as though well satisfied. As he said nothing, I finally ventured to say:

"Well!"

"Well," he replied; "look at your bills!"

I picked them up and was astonished to see that the amounts had dwindled from dollars to cents, until each bill was for only a hundredth part of what it had been.

"But that is nonsense!" I said, looking up angrily. "I 'm not a baby! What good will that do?"

"You 're only twenty-three," he said, doubtfully; and smiling as a knock was heard at the door, he made me a sign to open it.

I did so, and there stood my tailor, Mr. Mewlett. I frowned, for I owed him more than a hundred dollars. But he smiled politely, saying, "Could you oblige me with that dollar or two you owe me? I need a little change to-night."

I stared at him in wonder; but, thinking it wise to ask no questions, I took his bill from the pile on the table and handed it to him.

He read it aloud: "One dollar and fourteen cents."

I counted out the money. He receipted the bill and left me, seeming perfectly contented.

I dropped into a chair, too much puzzled to say a word.

Just then the door banged open wide, and in came my uncle, puffing and blowing with the exertion of climbing the stairs.

"Well, on what fool's errand have you brought me here——" he began; but suddenly I heard a shriek from the pigmy on the table. As I turned, he began beckoning—beckoning—beckoning, as if he were frantic.

I turned to look at my uncle.

He was gone.

Then I turned again to the little man on the table—What a sight met my eyes!

There stood upon the table the miniature image of my uncle, staring with wide-open eyes at the little figure of my guest.

For a moment they glared at each other—and then, before I could interfere, they were fighting for their lives.

It was over in a second.

My uncle was too old and feeble to be a match for the wiry little warrior in leather.

As they separated, my uncle seemed to be wounded, for he staggered an instant, and then fell backward, staining the cloth like an overturned bottle of red ink.

"You scoundrel!" I cried, starting forward in anger; "what have you done?"

For a moment the little fellow had no breath to answer. He panted helplessly, and at length gasped out:

"It is—but—justice! It is Trancastro!"



"BEFORE I COULD INTERFERE THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES."

"Trancastro!" I exclaimed — "that was my uncle! Explain! — I can not understand!"

"Do you know what *dnax* is?" he asked, as he wiped his sword on a napkin.

"No!" I shouted.

"Then you *could n't* understand," he said, mournfully shaking his head.

Enraged by his answer, I rushed for the table; but, before I could reach them, my uncle struggled to his feet and resumed the conflict, using his umbrella most valiantly. I paused a moment, hoping he might yet conquer — but the fight was too unequal. By a skillful twist of his opponent's wrist my uncle's umbrella was sent flying out of his hand. Being disarmed, he sank upon one knee and begged for mercy.

"Trancastro!" cried the victor, "you deserve no better fate than the cruel death you meant for me!"

"Oh, have mercy!" cried my uncle.

I could not stand this. The honor of the family forbade me to remain neutral. I rushed to the table, crying, "Here! here! — this has gone quite far enough!"

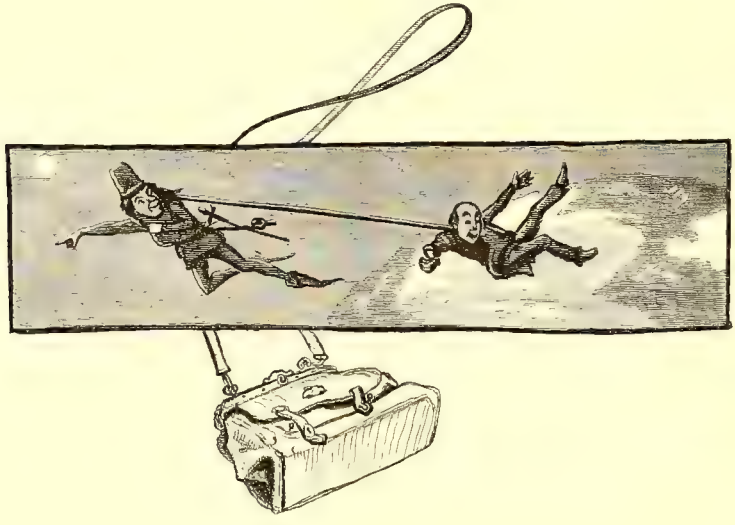
Again the beckoning! I became in a moment a third pigmy upon my own table!

"Now," exclaimed the triumphant warrior, "we are upon equal terms! Come on!"

I had no weapon. I dared not interfere. While I stood hesitating, the little tyrant made a slip-knot from one of my curtain-cords, threw the noose over my uncle's neck, and rose into the air, dragging his victim after him. I heard a breaking of glass, and, regaining my natural size in a moment, rushed to the window only to see them flying away!

All that remained to convince me that I could not be mistaken was the stain upon the cloth, the little arm-chair, and the miniature supper. I searched the room, but found nothing.

Until now I have never told the story — for who would have believed it? But any one who believes my story, and would like to see what remains of Trancastro and his victim, has only to open the battered little satchel, and there can still be seen the little chair, the little knife and fork, and all the relics left by my guest. No unbeliever shall ever see them.



WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

By Henry Eckford.

Fourth Paper.

You would hardly believe it possible that there are so many alphabets in the world which seem to have nothing to do with one another — neither coming one from another by borrowing, nor descending, apparently, from the same alphabet thousands of years ago. The numbers of existing nations and of men to-day are as nothing compared with those that have perished. So the number of existing alphabets and syllabaries are but as a handful compared to those that have passed away and left no trace whatever. Writings on paper and bark can remain only as long as the paper and bark hold together; even in Egypt, where, owing to the dryness of the climate, paper lasts longer than elsewhere, it can last only a few thousand years. Nations that once for long periods possessed writings are now completely unknown, and with them their alphabets also have perished, because no record of their existence was left on rock, brick, or pottery. What looks, therefore, like an abundance of material by which to read the life of alphabets is really very little compared to what we ought to have.

You remember how nations like the Phœnicians, when adopting a new series of letters, name these letters according to their own fancy, just as we sometimes teach children their alphabet by saying, "A was an Archer" (or we may prefer to have A stand for an Apple, or some other word beginning with A); and "B was a Butcher," or "a Bear," or some other word beginning with B. There is no doubt that both the Romans and the Greeks had lists of words useful to remind children of their letters. Now, our alphabet came directly to us from the Irish missionaries and professors of religion and wisdom, who taught Christianity to the heathen Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Goths, Germans, Danes, and Swedes, several centuries after the death of our Lord. They did not learn from the Phœnicians, although they have traditions that seem to point to settlers in Ireland bearing a similar name. Instead of using the Latin names for the letters taken from the Christian Romans, they gave them names of their own. Their wise and pious men had been members of, or were the pupils of, a class of learned heathens called the Druids. In ancient Ireland, a *druï* was prophet, priest, doctor, and magician, and the name seems to be connected with our word tree. It was against the rule of the Druids to write things down. They were in the habit of retiring to the deepest woods for meditation and study, sometimes attended by pupils. That is probably the reason why the Irish, among whom the Druids retained their power the longest,—because Ireland was the hardest to reach of all the great islands thereabouts, and the last to feel the changes taking place elsewhere in Europe,—chose this pretty system of naming the letters of the Latin alphabet when it became common. Instead of calling A, *alpha*, as the Latins usually did, they said A, *ailm*, the word which stood in their language for palm-tree and came, in sound, nearest to *alpha*, and began with an *A*. Instead of *beta* they said *beith*, the word for birch-tree, almost the same in sound as the Phœnician, but quite different in meaning. And so with the other letters: *Coll*, hazel; *duir*, oak; *eadha*, aspen; *fearan*, alder; *gort*, ivy; *huath*, white-thorn; *iogha*, yew; *luis*, mountain-ash; *muin*, vine; *nuin*, ash; *oir*, broom; *peith*, dwarf-elder; *suil*, willow; *teine*, furze; *ur*, heath. They called this alphabet *bethluisnion*, choosing out the letters B, L, and N, instead of the letters A and B, to form a name. Another term, more nearly like the word alphabet, was *aibcitie*, or A-B-C order, the syllable *tie* meaning order, or sequence. Living in wooden houses, in lands mostly covered with trees, the people of Ireland were specially fond of plants, and so named their letters from plants alone. Such a method may possibly point to an early syllabic system among these races, founded on pictures of trees and plants, on leaves, on hunting-tools, and things connected with woodcraft; but at present we can only make this guess. It is very unlikely that so early and rude a writing would be placed on stone or metal, and so come down to us. The Egyptians used trees or plants but seldom, either in their symbolic or alphabetic hieroglyphics. Our S alone, of the letters, comes from a little picture of growing plants, which is supposed to represent a garden overflowed by the Nile. Egypt was peculiarly wanting in forests. Population was dense and animals abounded. On the other hand, a partiality for trees is found in all the Celtic tribes. The intense love of nature shown in the modern literature of Germany, France, and Italy, of Great Britain and the United States, may be traced to the Highland Scotch, and from this may be derived the still more modern passion for pictures of landscape.

Capitals.	*Small letters.*	*Name.*	*English.*
A	a	Ailm.	a
B	b	Beith.	b
C	c	Coll.	c
D	d	Duir.	d
E	e	Eadha.	e
F	f	Fearan.	f
G	g	Gort.	g
H	h	Huath.	h
I	i	Iogha.	i
L	l	Luis.	l
M	m	Muin.	m
N	n	Nuin.	n
O	o	Oir.	o
P	p	Peith.	p
R	r	Ruis.	r
S	s	Suil.	s
T	t	Teine.	t
U	u	Ur.	u

OLD IRISH ALPHABET.

The clans of Scotland, blood relations and descendants of the Irish, chose for emblems, or "badges," either a plant or its flower. Thus, the MacKays chose the bulrush. The general badge for Irishmen, as you know, is a little plant like the sorrel, called the shamrock; while that for Scotland is, appropriately enough, the hardy, prickly, but not unbeautiful thistle. The English, too, show traces of the same idea; their race-badge is the rose, a foreign plant, perhaps because they were more thoroughly subjugated by the Normans than were the Scotch and Irish; perhaps because their land is like a rose-garden for cultivation. Now, some Irishmen have claimed that the Phœnicians made settlements in Ireland many centuries before Christ. If they ever taught their alphabet to the tribes of that island, it has been crowded out by others, or has fallen into disuse. Some kind of writing had existed before the Christians introduced the *bethluisnion;* there is hardly a doubt that altered Greek letters, known as Runes, were used in Ireland; but with the exception of the mysterious Oghans, which will be noticed further on, none are to be found; for, just as nations have been struggling with nations from the earliest period to which we can look back, and forms of government with other forms, and languages with languages, so systems of writing have been struggling with systems of writing. Sooner or later the best, that is to say, the most convenient, alphabet wins the day. Within a few centuries, the rounded and perfected form of the Christian alphabet has taken the place of the old Irish alphabet, which was itself an earlier form of the very same Christian letters.

You have traced your letters back through the Irish missionaries to the Christians of Rome; but how did they come to Rome? You must know that among the great and renowned cities founded by the Phœnicians in Greece was Chalkis, a town in the island of Eubœa. This island is close to the mainland of Greece, and its inhabitants are called Bœotians. Now the Athenians, who considered themselves very smart people, used to make all manner of fun about the stupidity of the Bœotians. But just why the Bœotians were thought very stupid folk, unless through jealousy or rivalry, I do not see, for one of the greatest poets of the world, called Pindar, was a Bœotian, and many famous generals, artists, architects, painters, and writers came from the ranks of this so-called stupid folk. And for all the fun they liked to make of these island people, the rest of Greece, including Athens, very likely had to come to the Bœotians for the alphabet. But you are not to suppose that the Phœnicians came to Eubœa in the flourishing days of Athens, when the marvelous sculptors lived. It was long before. And the Latins of Italy, in their turn, took their letters from the Greek-Phœnicians of Chalkis long, long before Rome became a famous town. And it was because of great wars and the attacks of Asiatic nations that the people who had the best alphabet came to Europe at all.

The Phœnicians were driven out of Asia Minor by the armies of other nations, which, under different names, are mentioned in the Bible, and perhaps among these were the Jews, in whose language the Bible has come down to us. It is more than probable that the ambition of great nations still farther to the eastward, drove the nearer nations of Syria upon the Phœnicians, who held the sea-coast. But there was another inducement. The Phœnicians became very rich from their trading voyages; and also, I fear, from their plundering and kidnapping of slaves, for the Mediterranean was the haunt of buccaneers until the Romans frightened pirates into some kind of peaceableness. Even in this century it was necessary for the United States to send a fleet against the pirates that sailed from ports in Northern Africa. The riches of the Phœnician towns must have tempted the neighboring tribes to attack them. At any rate, having al-

ready made many settlements elsewhere, the Phœnicians began to give way more than a thousand years B. C., and to take refuge in their old or new colonies. Some old Greek traditions tell how Kadmus, a mighty leader and a very wise man in all the arts and sciences, came over from Asia and taught the Bœotians letters. In Phœnician the word Kadmus means the East-man, while the word Europe, which gradually was applied to a vast extent of land, a continent, at first belonged only to the land just across from the island of Eubœa, on the other side of the narrow strait called Euripus, and means, in Phœnician, the West-land. So when you read of Kadmus coming to Europe it is the East-man coming to the Westland. Over and over again in history we find names to which all sorts of fanciful derivations have been given, and beautiful legends and myths have been attached, turning out to be the simplest kind of words. Thus, Ireland also means the Westland, and it comes from the Celtic word *iar* and our word *land*; *iar* meaning the West. *Iar*, before being used to denote the West, meant the back, and that fact lets us into an important secret concerning the religion of the Celts who first came over the Irish sea to the Emerald Island. It tells us that those early men named the points of the compass according to the other directions when the observer faced toward the East. So the East was named from front, or forward, the West from back or behind, the North from left hand, and the South from right hand. That means that the early Celts worshiped the Dawn and the Sunrise. And so faithfully have the old traditions remained in men's minds in that big western island of the British Empire that, to this day, the emblem on the coat of arms of Ireland is a sunburst, or rising sun.

Another curious thing is that it is more than probable that the Irish preference of the color green, for their flag and their sashes, arose from a mistake among those who had lost a thorough knowledge of the old Irish language. The sun, in Irish, is called by a word pronounced like our word "green"; and it is likely that the Irish fondness for that color arose from the word's exact likeness in sound to their word for the sun. In the same way, when we talk about greenhouses, we think they are called so because the plants are kept green in them during winter. Yet it is far more probable that "green," here, is the Irish word meaning, not the color, but the sun; because greenhouses are built so as to catch the sun's rays and store them up while it is hidden by clouds, as happens more than half the time in showery Ireland.

But to return to Kadmus, the man, or the representation of the men, who to the ancient Greeks seemed to come out of the East. There was in Greece an ancient people whom men called the Pelasgi, or sea-people, because they seemed to live on the sea, so easy and so much at home were they on board their long black ships. Moreover, "sea-people" was a ready enough name for those who dwelt so much on islands. This Pelasgian folk at one time conquered the half of Egypt with their fleets, and with the aid of other nations. Now, when in the course of centuries, the Greeks had learned a great many things besides masonry and seacraft from the Pelasgians, and letters and seamanship from the Phœnicians,—they too, like the Syrian nations, began to push the people who had been their teachers out of their islands and towns. Doubtless the Phœnicians were very arrogant and imperious people, who fancied that their riches made them the superiors of all poorer folk, and that justice only existed for the rich. By that time they had made many flourishing settlements in Italy, Spain, and Northern Africa, and they became famous for the last time in their towns of Northern Africa, where they left numerous different alphabets. Finally the Romans, jealous of their commerce and wealth, managed to ruin their navies, defeat their armies, and sack and destroy their cities, among which the greatest was Carthage, meaning, in Phœnician, New Town. Some day, if you have not yet studied it, you can learn in Roman history all about the Roman destruction of Carthage and the time of the Punic wars. When those wars occurred, the Carthaginians were making a last effort to remain masters of the western parts of what are now called Europe and Africa, then the most western portion of the civilized world.

ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

XIV.—THE LEFT-FIELD OF THE LINCOLN NINE.

BY C. F. H.

"PAY his fare in, please, Mister!"

The speaker was a ragged little urchin, with a bright, jolly face, who stood at the entrance of a base-ball ground. By his side sat a great black poodle. The dog looked up at me with such a solemn and woe-begone expression that I laughed outright, whereupon the boy took courage and repeated his request: "Pass him in, Mister; it 's only a dime. We 're under age."

"Do you mean the dog?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "He 's a base-baller. He has n't missed a game this season; and," the boy continued earnestly, "I would n't have him miss one, either. But, you see, Mother's rent 's due to-day, so we 've no extra cash,—have we, Major?" And the big poodle wagged its tail and showed its teeth in a broad dog-laugh.

It certainly was the most remarkable-looking poodle I had ever seen. It was a pure black, with the back part of its body shaved to the skin except where, on the top, the hair had been left in the shape of an anchor. A tuft only was left at the end of the tail; the feet had bracelets or anklets of hair, and as the dog's head and chest were not clipped it looked like a lion from the front; but from the side it was the most comical-looking object you can possibly imagine, while in looking down upon it, the symbol of hope was always presented; and this anchor, as I learned afterward, was emblematical of the Major's chief characteristic.

"What 're the chances, Mister?" asked his owner, after I had examined the dog for a few moments.

"I think they are good," I replied. "But why do you wish him to go in? Does he belong to either nine?"

"No, he does n't," responded my new acquaintance; "but," confidentially, "he 's left-field in the 'Lincolns,' and if you knew how badly he 'd feel to miss this game, you 'd pass him in."

"Can he play?" I inquired in an incredulous tone.

"Can he play?" the youngster retorted indignantly, adding, "Can you, Major?" as he turned to the dog. The animal showed all its teeth, and cast up its solemn eyes, saying "yes," as plainly as possible.

"You just come with me a minute, Mister," continued the small speaker; and leading me around the corner, away from the crowd, he drew a well-worn base-ball from a dilapidated pocket, and tossed it to me. "He does best at a fly-catch," he remarked; "and when I say he 's left-field of our nine, it 's as much as to say he is n't a muffer."

Curious to see what the dog would do, I tossed the ball at him, and it landed fair in his capacious mouth, and was held there.

"That 's not what he wants, Mister," said Major's young master. "Throw it up high,—just as high as you can."

I drew back my arm and looked up; and on the instant Major had become like another dog. His ears stood up, his eyes flashed, and the hairy emblem of hope seemed to wriggle like a snake as he danced backward, barking in loud, jubilant tones. This time I threw the ball as high as I could. Up it went, so high, in fact, that I doubt if I could have caught it myself, as it is some years since I severed my connection with a base-ball nine. But the moment it left my hand, Major seemed to know where it was going to fall; he watched it for a second, then ran back about twenty feet, and as it turned in the air, he was directly under it.

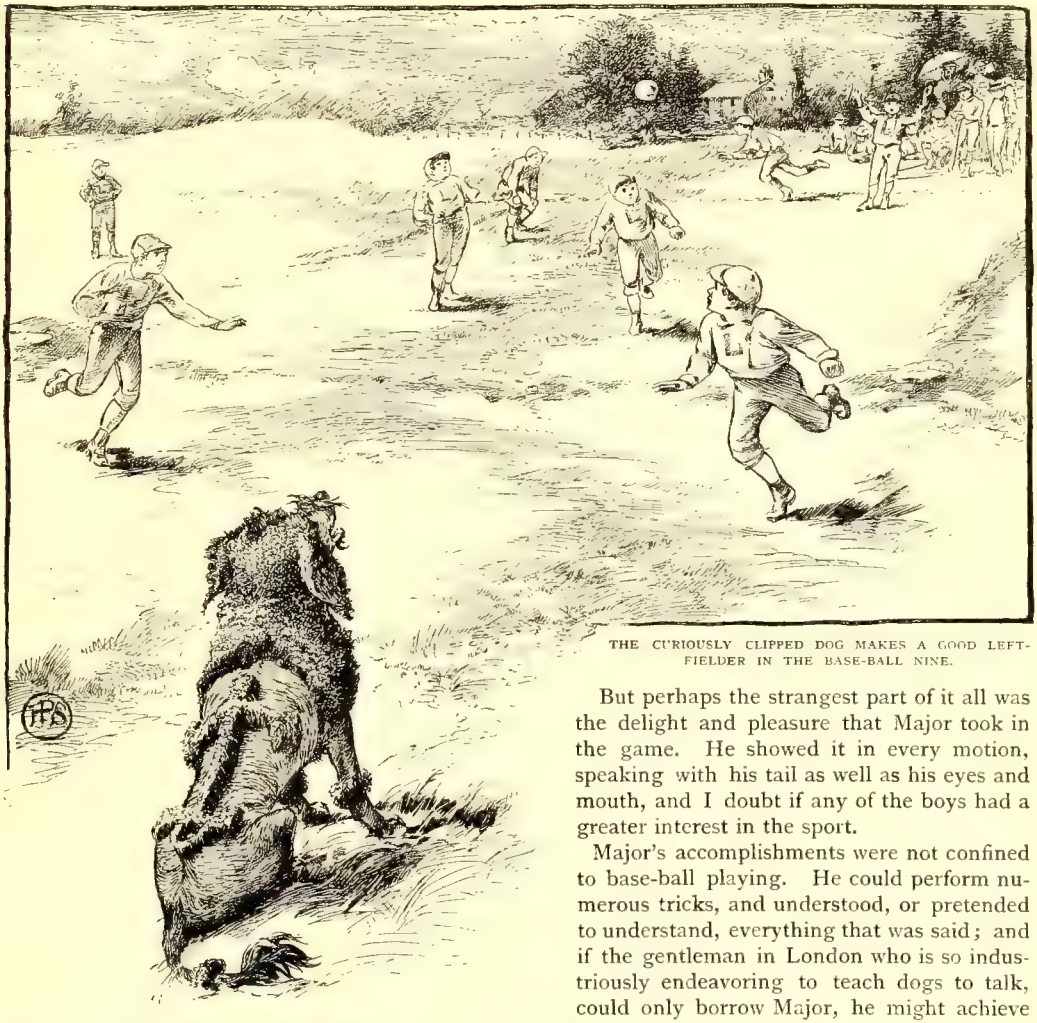
Down it came, right over the dog, which stood with legs braced apart, and tail wagging slowly; then a red mouth opened, a row of white teeth glistened and—— Major had caught the ball! A few seconds later he delivered it to me, with a wag of his tail that said plainly, "You 're out, Mister."

So good a player certainly deserved to see the game, and we were soon within the high fence. At once Major took up his stand behind the scorer, and watched the game with the greatest gravity, occasionally, when a heavy strike was made, running out, as if to see who caught it, and uttering a single bark of satisfaction. Everybody seemed to know him, and had a friendly pat or word for him; in fact, it was evident that the dog was one of the base-ball fraternity.

When the game broke up, Major's master invited me to be present at a match-game of the "Lincolns," on the ensuing Saturday. The rival nines were made up of boys under thirteen, black and white, and Major. As I reached the ground, it was his inning, and his master, who claimed the privilege of striking for him, was at the bat. The dog was right behind with one paw in advance, and his eyes on the striker. In came the twisters, and Major made several false starts; but, finally, as the ball went scudding from the bat, off he rushed for first base, his ears flapping, his plumelike tail out straight behind. But the

short-stop was too nimble for the dog, and just before he reached the base, the ball arrived there, and he came slowly back, his tail hanging low, and a very mournful expression in his great eyes.

"Maje 's out,—side out!" cried the boys, and immediately conceiving a method by which he could retrieve this disaster, the dog seemed to regain his spirits, dashed into the field, and was



THE CURIOUSLY CLIPPED DOG MAKES A GOOD LEFT-FIELDER IN THE BASE-BALL NINE.

speedily in his position as left-fielder, before any of the others had reached their places.

In the preliminary "pass around" that preceded the play, Major was not left out, and I saw that the balls that were thrown at him directly were quite as swift as those delivered from base to base; and in justice to him, I never saw him "muff." When a ball was thrown at him, he settled back, and dropped his great lower jaw, into which the projectile seemed to fit; then, with tail wagging, he would hasten to carry the ball to the next player. He was equally proficient with low balls, either catching them in his mouth or stopping them with his broad chest, and in fielding he could not be outdone. When he caught a ball, he carried it at full speed to the nearest thrower, and not a few players were put out by his quick motions and activity.

But perhaps the strangest part of it all was the delight and pleasure that Major took in the game. He showed it in every motion, speaking with his tail as well as his eyes and mouth, and I doubt if any of the boys had a greater interest in the sport.

Major's accomplishments were not confined to base-ball playing. He could perform numerous tricks, and understood, or pretended to understand, everything that was said; and if the gentleman in London who is so industriously endeavoring to teach dogs to talk, could only borrow Major, he might achieve success.

Major would take a ten-cent piece to the baker, and bring home a loaf of bread, and no such tricks as giving him the wrong change or a bogus loaf could be successfully played upon him by the neighbors. I was told that one day when given a counterfeit quarter, Major gravely bit it, smiled a contemptuous smile, and wagged his head in disapproval; but this I will not vouch for. He did so many

wonderful things, however, that one would hardly be surprised at any feat attributed to him.

"How came you to clip him in such a fashion?" I asked of his master.

"Because he 's so hopeful," answered my new acquaintance. "When we first came to town we were very, very poor. We 're not so very rich now," he added, confidentially; "but in those times we had only a dollar or two at a time, for all of us, and Mother used to sit and cry, and you 'd have thought there was n't any hope for us. But Major was never discouraged. Whenever Mother began to cry, he 'd walk up to her, and laugh, and show his teeth, and then she 'd almost always look up and put her arms around his neck and say, 'Maje, you r'e tryin' to cheer us up; you 're doing your best; I know you are;" and it seemed to make us all hopeful-like. And *he* had n't anything to be cheerful for, either. One day we were at our worst; there was n't anything in the house; and cold! You would n't believe how cold it was, Mister! Maje had run out, and Mother was in the big chair, and I was ready to cry, because she looked so solemn; when there came a scratchin'at the door —and what d 'ye s'pose? I pulled it open, and there was Maje with a basket in his mouth and a bundle tied on his back, and I never saw him more cheerful and hopeful in my life. Well, Mother broke out cryin', just at the time she ought to ha' been laughin', and she put her arms 'round Maje's neck. There was meat and cake and ever so much more in the basket, and it kept us from starvin'.

"Where did he get them? Why, that 's the cur'-ous part of it. We never could find it out from Maje; but there was a paper in the basket sayin': 'From a Friend.' But how Maje came to be acquainted with him just at that time, I don't see—do you, Mister?"

It often happens that dogs of no special breed, poor outcasts of the canine family, show the most remarkable characteristics.

A fire company in New York had for years a dog that was as faithful in its duties as any of the men, and on several occasions it called the attention of patrolmen to places where fires were smoldering. A certain drayman in the same city had a dog that spent its time upon the horse's back, and seemed to delight in exhibiting its equestrian skill. I have often seen the dray going down Broadway, the dog on the horse's back but keeping his place with difficulty when the horse moved rapidly.

XV.—A DOG THAT COULD CLIMB TREES.

BY C. F. H.

A FRIEND of mine who lived in the Sierra Madre Mountains had a collie that was an inveterate tree-



climber, and woe to the squirrel that climbed up a trunk that Jack could scale. Of course straight trees were out of the question; but one that grew at an angle of forty-five degrees, and had a rough bark, was quickly mounted by the collie.

This curious habit was the result of his passion for squirrel-hunting, and the moment one of those little animals would dart up a favorable tree, Jack was after it, scrambling up so high that he was often found by his master thirty or forty feet from the ground, barking fiercely at the squirrel, which had sought refuge on a limb beyond the reach of the dog. In returning, Jack would settle close to the tree-trunk, and back down, inch by inch, exercising great precaution, well knowing that with his short claws he was at a disadvantage. When within a few feet of the bottom he would slide and scramble to the ground.

XVI.—A SOCIABLE, SENSIBLE DOG.

BY E. P. ROE.

I ONCE knew a dog, and he had earned his good name honestly. He was so genuine a sea-dog that he had been named Surf, and there was not a better sailor on the Maine island where he lived. Surf knew nearly all the islanders, and they knew him. Whenever he met any of them, he

wagged his tail genially. It was his mode of saying good morning, or how-d'ye-do; and the people would always return his friendly greeting. There 's an old saying, that "It 's better to have the good-will than the ill-will of a dog." There were a few boys whom Surf snarled at, and you may rest assured that they were very rough, mean boys. The best young fellows thought Surf a fine comrade, with whom they could enjoy a romp almost as well as if he were a schoolmate. If his master or any of the family were going out in a boat, Surf was the first on board; and taking his place in the extreme bow, he saluted every one within hailing distance. No matter how hard it blew, or how blinding the spray, he maintained his place, vigilant and fearless. Thus he came to be the best-known and most popular dog on the island. Everybody had a smile for him; everybody had a good word for him. Many boys who go to school and can read and write are not so true and kind as was Surf.

So abounding in good nature was Surf that he made friends even of the people who passed by the island, and many passed every day. The channel followed by steamers was not far distant from the point on which his master, Mr. Andrews, lived. When a boat was nearly opposite this point Surf went down to the water's edge and barked, not in a spiteful, malicious way, but in cheery tones, as if calling out "How are you, old fellow! The spirit in which anything is done is soon known, and the pilots of the steamboats began to answer his barking with the steam whistle. At this, Surf would wag his tail as if the proper courtesies had been exchanged, and return quietly to the house. So it came about that captains and crews and not a few of the passengers expected a salutation from Surf, whenever the boat neared the point.

Surf was not spoiled, however, by his popularity. He put on no airs whatever, and was just as ready to play with little Bob Andrews, and follow him about, as he was to "pass the time of day," after his fashion, with the captain of a steamer, or the richest man on the island. Bob was a reckless little mortal, and Surf appeared to have the impression that the boy needed looking after. Like many people who live by the sea, the Andrews family had the feeling that they could never be drowned, and no one was more venturesome than Bob in clambering over the rocks about the ocean's edge.

One day, however, he ventured too far and too carelessly, for he fell with a splash into deep water. The little fellow could not swim, and his bubbling cry for help could scarcely have been heard on the rock from which he fell, so loud was the noise of the dashing waves. Surf's tail became rigid with the stress of the emergency; then over the rock he went after his playmate. Seizing the boy by the coat-collar, he swam around the rock to a gravelly beach, and soon had him high, but not dry, on the shore. Indeed, the little fellow had taken so much water inside as well as out that he lay helpless and insensible, though beyond the breaking waves.



SURF PULLED OFF THE BOY'S CAP AND RAN WITH IT AT FULL SPEED TO THE HOUSE.

For a moment, Surf was puzzled. He knew his task was not finished; but what should he do next? A bright thought struck him. The day was windy, and the boy had pulled his little cap down over his ears so tightly that the waves had not washed it off. But Surf pulled it off with his teeth and ran at full speed with it to the house. The family was just gathering around the dinner-table when the great, wet dog bounded in and laid the well known cap on Mr. Andrews' chair.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the father, seizing

the cap and rushing out, followed by his wife and all the family.

Surf led the way, whining in a low tone, to where Bob lay, pale indeed, but already showing signs of life. Fortunately, Mr. Andrews was an intelligent man and knew just what to do. And so, within an hour, Bob was in his high chair at the table with the rest. But he shared his dinner, that day, with the brave dog that had saved his life.

Surf entered so heartily into the family rejoicing, and was so elated at the praise he received, that there seemed to be some danger that he would wag his tail off before the day ended.

Yet, even after this heroic act, Surf never so much as hinted by his manner, "See what a good dog I am!"

XVII.

A DOG WHOSE FEELINGS WERE HURT.

BY E. P. ROE.

CARLO felt himself to be one of the family. From his puppyhood days, he had been treated with great kindness and allowed to come into the house under certain restrictions. He also had accorded to the different members of the household various marks of his favor, according to his estimate of their deserts; but for his mistress and her sister he had unbounded affection. Whenever they walked abroad, he was their self-appointed guardian, and never had ladies a more attentive and gallant escort. Not only did he respond gratefully to any favor or notice that he received, but he was also ready to prove himself no carpet-knight should danger threaten the ladies.

Now Carlo felt that he was not a mere watch or churning dog—an animal kept for a purpose. By ties of long association and deep affection, he was one of the family. That he had his three meals daily did not suffice; he observed all that was going on, and noted any change that occurred. The absence of his mistress and her sister quite depressed his spirits, and when they returned his joy was great indeed.

They had been away, and they returned one summer evening. As they were greeting the members of the household, Carlo heard their voices, and came bounding in, intent on the most frisky, hearty and demonstrative of welcomes. At that critical moment, however, a flea on his back gave him a most venomous, distracting bite, and, half frantic from pain, Carlo turned his head so suddenly to return the bite, that he tumbled down on his nose and rolled over, cutting so awkward and ridiculous a figure that every one burst out laughing.

Carlo rose, and having given his mistress a look of reproach, walked with great dignity out of the room. And many were the apologies that had to be made before his wounded feelings were soothed and the old cordial relations resumed.

XVIII.—A DOG THAT REPAID A TRICK.

A GENTLEMAN in Bristol, England, owned a dog remarkable both for intelligence and devotion. The dog had been taught to run errands. It was a part of his daily duty to go to the meat-market, carrying a basket in which was the money to pay for the meat. One day his master thought he would put a new test to the dog's faithfulness and intelligence. He ordered the man who kept the market to take the money as usual, but to refuse the meat and order the dog to go home without it. This the market-man did, and the poor dog returned to the house dejected, melancholy, slow, with ears and tail hanging, and with the basket empty. Seeing his master, he seemed to try to put on an air of cheerfulness, evidently hoping that the situation would be understood. But, no; the master frowned upon him, scolded him harshly, and bade him go out of his sight. This was almost more than the poor fellow could bear, and sneaking out he crept under a table in an outer shed, where he lay for two days to all appearances in a state of gloomy despair. On the third day, his master called him out, speaking kindly to him again, and the dog was wild with joy. Again his master sent him to the market with the money in his basket. The dog went in, but this time he placed the money on the floor and put his paw on it, before he allowed the market-man to take the basket. When the man gave him the meat, the dog quickly whisked the money back into the basket and trotted off home with both meat and money, giving them to his master with an air of decided triumph.

XIX.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

BY ANNA GARDNER.

IN that beautiful suburb of Philadelphia known as Germantown, lived a beautiful little gray Skye terrier with a very long name,—Mephistopheles. He was called Meph, for short; and a remarkably intelligent dog he was.

At one time Meph's master, who is a well known physician of Germantown, was ill. In the middle of the night, the dog bounded to the side of the bed, and laying its paw upon the arm of its master endeavored to awaken him. Having succeeded, it tried in various ways to attract his attention to the opposite side of the room; repeatedly leaving the bed and returning.

Unwilling to be disturbed, the invalid remained some time without noticing his little pet. But the animal became so importunate that the doctor could no longer remain impassive. He arose, and, following the dog to the bay-window on the other side of the room, he found, to his astonishment, that a goldfish had leaped out of the aquarium, and was panting almost lifeless on the carpet.

Meph evinced much joy when his master restored the fish to its watery home; and the doctor fondly caressed Meph, who quietly returned to his cushion bed, seeming perfectly satisfied with having performed his mission and saved the life of the fish.

He must have evolved the idea that all was not right — that the fish was "out of its sphere."

This dog met an untimely death through the cruelty of a man, who, on account of some trivial annoyance, put an end to poor Meph's career. The man might have learned a lesson of kindness from the little creature he wantonly murdered.



A RECIPE.

By M. A. L.

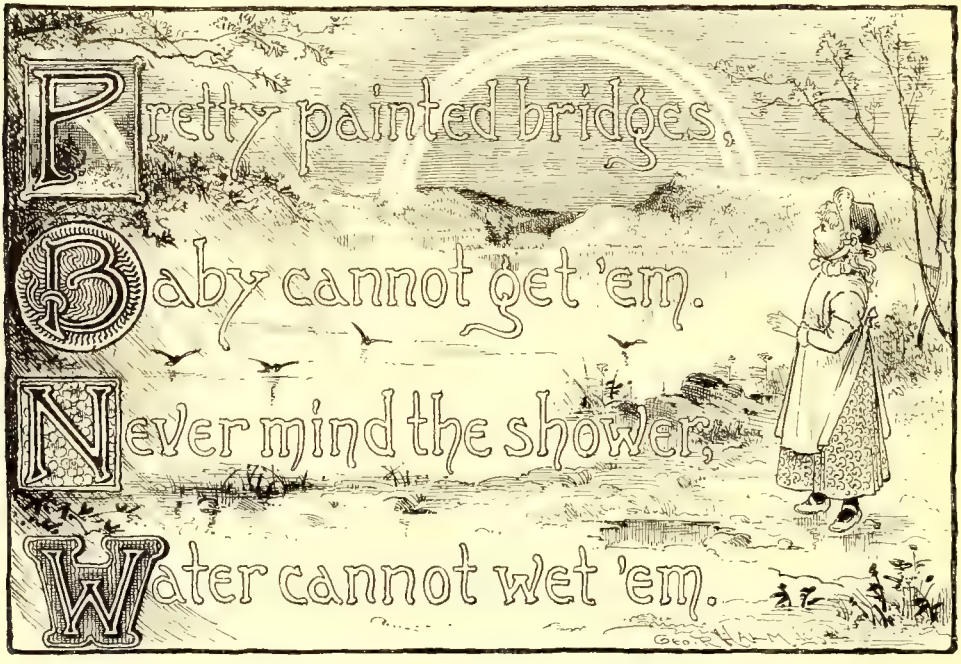
'POTHECARY, 'pothecary, living in the rose,
Tell us how to make the scent that everybody knows.

"A penny's worth of nectar; a dozen drops of dew;
A little compound sunshine that's slowly filtered through;
A sun-glass made of diamond, and then — the mixing done —
Set out a little flask of it to simmer in the sun."

'Pothecary, 'pothecary, is there nothing more?
"Yes, it taketh industry to make the summer's store.
So, my lad and lady, run off now and play; —
This, like every day in June, is my busy day."

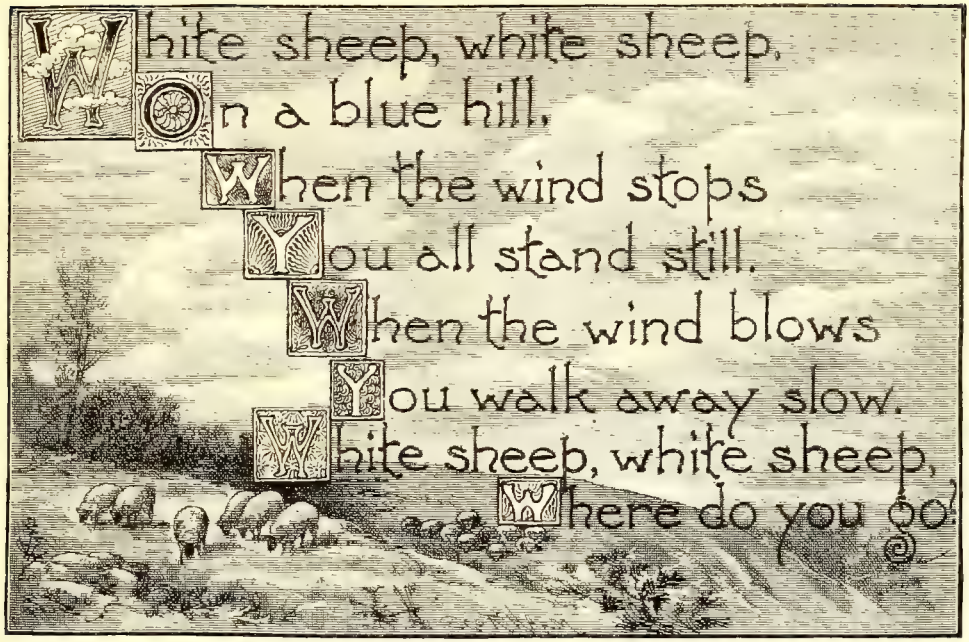
RIDDLES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

WHO knows what a riddle is? A riddle is something to be guessed. Well, here is a riddle in a picture, all about pretty painted bridges.



Who can guess it? The bridges are not real bridges, and they are not really painted,—yet every summer we see them. Now, what kind of bridges are they? Nobody over seven years of age need try to guess these riddles.

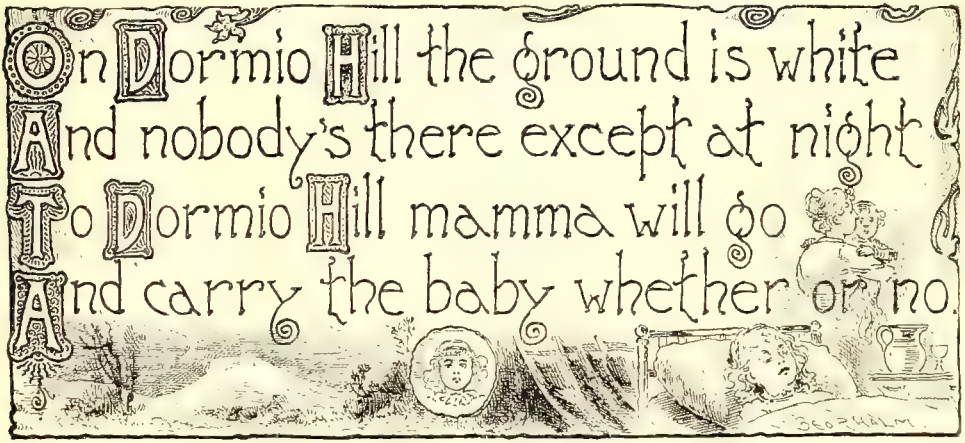
Now you shall have another riddle,—this time about sheep, but they are not the real sheep shown in the picture. On almost any sunny day you can see the kind of sheep that this riddle means. Many of these riddle sheep are white as snow, and they keep moving, moving, when the wind blows. Did you ever see them? Perhaps if you look out of your window now you may see some of the same sort. But it must be at noon time, or in the morning when the sky is blue, or when you wake up in the night and see the moon softly stealing in and out among them. Do not look for them when it is time for little folk to say "good-night!" Then these



sheep sometimes change into bright red and yellow banners stretching across the sky and floating over the place where the sun is going to sleep.

And now comes the very last riddle,—about Dormio Hill. What can the white ground of Dormio Hill be? It is in the land of Nod, and if you wish to find it, I do believe the Sand-man can take you to the very spot.

And who is the Sand-man? Ah, that is another riddle which Mamma can answer for you.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WE will open the meeting this month, my hearers, with "A Bumble Grumble" sent to you by my friend Harold W. Raymond.

A bumble-bee sat on the wild-rose tree,
And grumbled because he was big and fat;
"Just look at yon butterfly light," quoth he,
"I wish I were airy and graceful like that!
O ho!
I know
'T is hard to be heavy, and huge, and slow!"

A mischievous boy the butterfly caught,
And in his rough grasp it fluttered and died.
Sir Bumble his dagger drew out, and thought
That his end had come; but he boldly cried:
"Come on!
My son;
This stinger and I weigh nearly a ton."

"You'll have to excuse me, sir," said the lad,
"I know the weight of your little barbed spear.
Were your logic less pungent I 'd be most glad
To meet you in conflict and vanquish you here.
Good-day!
I 'll say;
For I fear 't would unhealthy prove to stay."

The bumble-bee laughed a stitch in his side
When he saw the youngster in full retreat;
Then he stretched himself in a new-born pride
And threw out his chest with martial conceit.
"Dear me!"
Said the bee,
"'T is easy to see
An ounce of sting
Is better than yards of butterfly-wing."

And now you shall have a story that is n't in verse, though there 's poetry in it. "Turn about is fair play," and this will interest you in the butterflies.

PRETTY DUSTY WINGS.

DEAR JACK: Please let me tell you this true story:

Dusty Wings is the name of a charming little pet of mine; and he is so curious a thing to have for a pet, that if it were not for his name, I don't believe you could ever guess what he is.

One day in the early part of November, as I sat by the window, I noticed lying on the piazza a beautiful butterfly, with his gorgeous wings outspread. He was apparently stunned by the cold, as he did not attempt to fly away when I went to pick him up. I brought him into the warm room, when he soon became very lively.

His body is dark brown, covered with fine hairs, which look like feathers when put under a magnifying glass. The wings show all the colors of the rainbow, arranged in the most artistic manner. The wings themselves are transparent, like those of a fly, and the color is given to them by fine scales, which come off very easily. The *antennæ* which grow from each side of the head are black and white.

Although you all have probably seen many butterflies as beautiful as my pet, I don't believe you ever watched one eat, and that is a very interesting process. Dusty Wings alights on my finger and clings to it as if he really loved me. I then put a drop of sugar in front of him. Immediately a long trunk (it is hollow, like an elephant's) unwinds and feels about until it finds the liquid, which gradually disappears; and then Mr. Dusty Wings slowly coils his trunk around and stows it away in a vertical opening in the center of his head. The trunk is so delicate that when it is coiled up, it looks like a fine watch-spring. If he has not had enough, he lets me know by waving this trunk in the air. The first time I fed him, he seemed shy and only ate very little; now he is not at all afraid.

I made him a house with plenty of air-holes, and there he stays most of the time on a warm corner of the mantel. I do not like to let him out very often to fly about, as I am afraid he might be stepped on. If I wear a flower he will crawl up my dress until he comes to it, and there he will stay, showing that he has not forgotten his old life. Yours sincerely, ADA C. ASHFIELD.

TREES THAT RAIN.

MEMPHIS, TENN., January 10, 1886.

DEAR JACK: I thought some of your readers might be able to answer my question.

There had been no rain here for about three weeks: it was in the fall, and our school went to see a tree that had been raining for two or three days; this tree was a sycamore. I saw two more trees that rained. One was a box-elder, and the other an elm. The elm was in the woods. The drops tasted like water, and dried up as quickly.

Can any one explain this to me?

Your constant reader, JULIA S.

All look out, my friends, for raining trees, and report the results of your observations. I 've seen no such instance in my meadow as the one Julia describes. But you all may go searching the groves and the books, and see what you can discover.

SHOOTING STARS.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1886.

DEAR JACK: I frequently have read of shooting stars, but never of anything like this that I saw. About four summers ago, I was staying at a village on Long Island. One evening as I was about to go into the house, I glanced up at the heavens. Myriads of stars were shining brightly, but no moon. As I was looking directly overhead, there was a sudden, intense light, and a star burst into fragments. The pieces slid a short distance and then disappeared, as all shooting stars do. The utter noiselessness of the whole occurrence made it even more impressive and startling. Will

you please ask your readers whether they ever have seen such a thing or read of anything like it?

Yours respectfully, SUSAN A.

COASTING IN AUGUST.

GARDINER, MAINE.

DEAR JACK: I meant to have written to you before, telling how we boys coast in August, as I was reminded of it by reading the story about coasting down the grass-covered hills, in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1885.

Along the Kennebec river are many huge ice-houses. The ice is sent away in big ships in summer. It is raised high in the air and swung on a sloping plank which reaches to the ship's deck. Block after block is dispatched in this way very quickly. We boys used to get pieces of old carpeting and put on the ice. Then each boy would seat himself on a carpet-covered block of ice, and, in something less than a wink, we would find ourselves on the ship. We did this, the boys and I, till our mothers found it out. *Then we stopped.* Your constant reader, JOHN W.

MORE ABOUT TURTLES.

DEAR JACK: I saw some letters about turtles in your department, and so I thought I would write to you about something I noticed. I have a small turtle, and I have seen that the shell scales off in little pieces just the shape of the divisions on its back. It shuts its eyes by raising the lower lid. Has any one else noticed the first peculiarity?

Your reader, W. I. L.

A FISH THAT WEAVES ITS NEST.

MR. C. F. HOLDER, I hear, is to tell you in the June ST. NICHOLAS about some fishes and their young, so this is a good time to show you this letter from my friend Ernest Ingersoll, concerning a fish that weaves its nest.

DEAR JACK: Among the small fishes that inhabit the streams and ditches along the Atlantic coast of the Northern States, is the four-spined stickleback. Like the rest of the sticklebacks, this species makes a nest in which the eggs are deposited. The male fish makes the nest himself and defends it with great spirit. It is about half an inch high and three-eighths of an inch in thickness. It is composed of stalks of water-weeds and small stuff of that kind, bound together by a glutinous thread which the fish spins out from a gland in his body, and which is wound round and round the nest to bind it together. It frequently happens, however, that in poking apart the straws with his nose this living bobbin will pass his body through the nest and back again, thus weaving the thread he reels out into the substance of the nest and sewing it tightly together. Yours truly,

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A CLEVER HUMMING-BIRD.

YOU all remember, I am sure, "Robin's Umbrella," which was described and shown to you from this pulpit two months ago. Now I 'll tell you about the way in which a clever humming-bird shielded her little ones from the rain. There they were, a nestful, and the rain beginning to fall. The people who had watched the nest out of their window were concerned about the young birds, but the mother-bird evidently was prepared for the emergency. Near the nest grew a large leaf,—it was a butternut tree,—and on one side of the nest a small twig stuck out. When the drops began to fall, she came quickly, and with many tugs pulled the leaf over the little nest, for a roof, and hooked it by the twig on the other side, which held it firmly.

Thus the half-feathered babies were kept as dry under their green roof as if their house had been built by a carpenter, like the sparrow-houses all around on the trees.

When the rain was over, the mother came back and unhooked the leaf.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE Audubon Society, of which Jack-in-the-Pulpit informed our readers last month, takes its name from that of the great naturalist J. J. Audubon. It has been established for the purpose of fostering an interest in the protection of wild birds from destruction for millinery and other commercial purposes. The head-quarters of the society are at 40 Park Row, New York City. It invites the cooperation of young folk in every part of the country.

ALL of our readers who are interested in the handiwork of children, will remember Mr. Charles G. Leland's valuable papers concerning Brass-Work and Leather-Work for young folk, published in this magazine, and will be glad to know that ST. NICHOLAS intends to print, before the close of the summer, an illustrated account of the Children's Industrial Exhibition held in New York City last April.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WE have the pleasure of beginning the Letter-Box this month with five letters from the other side of the world. First of all, comes one sent from Clermont, France, by "Georgine and Sybille," whose letter is very charming and welcome even though they *may* not "yet write well English."

CLERMONT, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If this will reach you but we don't know your addres. We have been having very pleasure to read you. We understant it better than much books in English. We think little Lord Fauntleroy very fine. If we tell you a fine tale you will print it? A fine dog lives in the village named Turc, he had hunger so he went to the châlet and pulled the cord with his patte, and when the domestique came she gave him to eat, and Turc goes all the days now and is given to eat. do you not think Turc is very clever? We are very sorry to terminate our letter, but we are fearful it be too long. You will give us very joy to print this. Mamma says we do not yet write well English. "GEORGINE AND SYBILLE."

BOITSFORT, BELGIUM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I receive your paper every month since November, when mother took it for a birthday present to me. I see that many children write to you. Perhaps you will publish my letter because it comes from a little Belgian girl. We live in a pretty place called Boitsfort, quite near Brussels, and quite near the Forêt de Seignes, where we take pleasant rides, I on my pony, my brother and sister on the two donkeys. My brother Louis is nine, my sister Tata is six, and I am eleven. My cousin Helen, who is nineteen, traveled all over America last year with her father, and likes very much your country and the ways of the people there. She brought several papers for children, and we decided that ST. NICHOLAS was the best; that 's why mother gave it me. I hope I too will go once to the United States. Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, yours sincerely,

ALICE SOLVAY.

SAN REMO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some of your readers might like to know what an Italian peasant's house is like. On the ground floor the donkey lives, on the second and third floors the people live, and on the roof the chickens live.

If you wish to go and see them, you have to go up some narrow stairs that are very dark, but when you come out on the roof there is the most beautiful view of the quaint old town, with its red roofs, and the sky and sea. We went to walk to-day, and found violets, blue hyacinths, and daisies growing wild under the olive-trees.

I get my ST. NICHOLAS from London, but I am a little American girl from Cleveland, Ohio. Your loving reader, LILY MAY Z.

POLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at Warsaw in the winter. I am ten years old. I have nine dolls and a King Charles dog, named Beauty, and she has a great antipathy to music. I am Polish, and have been learning English for two years. Mamma takes you for me, and I like your stories much.

I hope this letter is not too long to print. INA KOMAR.

PRINKIPO, SEA OF MARMORA, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you something about my life in Turkey. I am an English girl, about thirteen years of age. I have been living in Turkey for twelve years. In the summer we go to the country, to the Island of Prinkipo, in the Sea of Marmora. It is very small and pretty. We have great fun there in the summer. We go out sailing and rowing. There are a great many donkeys at Prinkipo; we often go out for rides on them. We generally go around the island, so you can imagine how small it is. It takes about one hour to ride around it on donkeys, and about one hour and a half to go around it on foot.

The people here are mostly Greeks. Of course there are some Turks and Armenians. At the back of the island there are the ruins of the monastery of the Greek Empress Irene, who lived a long time ago.

I will tell you a little story about the dogs of this place. In Constantinople and the villages near it, there are a great number of dogs. All these dogs have their own quarters, and quarrel very much with those of other quarters. At San Stephano, about two years ago, some wolves came down from the mountains, and then all these dogs united and chased the wolves right back to the mountains. And then they went home to their quarrels again. What I mean is, that although they had their differences amongst themselves, they were ready to join together against the wolves. I hope my letter will be good enough to interest the other little girls who write to you, and who have never lived in Turkey.

Your interested reader, MURIEL P.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about our performance of your comedy for children, "Dicky Dot and Dotty Dick." We got it up in our Cozy Club. I was stage manager. I am ten years old. My sister Christine was Dotty. She is six. A little boy named Sidney was Dicky. He is six and a half. They both knew their parts perfectly, and did so well that everybody said it was too cute for anything, and I felt very much pleased. We all love ST. NICHOLAS. GERALDINE.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was wishing for you before Christmas, because all the girls at school say you are so interesting. I never had a hope of getting you. But what do you think? On Christmas, to my great surprise, among my presents was a ST. NICHOLAS. I jumped around with glee. I sat down, left all my other presents, and commenced reading you. I am eleven years old. I think the covering of you very pretty. The picture in front is "Apollo, the god of the sun." I am very fond of mythology. Mamma is going to have my ST. NICHOLAS bound when this year is out, and I am going to take you next year. Hoping this letter will be printed, I remain, your devoted reader, ETTA K.

PALISADES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the country, very high up on the Hudson River Palisades. The woods are all about us, and my nurse takes me to the edge of the great cliffs to look down on the shining river, and see the steamers and the lovely white sails far over on Long Island Sound.

We have a baby colt in the pasture with his mamma, whose name is Aniline, because her glossy coat shines in bright tints when the sun strikes it. The colt follows us about like a large dog. Papa has taught him not to be afraid.

At night when it grows dark, and I am undressed for bed, we hear Owen calling the cows, "Here, Dolly! Dolly! Here, Jenny! Jenny! Jenny!"

Then he sits down to milk them, and the three cats all gather around him, watching and waiting for a sip.

The katydids sing a great deal up here, and this is what Mamma has sung to me at bed-time, and you will guess from it, dear ST. NICHOLAS, what my name is:

Out-of-doors the air is full
Of voices small;
List to what they 're talking of,
So busy all:
"Did little Katy do to-day
As she was bid?"
Something hastens to reply,
"Katy did!"
Katy did n't! Katy did;
She did! she did! she did!

Who this morn played in the hay?
Katy did!
Who pulled pussy's tail to-day?
Katy did!
Did she eat all Grandma's cakes?
Katy did n't! Yes, she did!
Did she sometimes make mistakes?
Katy did, she did!

Did she sup on milk and bread?
Katy did;
Did she run away to bed?
Katy did;
Said her prayers at Mamma's knee!
Katy did! Katy did!
And fell asleep! ah, dreary me!
Katy did, she did!
Katy did n't! Katy did!
She did! she did! she did!

FULTON, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you ever since you first started, and I can never tell you how we all love and admire every feature you possess.

I have two brothers and two sisters. My youngest brother is only seven, so you see we will have to take you several years yet.

Papa and Mamma read you almost as much as they read their grown-up magazines.

I live on a farm in the western part of Whiteside County, Illinois, about four miles from the Mississippi. We think it is a beautiful country here with the bluffs, trees, and farming lands on the bottoms. Our picture gallery is all outdoors. From your faithful reader, D. E. H.

WOODMONT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle gave you to me for my birthday present, and I like your pages very much; and I have two other friends that like you very much. I like the story named "Oh, Dear!" very much, and my sister liked the story "Davy and the Goblin." We have a very cunning cat, and we call it Blaine. I hope my letter will be printed, as it is the first one I ever wrote, and I am anxious to see it in the magazine.

Your little reader, AVIS N.

HINGHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written several letters before, but none of them have been printed; but I hope that this one will be. I have a very nice time here in summer. My home is within forty feet of the water. I have a boat, and can row, swim, dive or fish. I am just learning to ride on horseback. In the winter I live in Boston, and I have a governess to teach me algebra, English history, physiology, and the common branches, and I study French and Latin at Mrs. Newhall's. I have taken you for five years. ELAINA T.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In one of your nice magazines last summer, you gave an account of how to make a string house. I thought it would be very nice to make one; so my sister and I tried it. We made it exactly according to the directions; it took us three whole days. We enjoyed reading and playing in it very much. We made a kind of porch in front, so as not to make it look so much like a tent.

We have been taking you ever since 1880, and we like you better than any other book. I think your best stories are, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "From Bach to Wagner."

Hoping you will print my letter, for my sister would not write — (she said you would not print it, but I hope to show her that you will) I remain, Your devoted reader, N. C.

NEW YORK.

DEAR "ST. NICK" (as you are nick-named among us): I have taken you ever since I was a very "small girl," and now, I am sorry to say, I am a very large one of eighteen. I am told that I ought to abandon dear old "ST. NICK" for some "grown-up magazine," and I feel that it is indeed sad to grow old if giving up ST. NICHOLAS is one of the penalties, which I shall take care that it shall not be. I have just fallen in love with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I wish the "small boy" of the present day would copy after him, but I fear that would be too "pretty a state of things." I am afraid to keep on lest I lose the opportunity of seeing myself in print and of boring the readers of the Letter-box; so I shall close to avoid such a calamity. Faithfully yours, "YUM YUM."

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your constant readers, having taken ST. NICHOLAS from the first number, and I do not think that a more interesting magazine for boys and girls can be found. I live in the quaint old Creole City of Nouvelle Orleans, as the Creoles call it. I was born here, and I expect to live here all my life. I do not think that you have any correspondents from New Orleans, at least I have seen none in the Letter-box, so I take the liberty of writing to you. I tell you, dear old ST. NICK, it would do you good to come and see our Carnival here in March; many children are dominoed and masked in fearful and fantastic costumes. Rex, King of the Carnival, enters in grand procession the day before Mardi-Gras, usually coming up the river on a steamboat, gayly decked in bunting. All the military turn out to escort him to the Royal Palace. The artillery battalions salute him on the levee, and then he parades through all the principal streets. Generally there are three night processions — those of Momus, Comus, and Proteus — and they are gorgeous beyond description, and there is one day procession — that of Rex — which is also magnificent; there are also a great many Burlesque organizations — I. O. O. M. (Independent Order of the Moon), and the Phunny Phorty Phellows are the principal ones, I hope you will publish this, as I think it will interest the boy and girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS; it is my first letter. I forgot to say that King Rex also parades the day after his arrival.

Your loving reader, WILLIAM S. P.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wanted to write to you before, to tell you how much I like your stories. In the July number of 1885, there was a story in which the training-ship "New Hampshire" was mentioned. I liked the story very much, because I can see the "New Hampshire" from my window.

I am deeply interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I liked Miss Alcott's Spinning-wheel Stories very much. I hope to see my letter in print. Your constant reader, MAMIE S. W.

COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a ranch in Colorado and I look forward every month with great pleasure for the ST. NICHOLAS. I am going to tell you about a donkey we had once; we hitched him in a sled and tried to make him go, but he would not stir from home; after a little while we succeeded, and when we turned around he went like the wind, so that we could hardly hold him. The same afternoon he ran into a post and broke the sled to pieces.

We have coyotes here, and they kill our sheep. One day I saw the herd running as fast as they could, and what do you think was after them? A horrid coyote, which was so thin that it looked as if it was going to die from hunger. The coyote is not a brave animal; it will sneak around and kill sheep, but it will never fight dogs. This is the first letter I have ever written to a magazine. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I am, ever your friend, IDA R. F.

P. S.— I am eleven years old, and live eleven miles from a school. I have gained my education from reading ST. NICHOLAS, and studying at home.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your February issue, there was a communication concerning "curve-pitching," and a diagram was used to explain why a ball curves in a certain direction.

I beg leave to call attention to what I believe to be a mistake in the explanation. The writer says that the curve must be "toward the retarded side." I think it must be *from* the retarded side: for, the ball while advancing is also revolving in a horizontal plane,—we will say from right to left.

In its rapid flight, the ball condenses the air in front and tends to form a vacuum behind, and the condensed air in front attempts to flow around the sides of the ball to fill the vacuum behind.

Now, in the diagram mentioned, the side B, the rotation of which conspires *with* the motion of translation, resists, by friction, the attempt of the air to flow back; while the side D, in which the motion of rotation is opposite to the motion of translation, offers no resistance to the air in flowing around its side. For that reason the ball meets with most resistance in front of B, and least in front of D. Hence, taking the direction of least resistance, it curves toward D or *from* the side of most resistance.

Very respectfully, ELMER STORR.

"THE FRANKLIN," WASHINGTON, D. C

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how happy you have made me this winter. I am a little Washington girl, only ten years old, and have been spending the winter in Virginia for my health. It was very lonely there; and nothing interested me so much as your stories. The "Brownies" are so funny!

I am writing this from my home in Washington; but I must tell you what a hard time I had to get here. The steamer I was on was caught in a blinding snow-storm, and had to anchor in the Chesapeake Bay a whole day and night. Then, when we got nearly to Baltimore, a tug came to tell us that we could not get into Baltimore for the ice; so the steamer turned around and went back to Annapolis. From there I took the cars to Washington.

Good-bye. Your constant reader, JULIA ROCK.

SEWICKLEY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following verbatim copy of a composition by an eleven-year-old boy will interest some of your readers by its originality. It is without suggestion or correction. W.

DEAR LUNCH BASKET,

Do you like to carry lunch? I like to eat the lunches that you carry; sometimes you have better lunch than other times. I like it the best when you have chicken sallad in. I hope you do not ever take anything out of any other basket. I don't know very much to say to-day. Do you like a dog to carry you? I hope you will all ways have good lunches from this time on. Do you like the jam to run out of the bread on to you. I would not think you would, but I don't know what you would like. Would you rather be a boy?

H. B.

WE heartily thank the young friends whose names here follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Bessie C. Ketchum, "Yum-Yum" and "Ko-Ko," A. M. L., Susie M., Winnie Jackson, Eddie D. Sherlock, Henry W. Armstrong, Jessie Overlin, Herman Nelson Steele, Estelle K. D., Mark Waterman, Bijou J. McKinnon, George A. Root, Catherine H. L'Engle, Bessie M. Rhodes, Rita C. Smith, Fullerton L. Waldo, Emmett Murray, Mabel H. Chase, Elizabeth B. Kelsey, "Bee," Meg R. M., Myra E. Smith, Dorothy E. B., Nattie, Beth and Cherrie, Florence Ames, Maurice S. Sherman, Maud R., Al. Robinson and Stuart Tatum, Mary A. Evans, P. B. Jennings, Herbert Cutting, Katie B. Baird, Georgie King, Clara, Florence and Ada, Constance P. G., Mabel Thompson, Alice Bussing, James G. R. Flemming, Nellie Montgomery, Blanche E. B., Leigh Hodges, "Isabel Conway," Annie R. F., Bertie Byers, Edith I. Benedict, J. A. Bonsteel.



IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE Agassiz Association is now so large, so widely known, and so firmly established, that, in order to protect ourselves from the annoyance of frivolous persons who, taken by the novelty of the idea, seek to join us just for the fun of the thing, and then drop away after a few weeks, we have decided to make the gates of admission swing just a trifle less easily. The following circular will, therefore, be sent hereafter to all who seek admission. It will be seen by every one that its requirements are sufficiently liberal:

"PLEASE READ EVERY WORD CAREFULLY.

"THE Agassiz Association is a Society for the observation of nature. It is composed of 'Chapters,' which, apart from the common name, constitution, and badge, are free to follow their own pursuits under the direction of the President of the A. A. The smallest number recognized as a Chapter is four, but after a branch has once been admitted, and has continued active for six months, it is not then cut off, though its membership should decline below four.

"There is no entrance fee for Chapters, nor any charge for registration, or for the advertising of 'Exchanges' in ST. NICHOLAS. There are no assessments, nor any "dues." The special classes, occasionally conducted by eminent scientists, are freely open to all members. The only necessary expense is 54 cents for the A. A. Hand-book. Engraved charters can be obtained for $1.25 each, as many Chapters and individual members wish them, but there is no obligation to purchase them. As we make no charges, we appreciate generous orders for the little hand-books, whose sales about cover the expenses of our enormous correspondence—usually nearly every member is glad to secure a copy. *Individuals who join us without organizing a Chapter, are charged a fee of 50 cents in addition to the price of the Hand-book.*

"Kindly fill out the inclosed application form and card *(excepting 'No. of Chapter')*, and return them at once. Then, if accepted, the certificate, number, and letter will be sent. It must be made one of your by-laws that your Secretary send to the President a carefully prepared report at least once a year, and should you at any time be compelled to disband, immediate notice must be sent and the charter returned.

"The ST. NICHOLAS magazine is our only official organ, and it should be found on the table of every Chapter; this, however, is not compulsory. In the November, 1885, issue of ST. NICHOLAS, will be found full directions for the annual reports, which are required from every Chapter.

"Badges are no longer to be had from Mr. Hayward, but should be ordered through the President.

"Application for a Charter.

"We, whose names are on the accompanying card, hereby petition to be recognized as a Chapter of the Agassiz Association. We accept the constitution, we agree to the conditions of membership as explained in the circular from which this form has been detached, and we faithfully promise to do our best work in our several branches of study, and in all ways heartily to support and further the interests of the General Association. Respectfully

_____ *Secretary.*

The only new conditions are the agreement to send an annual report, and to send immediate notice, in case of disbanding. Failure to do the latter causes untold confusion throughout the whole Society, as the disbanded Chapters continue, sometimes for years, to be addressed by the active ones.

Notes.

Important as are the proceedings of our Chapters, as set forth in their "reports," they must not be allowed to crowd out the records of personal observation, which we have presented until lately under the heading — "Notes." We suggest, therefore, that all Chapters forward promptly to the President whatever items of interest come to their notice from time to time, without waiting for the formal annual report of the Chapter's progress. The most important results of your observations should also be incorporated in your annual report, as being of quite as much general interest as the condition of your treasury. We intend to devote a large share of this page to these "Notes," during the months of July and August, when no Chapter reports are due.

Reports from the Fourth Century

314, *Lancaster, Pa. (A).* With the Bedford, Pa., Chapter, we have exchanged at least seven thousand crystals of iron pyrites, for minerals, fossils, etc. Our egg, mineral, fossil, and shell cabinets are all pretty well filled with labeled specimens. We now propose to take up Botany, and desire to collect and mount at least four hundred specimens. Until another year has elapsed, we hope to pursue our studies of the myriad mysteries with which nature has surrounded us.— Edw. R. Heitshu.

320, *Peoria, Illinois.* We like geology better than the other sciences. We have several fine localities in which to seek specimens, and we go searching for them whenever we get a chance. We have several fine trilobites, corals, and other fossils. We are very much pleased with the A. A., and are delighted when we read of the good work it has done.—James A. Smith.

339, *Salt Lake City (A).* We are progressing very nicely. At the second or third meeting after our summer vacation, it was announced that the type of a defunct newspaper had come into the possession of one of the members, and it was suggested that the Chapter publish a monthly pamphlet.

The suggestion was carried into effect; two members were elected editors and compositors combined. Friends kindly subscribed, and counting $5 generously given by Dr. E. Evans, enough money was raised to buy a cabinet eight feet high and three and one-half feet wide. We are trying to get a library. Two of us are building large boats to take trips and explore Great Salt Lake. We have questions, two-minute talks, papers, select readings, and criticisms.

We mean to try to make this the most successful year of our existence.— Arthur Webb, Sec.

350, *Neillsville, Wis.* The dawning spring wakens us all. We are planning a trip through Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, which is to last all next winter.— M. F. Bradshaw.

354, *Litchfield, Conn.* Our departments of ornithology and zoology exhibit the best results. Many new specimens have been added, and great improvement has been made in preserving them. The library has been increased.— Lewis B. Woodruff.

355, *North Adams, Mass.* At present we have seventeen active and eleven honorary members. We have questions distributed at each meeting which the members are expected to answer at the following meeting. We try to have at least one good essay each week, and occasionally a lecture. Our cabinet is pretty well filled.— M. Louise Radlo.

365, *Hyde Park, Illinois.* There have been fifteen regular and three special meetings during the past year. September 18, 1885, Mr. John F. Gilchrist was elected president, and Mr. S. D. Flood vice-president of the Chapter. Since March 27, 1885, there have been 125 specimens presented. The total number now in the cabinet is 1000. With the aid of the Board of Education, we have purchased a microscope valued at $100. The literary exercises have consisted, as a rule, of debates on subjects in natural science. — Blanche Longmire, Sec.

374. Three of us have revived our Chapter. We devote ourselves to science instead of arguing parliamentary nonsense, as we used to do. We have come to the conclusion that if we want to apply ourselves to science we must drop parliamentary discussions.

Here is an example of our latest resolutions: "Resolved, That any member who does not do his share in the scientific work, or by unseemly mirth distracts the attention of the meeting, shall, after three reprimands by the president, be expelled from the Chapter."

It is hoped by this and other cast-iron resolutions, to banish levity, and meet together as sober, earnest workers. We 'd rather have three earnest workers than thirty that take no interest — Frank E. Cocks.

378, *Ambler, Pa.* Our Society is now composed of about sixty members, the teachers and scholars of Sunnyside School. We hold



YOUNG NATURALIST CLASSIFYING HER FIRST SPECIMEN:
"*Poly-omma-tus pscu-darg-io-lus!*"— Gracious! if a little one like that has such a dreadful name, how can I ever remember the big ones!"

fortnightly meetings; the exercises consist of referred questions, presentation of specimens, readings, occasional debates, and the reading of the *Sunnyside Naturalist* by the editor. The officers are: Pres., Mary McCann; V. P., Helen Styer; Sec., Carrie A. Lukens; Treas., Anson Smith; Editor, John H. Rex. We seem to be more interested in mineralogy and entomology than in any other branches.—Carrie A. Lukens, Sec.

382, *Brooklyn, N. Y. (F).* This is our fourth year. We have eight active and eight honorary members. Meetings have been held weekly without interruption, except for summer vacations. Geology has been our subject during the greater part of the time. Each year we go a little farther into it. Our collection, while not large, is by

no means a poor one, and our pleasure is enhanced by examination of actual specimens. We have all been benefited by our study, and have now an intelligent general idea of geology. We have received very kind attention from the President of the "Brooklyn Entomological Society," who is an enthusiast in plants and insects. No Chapter is more interested than ours in the growth and success of the entire Association.—D. A. Van Ingen, per B. S.

389, *Pine City, Minn.* We think that keeping live animals is more profitable than only stuffed skins, as we have a live owl, and find it more interesting to watch him than to watch a skull and claws which belonged to another owl. We have, of insects, 987 species; minerals, 110; stuffed birds, 6; animals, 2; heads, 4; skulls, 6; miscellaneous, 20. Total, 1126; and 1018 of them are native in Minnesota.—Ernest L. Stephen.

387, *Baltimore, Md. (E).* After your kind letter the members took courage and determined, under all circumstances, to continue the club. Our greatest difficulty was in securing a place to meet. In our despair we went to the President of our University (Johns Hopkins), who showed great interest in us, yet could not give us a room under his roof. We then decided to store our collection (which amounts to packing them on my own shelves, in the modest little room known in our family as "Ned's Den"), and accept the invitation of one of our young lady members to meet in her study. This we have been doing ever since.—Edward McDowell, for the Secretary.

395, *Montreal (A).* Since the organization of our Chapter on January 5, 1883, a wonderful change has taken place. Then only six individuals met to discuss the advisability of organizing a branch here; to-day we have a large collection and a good attendance at the meetings.

Each session of this branch commences on the first Friday in October of each year and closes about the 15th of June of the following year. In this period we usually hold eighteen regular meetings. So far this session, we have had six regular meetings at which a number of excellent papers have been read; among them might be mentioned the following: Origin of Life, by Rev. E. King, M. A.; two papers on Botany, by H. McAdam, Esq.; New and Variable Stars, by W. H. Smith, Esq., President of the Astro-Meteorological Association; Our Insect Friends and Insect Foes, by Rev. T. W. Fyles; Electricity, by Prof. J. T. Donald, B. A.; and Health, its Importance and its Laws, by Dr. Desrosiers, M. D. These papers were fully illustrated with diagrams, specimens, and experiments.

Our collection is steadily increasing, and numbers about 7000 specimens at present, neatly arranged in ninety-two drawers contained in two large cabinets, and an upright glass case, which latter contains the mounted birds and mammals. Our little library, which contains only scientific publications, is nicely arranged in a book-case for the purpose. It includes about 150 volumes and many pamphlets unbound.

One very encouraging feature in our work has been that many of our young people who previously took but little interest in the study of nature have now gained a liking for the study, and a number have made private collections and are carefully studying the different forms in which they are specially interested. One member has carefully studied the life history of *H. luna*, one of our large *bombyces*, while another has been studying the flora of the Island of Montreal, and another is devoting his time to chemistry. This latter subject has been acknowledged by many of the members to be the fundamental and most fascinating study, and the one most elevating to the mind, as it can not fail to lead a student from nature to nature's God, and I confidently believe the science which tends towards that is the study which will eventually take first place in the scientific world.—W. D. Shaw, Secretary, 34 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada; Thos. Patton, Pres.

398, *Roseville, N. J.* Our Chapter has been divided into four sections, each having its own Chapter, and in turn instructing the club on its special subject. We have purchased a few standard books, a book-case, and a very handsome cabinet, which we have nearly filled with fine specimens. The leading events of the season have been a social party, and a debate on the comparative utility of wood and iron. We will never say die.—Sara Darrach, Secretary.

400, *Fargo, Dakota.* We have rented a fine suite of rooms. We have eighteen members, and the prospect of as many more. We have a cabinet full of specimens, and are prepared to exchange minerals, shells, Indian relics, etc., with other chapters. We are settled now, and are doing good hard work. With best wishes for yourself and the A. A.—Frank Brown, Sec. Box 1769.

Delayed Reports.

262, *Denver (B).* It has been a long time since any report has been made by this Chapter, and we have been so far separated that we could not do much for the A. A.; but we hope to do better in the future. About one-half the members have been living in the East for two years, while the rest of us were here. We were united a little over a year ago, and since then there has been a great deal of sickness among us, ending disastrously; but for all that, we have had quite a mass of correspondence with other Chapters in all parts of the country, and have also done some exchanging of specimens which has resulted very favorably for us, and, we think, for those to whom we have sent specimens. We have now a very nice cabinet, well filled with specimens which we value very highly, and we shall soon have to get another, as we have room for no more specimens. We hope to do some good work in the future in mineralogy, which is our particular branch of study.—Ernest L. Roberts, Sec. Box 2272.

295, *Boonville, N. Y.* Our Chapter ran down for a long time, but a few months ago we started it anew and in earnest.

We now have seven active members, and two honorary. We expect more to join at our next meeting. We meet once a week at the houses of members.

Not long ago we went to see an old geologist's cabinet of specimens. He has a great many. He said when he first commenced collecting he lived in an old log-house, and his first cabinet was a log split in two, with a board, that was used for a walk to the spring, nailed on it. If all the members of our Chapter were half as earnest to collect and preserve specimens as he was, we should have some lively times.—W. S. Johnson, Sec.

An Invitation.

The New England Meteorological Society invites the assistance of members of the Agassiz Association in New England and Eastern New York, in the observation of thunder-storms during the summer months. Records are wanted of the time of the beginning of rain and of the loudest thunder for every thunderstorm in all parts of New England. More complete records, giving temperature and direction of wind are welcomed from those who will make them. Instructions and blanks will be furnished, on application to

W. M. Davis, Sec. N. E. M. S.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Exchanges.

Minerals, curiosities, and fossils, for same. Send for list. E. G. Conde, Schenectady, N. Y. (Sec. 891).

Pressed orange-blossoms, orange-wood, Japan plum-wood, fig-wood, Florida moss and other Southern curiosities, for labeled bird-skins, eggs, or nests. Write first.—Percy S. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles Street, New Orleans, La.

Cocoons of the *Cecropia* and *Promethea* moths, for cocoons of other moths.—3646 Vincennes Av., Chicago, Ill.

Pressed flowers.—Miss Alice Grass, Sec. 323, Bryan, Ohio.

First-class bird-skins, for Southern skins or eggs. Write first.—L. M. Davies, 203 Newell St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Botanical specimens, for same. Send lists.—Theo. Kellogg, De Pere, Wis.

New Chapters.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
950	Swarthmore, Pa. (A)	8	Maria W. Flagg.
951	Cleveland, O. (E)	4	L. M. Davies, 203 Newell St.
952	West Troy, N. Y. (A)	13	Geo. F. P. Michaelis, Watervliet Arsenal.
953	La Porte, Ind. (C)	5	Mrs. A. C. Loomis, Box 1069.
954	Copenhagen, N. Y. (A)	5	L. L. Lewis, Box 174.
955	Ridgefield, Conn. (A)	5	Roger C. Adams.
956	Alleghany, Pa. (B)	5	A. D. Roessing, W. P. R. R. Depot.

Dissolved.

412	Syracuse, N. Y. (C)		B. Burrett Nash.
165	Plymouth, Conn (A)	4	W. C. Talmadge.
390	Chester, Mass. (A)		W. J. Stanton.

Reorganized.

597	Lawrence, Kansas (B)	4	F. L. Wemple, 1109 Tenn. St.
323	Bryan, Ohio (A)	8	Miss Alice Grass.

Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.,

Mr. Harlan H. Ballard,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the third number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from E Muriel Grundy, England, 9 — No name, Warrington, England, 9 — A. H. Jameson, Accrington, England, 1 — Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 10 —

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from "Clifford and Coco" — Maud E. Palmer — Paul Reese — Maud and Bessie — Xylo — Madge and the "Dominie" — No name — Quincy — Sallie Viles — "Pepper and Maria" — "Baby, Bobby, and Booby" — J. P. B. — "San Anselmo Valley" — Josie Martin — Dwight Merrill — "Blithedale" — "Betsy Trotwood" — May and Philip — Philip and Bobbie Faulkner — "Savoir et Sagesse" — Bertha Gerhard — Nellie and Reggie — "Mohawk Valley" — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — "R. U. Pert" — E H — Lulu May — "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 2" — "Frying-pan" — Francis W. Islip — Hazel and Laurel — M. Margaret and E. Muriel Grundy — "Young England" —

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before MARCH 20, from W. Young, 2 — E. Routh, 1 — Blanche and Fred, 8 — E. H. Rossiter, 1 — G. Roome, 1 — D. Dean, 1 — B B., 1 — F. C. Barber, 2 — "The Crew," 1 — J. R. Smith, 1 — A. and B. Knox, 8 — G. Gardner, 1 — V. F. Hunt, 1 — F. Althans, 1 — Nanki-Pooh, 2 — R. E. Olwine, 2 — "Dazee," 3 — G. M. Bond, 1 — J. A. Bonsted, 1 — F. and M. Mellen, 1 — W. W. Q., 1 — J. J. E., 1 — M L. Hayward, 1 — R. L. Foering, 1 — A. G. and E B. Converse, 1 — J. H. Laycock, 1 — W. H. Stuart, 1 — N. McK., 1 — L. Simmons, 1 — B. B Witherspoon, 2 — Hilda and Laura, 1 — E. L. Du Puy, 1 — Mollie Ludlow, 8 — "Damon and Pythias," 1 — "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 4 — E. De B. Wickersham, 3 — M. E. Breed, 1 — Howard and Nickie, 2 — F. E. Bond, 1 — Agnes E. Grunsbine, 2 — "Tourmaline," 2 — W. K. Cornwell, 3 — Ned Mitchell, 3 — "February and June," 8 — M. G. Fiero, 3 — W. R. M., 8 — J. Moses, 1 — Edith Neil and Mamma, 8 — S. and F. Guttman, 5 — G. T. Hughes, 2 — Lizinka C. B., 1 — L. Reeves, 6 — Francesca and Co., 8 — E. C. Bliss, 1 — S. Hubbell, 3 — Mamie R., 7 — J. R. Holme, Jr., 1 — L. A. Hosford, 1 — Walter La Bar, 8 — Eleanor, Maude and Louise Peart, 5 — Two Cousins, 8 — Dash, 8 — Harry A. Bull, 6 — F. M. Wickes, 3 — Becky and Floy, 2 — Emma St. C. Whitney, 4 — Fannie and Louise, 6 — N. L. Howes, 2 — "Zemie and Felice," 6 — "Anonymous," 2 — C. D. Mason, 2 — Fred T. Pierce, 4 — J. H. Miller, 1 — L. H. Adams, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — E. H. Seward, 6 — A. W. Lindsay, 6 — A. and E. Pendleton, 8 — C. S. Seaver and A. M. Young, 8 — Lucia C. Bradley, 8 — "Jack Spratt," 4 — "Theo. Ther," 8 — Annette Fiske, 8 — C. and H. Condit, 8 — Belle and Bertha Murdock, 7 — "Jabberwock," 8 — T. Gutman, 4 — R. Lloyd, 6 — L. Rice, 1 — L. L. Lee, 1 — Morris, 1 — Lillie, Olive, and Ida G., 6 — Aunt C. Avis, and G. S. Davenport, 7 — J. A. Keeler, 3 — Jessie D., 8 — Oscar and Rosa, 4 — A. R. Pabst, 3 — H B. Weil, 2 — B T. Dixon, 1 — "Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prig," 8 — Jo and I, 8 — Alice Crawford, 1 — No Name, Norfolk, 7 — Mamma and Pearl, 4 — C. Holbrook, 1 — Mamma and Fanny, 8 — Seb and Barn, 8 — Pygro, — One Little Maid, 1 — E. Rossiter, 1 — M. L. G., 6 — F. D., 6 — Daisy and Mabel, 8 — "Dolly Varden," 4 — No name, Warrington, 5.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. The name of a large country. 2. The central part of an amphitheater. 3. Tidy. 4. An insect. 5. Two-thirds of a bird. 6 A vowel.

"SAMBO."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A vessel with one mast. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A fungus growth found on rye. 4. Serving to inspire fear. 5. Of a yellowish red color.

DOWNWARD: 1. In yesterday. 2. An exclamation. 3. Mineral. 4. An imaginary monster. 5. Serving-boys. 6. A girl's name. 7. A common, whitish metal. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. In yesterday.

H. H. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in branch, but not in tree;
My second in land, but not in sea;
My third is in orange, but not in seed;
My fourth is in plants, but not in weed;
My fifth is in first, but not in third;
My sixth is in mouse, but not in bird;
My seventh in smile, but not in pout;
My whole the world would look lonely without.

JULIA BRYANT H.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In plans. 2. The fine soft hair of certain animals. 3. Prices of passage. 4. An early dissenter from the Church of England. 5. To furnish with a new point. 6. The juice of plants. 7. In plans.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In plans. 2. Marsh. 3. A character in "Oliver Twist." 4. Africans. 5. The daughter of Tantalus. 6. Born. 7. In plans.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In plans. 2. An inclosure. 3. Pertaining to the puma. 4. The goddess of retribution. 5. Pertaining to a feature of the face. 6. Nothing. 7. In plans.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In plans. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A short staff. 4. Irritates. 5. A Latin word signifying "to be unwilling." 6. Born. 7. In plans.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In plans. 2. To permit. 3. Of a lead color. 4. More than two. 5. Weary. 6. A name by which a father is sometimes called. 7. In plans.

"SANDY-SIDE."

"DIAMOND" PUZZLE.



FROM the objects shown in the diamond, construct a "double diamond." (One that will read differently across and up and down.) The two central words are shown in the center of the diamond.

BURIED CITIES.

1. THE month of October never is very cold. 2. She would as lief scrub as learn a hard lesson. 3. There was an iceberg engraved on the silver pitcher. 4. You must quit overworking or you will be ill, no doubt. 5. He knew her at once, by her peculiar gait. 6. Can you command a layman to do what is the pastor's work? 7. I love nice wicker-work. 8. The convicts are all sombre men, I should say, when they do such heavy work.

"LOU C. LEE."

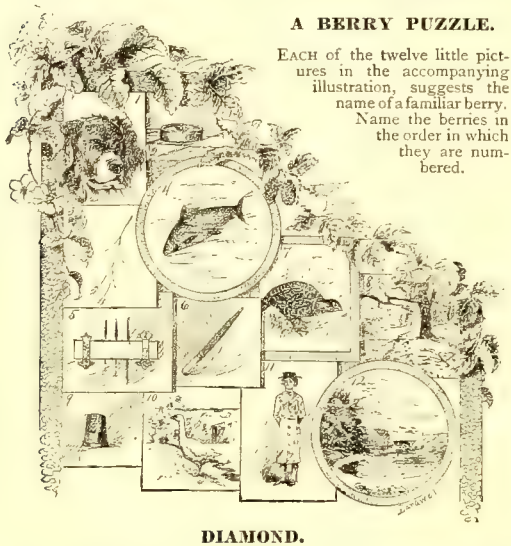
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the Christian name, and my finals the surname of a great and good man, who was born in June, and who died in June. He was connected with a famous English school.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. The muse who presides over comedy. 2. Excessive fear. 3. The king of the fairies. 4. A popular operetta. 5. Belonging to the stars. 6. A famous sailor.

"TALLY-HO."

A BERRY PUZZLE.



Each of the twelve little pictures in the accompanying illustration, suggests the name of a familiar berry. Name the berries in the order in which they are numbered.

DIAMOND.

1. In redstart. 2. A meadow. 3. A caterpillar. 4. A snake. 5. To turn aside. 6. An insect. 7. In redstart.

STANLEY W. MERRELL.

PI.

Ni Jeun 't si dogo ot eli hatbeen a teer
Wheil eth thileb nesaso trosmocf veeyr neses,
Stepse lal eth nabir ni stre, dan sheal eth thear,
Grimminb ti o're hwit tensweses sawaruen.
Gantfrar dan estnil sa atht syro nows,
Wntewheh eth tyingpi papel eter fiils pu,
Dan edentryl nesil soem stal-eary birno's tens.

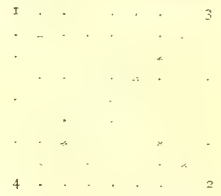
BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a narrow piece of woven fabric and leave a quadrumanous animal. 2. Behead a coarse file and leave a poisonous serpent. 3. Behead an image or representation and leave to peruse. 4. Behead a small, pointed piece of metal and leave to be indisposed. 5. Behead a Mohammedan prince and leave a person. 6. Behead current and leave a small fish. 7. Behead to throw or cast and leave to terminate.

The beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of a Sunday which comes in June.

"XYLO."

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.



Across: 1. Consuming by degrees. 2. A certain time of one's life. 3. By degrees. 4. Daring. 5. One who chaffers. 6. Displayed. 7. Contrition. 8. The science of sounds. 9. Formerly much used in making furniture.

The diagonals from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, each name a little song bird.

GILBERT FORREST.

CHARADE.

My *first*, a happy youngster,
Went forth one summer's day,—
My *second* he was seeking,
For he was fond of play.
And quoth he, somewhat sagely,
"I 've not a single sou
To buy my *whole*, so, really,
I 'll have to make these do."
He found the magic number;
Then down the road he went
To join his merry playmates,
On game of *whole* intent.

M. C. D.

METAMORPHOSES.

The problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change APE to MAN in eight moves. 2. Change OARS to BOAT in eight moves. 3. Change LEAD to GOLD in six moves. 4. Change WARM to COLD in five moves. 5. Change ONE to TWO in eight moves. 6. Change AGE to GAS in seven moves.

"OLD CARTHUSIAN" and F. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

Mother Goose Puzzle.

Hark, hark! The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gown.

Numerical Enigma. A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
— *Love's Labor Lost*, Act. v., Sc. 2.

Pi. At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!" *Henry Timrod.*

Central Acrostic. Rowena. 1. sh-O-ne. 2. sh-E-ll. 3. to-W-er. 4. cr-A-te. 5. pa-R-ry. 6. pa-N-ic.

Greek Cross. Upper Square: 1. Start. 2. Tabor. 3. Above. 4. Roves. 5. Tress. Left-hand Square: 1. Tract. 2. Rumor. 3. Ample. 4. Coles. 5. Tress. Central Square: 1. Tress. 2. Raven. 3. Evade. 4. Sedge. 5. Sneer. Right-hand Square: 1. Sneer. 2. Noble. 3. Ebbed. 4. Elegy. 5. Redye. Lower Square: 1. Sneer. 2. Nacre. 3. Eclat. 4. Erato. 5. Retop.

Triple Acrostic. Primals, centrals, and finals, mist-rust-less. Across: 1. MonaRchaL. 2. IntrUsivE. 3. SpinSterS. 4. TrusTlesS.

Inverted Pyramid. Across: 1. Dimension. 2. Devours. 3. Nitre. 4. Lee. 5. D.

Connected Squares: Centrals, downward, house-w-right; centrals, across, heart-w-heels. I. 1. Echos. 2. Croup. 3. House. 4. Ousel. 5. Spell. II. 1. Ashes. 2. Siege. 3. Heart. 4. Egret. 5. Setto. III. 1. Pshaw. 2. Stela. 3. Heels. 4. Allot. 5. Waste. IV. 1. Carom. 2. Amice. 3. Right. 4. Ochre. 5. Meter.

Final Acrostic. Finals, Plantagenet. Cross-words: 1. shrimP. 2. symboL. 3. salviA. 4. spraiN. 5. spiriT. 6. siestA. 7. sprinG. 8. simplE. 9. straiN. 10. satirE. 11. straiT.

Word-Squares in Diamonds. I. 1. S. 2. Pat. 3. Sates. 4. Tea. 5. S. II. 1. F. 2. Tap. 3. Fares. 4. Pen. 5. S. III. 1. F. 2. Baa. 3. Fairy. 4 Art. 5 Y.

Decoration Day Puzzle.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

Hour-glass. Centrals, Cleveland; Cross-words: 1. deliCious. 2. sheLlac. 3. fiEnd. 4. EVa. 5. E. 6. iLl. 7. meAns. 8. misName. 9. overDoses.

Word-square. 1. Anna. 2. Near. 3. Name. 4. Area.



LA FAYETTE AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIII. JULY, 1886. NO. 9.

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LA FAYETTE.

BY MRS. EUGENIA M. HODGE.

ONE hundred and nine years ago, in the month of February, 1777, a young French guardsman ran away to sea.

And a most singular running away it was. He did not wish to be a sailor, but he was so anxious to go that he bought a ship to run away in,— for he was a very wealthy young man; and though he was only nineteen, he held a commission as major-general in the armies of a land three thousand miles away — a land he had never seen and the language of which he could not speak. The King of France commanded him to remain at home; his friends and relatives tried to restrain him; and even the representatives, or agents, of the country in defense of which he desired to fight would not encourage his purpose. And when the young man, while dining at the house of the British Ambassador to France, openly avowed his sympathy with a downtrodden people, and his determination to help them gain their freedom, the Ambassador acted quickly. At his request, the rash young enthusiast was arrested by the French Government, and orders were given to seize his ship, which was awaiting him at Bordeaux. But ship and owner both slipped away, and sailing from the port of Pasajes in Spain, the runaway, with eleven chosen companions, was soon on the sea, bound for America, and beyond the reach of both friends and foes.

On April 25, 1777, he landed at the little port of Georgetown, at the mouth of the Great Pee Dee river in South Carolina; and from that day forward the career of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, has held a place in the history of America, and in the interest and affection of the American people.

When he first arrived in the land for which he desired to fight, however, he found but a cool reception. The Congress of the United States was poor, and so many good and brave American officers who had proved their worth were desirous of commissions as major-generals, that the commission promised to this young Frenchman could not easily be put in force so far as an actual command and a salary were concerned.

But the young general had come across the sea for a purpose, and money and position were not parts of that purpose. He expressed his desire to serve in the American army upon two very singular conditions, namely: that he should receive no pay, and that he should act as a volunteer. The Congress was so impressed with the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of the young Frenchman that, on July 31, 1777, it passed a resolution directing that "his services be accepted and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connections, he have the rank and commission of a Major-General of the United States."

General Washington was greatly attracted by the energy and earnestness of the young nobleman. He took him into what was called his "military family," assigned him to special and honorable duty; and when the young volunteer was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, the Commander-in-Chief praised his "bravery and military ardor" so highly that the Congress gave

La Fayette the command of a division. Thus, before he was twenty, he was actually a general, and already, as one historian says, he had "justified the boyish rashness which his friends deplored and his sovereign resented, and had acquired a place in history."

Notwithstanding General Washington's assertion to Congress that La Fayette had made "great proficiency in our language," the young marquis's pronunciation of English was far from perfect. French, Spanish, and Italian were all familiar to



STATUE OF LA FAYETTE BY A. BARTHOLDI,—UNION SQUARE, NEW-YORK CITY.

him, but his English was not readily understood by the men he was called upon to command. It was therefore necessary to find as his aid-de-camp one who could quickly interpret the orders of his commanding officer.

Such an aid was at last found in the person of a certain young Connecticut adjutant on the regimental staff of dashing Brigadier-General Wayne.—"Mad Anthony" Wayne, the hero of Stony Point.

This young adjutant was of almost the same age as Lafayette; he had received, what was rare enough in those old days, an excellent college education, and he was said to be the only man in the American army who could speak French and English equally well.

These young men, General La Fayette and his aid, grew very fond of each other during an intimate acquaintance of nearly seven years. The French marquis, with that overflow of spirits and outward demonstration so noticeable in most Frenchmen, freely showed his affection for the more reserved American—often throwing his arms around his neck, kissing him upon the cheek and calling him "My brave, my good, my virtuous, my adopted brother!"

After the battle of Monmouth, which occurred on June 28, 1778, and in which La Fayette's command was engaged against the British forces, who were routed, the marquis was enthusiastic in praise of the gallant conduct of his friend and aid. Not content with this, he sent to him some years after, when the aid-de-camp, then a colonel in rank, was elected to political honors, the following acrostic, as a souvenir, expressive of the esteem and remembrance of his former commander. The initial letters of each line of the poem will spell out for you the name of this soldier friend of La Fayette. And here is an exact copy of the acrostic and of the postscript that accompanied it:

Sage of the East! where wisdom rears her head,
Augustus, taught in virtue's path to tread,
'Mid thousands of his race, elected stands
Unanimous to legislative bands;
Endowed with every art to frame just laws,
Learns to hate vice, to virtue gives applause.

Augustus, oh, thy name that 's ever dear
Unrivaled stands to crown each passing year!
Great are the virtues that exalt thy mind.
Unenvied merit marks thy worth refined.
Sincerely rigid for your country's right,
To save her Liberty you deigned to fight;
Undaunted courage graced your manly brow,
Secured such honors as the gods endow.—

Bright is the page; the record of thy days
Attracts my muse thus to rehearse thy praise.
Rejoice then, patriots, statesmen, all rejoice!
Kindle his praises with one general voice!
Emblazon out his deeds, his virtues prize,
Reiterate his praises to the skies!

M. D. LA FAYETTE.

P. S.—The Colonel will readily apologize for the inaccuracies of an unskillful muse, and be convinced the high estimation of his amiable character could alone actuate the author of the foregoing.

M. D. LA FAYETTE.

So the name of the young general's friend and aid-de-camp was Samuel Augustus Barker.

Years passed. The Revolution was over. America was free. The French Revolution, with all its horrors and successes, had made France a republic. Napoleon had risen, conquered, ruled,

fallen, and died, and the first quarter of the nineteenth century was nearly completed, when, in August, 1824, an old French gentleman who had been an active participant in several of these historic scenes arrived in New York. It was General the Marquis de La Fayette, now a veteran of nearly seventy, returning to America as the honored guest of the growing and prosperous republic he had helped to found.

His journey through the land was like a triumph. Flowers and decorations brightened his path, cheering people and booming cannon welcomed his approach. And in one of those welcomings, in a little village in Central New York, a cannon, which was heavily loaded for a salute in honor of the nation's guest, exploded, and killed a plucky young fellow who had volunteered to "touch off" the overcharged gun when no one else dared. Some months after, the old marquis chanced to hear of the tragedy, and at once his sympathies were aroused for the widowed mother of the young man.

He at once wrote to the son of the man who had been his comrade in arms in the revolutionary days half a century before, asking full information concerning the fatal accident, and the needs of the mother of the poor young man who was killed; and having thus learned all the facts, sent the sum of one thousand dollars to relieve the mother's necessities and to pay off the mortgage on her little home.

I have before me, as I write, the original letter written by the General to the son of his old friend, the paper marked and yellow with the creases of sixty years; and as I read it again, I feel that of all the incidents of the singularly eventful life of La Fayette there are none that show his noble nature more fully than those I have noted here: his enthusiastic services in behalf of an oppressed people, his close and devoted affection for his friend and comrade, and the impulsive generosity of a heart that was at once manly, tender, and true.

And as I write, I am grateful that I can claim a certain association with that honored name of La Fayette; for the young adjutant to whom the acrostic was addressed and the friend through whom the gift to the widow was communicated were respectively my grandfather and my father.

It is at least pleasant to know that one's ancestors were the intimate friends of so noble a man, of whom one biographer has recently said: "He was brave even to rashness, his life was one of constant peril, and yet he never shrank from any danger or responsibility if he saw the way open to spare life or suffering, to protect the defenseless, to sustain law and preserve order."

At the southern extremity of Union Square, in the city of New York, there is a bronze statue of La Fayette. As you have already been told in ST. NICHOLAS, it represents him in graceful pose and with earnest face and gesture, "making offer of his sword to the country he admired — the country that sorely needed his aid. The left hand is extended as if in greeting and friendly self-surrender, and the right hand, which holds the sword, is pressed against the breast, as if implying that his whole heart goes with his sword." Lafayette's words, "As soon as I heard of American independence, my heart was enlisted," are inscribed upon the pedestal of the statue; and a short distance from it, in the plaza adjoining the square, is an equestrian statue of Washington. It is fitting that the bronze images of those two great men should thus be placed together, as the names of Washington and La Fayette are forever coupled in the history and in the affections of the American people.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE meadow is a battle-field
Where Summer's army comes:
Each soldier with a clover shield,
The honey-bees with drums.
Boom, rat-tá!—they march and pass
The captain tree who stands
Saluting with a sword of grass
And giving the commands.

'T is only when the breezes blow
Across the woody hills,
They shoulder arms and, to and fro,
March in their full-dress drills.
Boom, rat-tá!—they wheel in line
And wave their gleaming spears.
"March!" cries the captain, giving sign,
And every soldier cheers.

But when the day is growing dim
They gather in their camps,
And sing a good thanksgiving hymn
Around their fire-fly lamps.
Ra-ta-tá!—the bugle-notes
Call "good-night!" to the sky.—
I hope they all have overcoats
To keep them warm and dry!

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Chapter X.

THE truth was that Mrs. Errol had found a great many sad things in the course of her work among the poor of the little village that appeared so picturesque when it was seen from the moor-sides. Everything was not as picturesque, when seen near by, as it looked from a distance. She had found idleness and poverty and ignorance where there should have been comfort and industry. And she had discovered, after a while, that Erleboro was considered to be the worst village in that part of the country. Mr. Mordaunt had told her a great many of his difficulties and discouragements, and she had found out a great deal by herself. The agents who had managed the property had always been chosen to please the Earl, and had cared nothing for the degradation and wretchedness of the poor tenants. Many things, therefore, had been neglected which should have been attended to, and matters had gone from bad to worse.

As to Earl's Court, it was a disgrace, with its dilapidated houses and miserable, careless, sickly people. When first Mrs. Errol went to the place, it made her shudder. Such ugliness and slovenliness and want seemed worse in a country place than in a city. It seemed as if there it might be helped. And as she looked at the squalid, uncared-for children growing up in the midst of vice and brutal indifference, she thought of her own little boy spending his days in the great, splendid castle, guarded and served like a young prince, having no wish ungratified, and knowing nothing but luxury and ease and beauty. And a bold thought came into her wise little mother-heart. Gradually she had begun to see, as had others, that it had been her boy's good fortune to please the Earl very much, and that he would scarcely be likely to be denied anything for which he expressed a desire.

"The Earl would give him anything," she said to Mr. Mordaunt. "He would indulge his every whim. Why should not that indulgence be used for the good of others? It is for me to see that this shall come to pass."

She knew she could trust the kind, childish heart; so she told the little fellow the story of Earl's Court, feeling sure that he would speak of it to his grandfather, and hoping that some good results would follow.

And strange as it appeared to every one, good results did follow. The fact was that the strongest power to influence the Earl was his grandson's perfect confidence in him—the fact that Cedric always believed that his grandfather was going to do what was right and generous. He could not quite make up his mind to let him discover that he had no inclination to be generous at all, and that he wanted his own way on all occasions, whether it was right or wrong. It was such a novelty to be regarded with admiration as a benefactor of the entire human race, and the soul of nobility, that he did not enjoy the idea of looking into the affectionate brown eyes, and saying: "I am a violent, selfish old rascal; I never did a generous thing in my life, and I don't care about Earl's Court or the poor people"—or something which would amount to the same thing. He actually had learned to be fond enough of that small boy with the mop of yellow love-locks, to feel that he himself would prefer to be guilty of an amiable action now and then. And so—though he laughed at himself—after some reflection, he sent for Newick, and had quite a long interview with him on the subject of the Court, and it was decided that the wretched hovels should be pulled down and new houses should be built.

"It is Lord Fauntleroy who insists on it," he said dryly; "he thinks it will improve the property. You can tell the tenants that it 's his idea." And he looked down at his small lordship, who was lying on the hearth-rug playing with Dougal. The great dog was the lad's constant companion, and followed him about everywhere, stalking solemnly after him when he walked, and trotting majestically behind when he rode or drove.

Of course, both the country people and the town people heard of the proposed improvement. At first, many of them would not believe it; but when a small army of workmen arrived and commenced pulling down the crazy, squalid cottages, people began to understand that little Lord Fauntleroy had done them a good turn again, and that through his innocent interference the scandal of Earl's Court had at last been removed. If he had only known how they talked about him and praised him everywhere, and prophesied great things for him when he grew up, how astonished he would have been! But he never suspected it. He lived

his simple, happy child life,—frolicking about in the park; chasing the rabbits to their burrows; lying under the trees on the grass, or on the rug in the library, reading wonderful books and talking to the Earl about them, and then telling the stories again to his mother; writing long letters to Dick and Mr. Hobbs, who responded in characteristic fashion; riding out at his grandfather's side, or with Wilkins as escort. As they rode through the market town, he used to see the people turn and look, and he noticed that as they lifted their



"THE WORKMEN LIKED TO SEE HIM STAND AMONG THEM, TALKING AWAY, WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS."

hats their faces often brightened very much, but he thought it was all because his grandfather was with him.

"They are so fond of you," he once said, looking up at his lordship with a bright smile. "Do you see how glad they are when they see you? I hope they will some day be as fond of me. It must be nice to have *every*body like you." And he felt quite proud to be the grandson of so greatly admired and beloved an individual.

When the cottages were being built, the lad and his grandfather used to ride over to Earl's Court together to look at them, and Fauntleroy was full of interest. He would dismount from his pony and go and make acquaintance with the workman, asking them questions about building and bricklaying, and telling them things about America. After two or three such conversations, he was able to enlighten the Earl on the subject of brickmaking, as they rode home.

"I always like to know about things like those," he said, "because you never know what you are coming to."

When he left them, the workmen used to talk him over among themselves, and laugh at his odd, innocent speeches; but they liked him, and liked to see him stand among them, talking away, with his hands in his pockets, his hat pushed back on his curls, and his small face full of eagerness. "He 's a rare un," they used to say. "An' a woise little outspoken chap too. Not much o' th' bad stock in him." And they would go home and tell their wives about him, and the women would tell each other, and so it came about that almost every one talked of, or knew some story of, little Lord Fauntleroy; and gradually almost every one knew that the "wicked Earl" had found something he cared for at last—something which had touched and even warmed his hard, bitter old heart.

But no one knew quite how much it had been warmed, and how day by day the old man found himself caring more and more for the child, who was the only creature that had ever trusted him. He found himself looking forward to the time when Cedric would be a young man, strong and beautiful, with life all before him, but having still that kind heart and the power to make friends everywhere; and the Earl wondered what the lad would do, and how he would use his gifts. Often as he watched the little fellow lying upon the hearth, conning some big book, the light shining on the bright young head, his old eyes would gleam and his cheek would flush.

"The boy can do anything," he would say to himself, "anything!"

He never spoke to any one else of his feeling for Cedric; when he spoke of him to others it was always with the same grim smile. But Fauntleroy soon knew that his grandfather loved him and always liked him to be near—near to his chair if they were in the library, opposite to him at table, or by his side when he rode or drove or took his evening walk on the broad terrace.

"Do you remember," Cedric said once, looking up from his book as he lay on the rug, "do you remember what I said to you that first night about our being good companions? I don't think any people could be better companions than we are, do you?"

"We are pretty good companions, I should say," replied his lordship. "Come here."

Fauntleroy scrambled up and went to him.

"Is there anything you want," the Earl asked; "anything you have not?"

The little fellow's brown eyes fixed themselves on his grandfather with a rather wistful look.

"Only one thing," he answered.

"What is that?" inquired the Earl.

Fauntleroy was silent a second. He had not thought matters over to himself so long for nothing.

"What is it?" my lord repeated.

Fauntleroy answered.

"It is Dearest," he said.

The old Earl winced a little.

"But you see her almost every day," he said. "Is not that enough?"

"I used to see her all the time," said Fauntleroy. "She used to kiss me when I went to sleep at night, and in the morning she was always there, and we could tell each other things without waiting."

The old eyes and the young ones looked into each other through a moment of silence. Then the Earl knitted his brows.

"Do you *never* forget about your mother?" he said.

"No," answered Fauntleroy, "never; and she never forgets about me. I should n't forget about *you*, you know, if I didn't live with you. I should think about you all the more."

"Upon my word," said the Earl, after looking at him a moment longer, "I believe you would!"

The jealous pang that came when the boy spoke so of his mother seemed even stronger than it had been before—it was stronger because of this old man's increasing affection for the boy.

But it was not long before he had other pangs, so much harder to face that he almost forgot, for the time, he had ever hated his son's wife at all. And in a strange and startling way it happened. One evening, just before the Earl's Court cottages were completed, there was a grand dinner party at Dorincourt. There had not been such a party at the Castle for a long time. A few days before it took place, Sir Harry Lorridaile and Lady Lorridaile, who was the Earl's only sister, actually came for a visit—a thing which caused the greatest excitement in the village and set Mrs. Dibble's shop-bell tingling madly again, because it was well known that Lady Lorridaile had only been to Dorincourt once since her marriage, thirty-five years before. She was a handsome old lady with white curls and dimpled, peachy cheeks, and she was as good as gold, but she had never approved of her brother any more than did the rest of the world, and having a strong will of her own and not being at all afraid to speak her mind frankly, she had, after several lively quarrels with his lordship, seen very little of him since her young days.

She had heard a great deal of him that was not pleasant through the years in which they had been separated. She had heard about his neglect of his wife, and of the poor lady's death; and of his indifference to his children; and of the two weak, vicious, unprepossessing elder boys who had been no credit to him or to any one else. Those two elder sons, Bevis and Maurice, she had never seen; but once there had come to Lorridaile Park a tall, stalwart, beautiful young fellow about eighteen years old who had told her that he was her nephew Cedric Errol, and that he had come to see her because he was passing near the place and wished to look at his Aunt Constantia of whom he had heard his mother speak. Lady Lorridaile's kind heart had warmed through and through at the sight of the young man, and she had made him stay with her a week, and petted him, and made much of him and admired him immensely. He was so sweet-tempered, light-hearted, spirited a lad, that when he went away, she had hoped to see him often again; but she never did, because the Earl had been in a bad humor when he went back to Dorincourt, and had forbidden him ever to go to Lorridaile Park again. But Lady Lorridaile had always remembered him tenderly, and though she feared he had made a rash marriage in America, she had been very angry when she heard how he had been cast off by his father and that no one really knew where or how he lived. At last there came a rumor of his death, and then Bevis had been thrown from his horse and killed, and Maurice had died in Rome of the fever; and soon after came the story of the American child who was to be found and brought home as Lord Fauntleroy.

"Probably to be ruined as the others were," she said to her husband, "unless his mother is good enough and has a will of her own to help her to take care of him."

But when she heard that Cedric's mother had been parted from him she was almost too indignant for words.

"It is disgraceful, Harry!" she said. "Fancy a child of that age being taken from his mother, and made the companion of a man like my brother! The old Earl will either be brutal to the boy or indulge him until he is a little monster. If I thought it would do any good to write——"

"It would n't, Constantia," said Sir Harry.

"I know it would n't," she answered. "I know his lordship the Earl of Dorincourt too well;—but it is outrageous."

Not only the poor people and farmers heard about little Lord Fauntleroy; others knew of him. He was talked about so much and there were so many stories of him—of his beauty, his sweet temper, his popularity, and his growing influence over the Earl, his grandfather—that rumors of him

reached the gentry at their country places and he was heard of in more than one county of England. People talked about him at the dinner tables, ladies pitied his young mother, and wondered if the boy were as handsome as he was said to be, and men who knew the Earl and his habits laughed heartily at the stories of the little fellow's belief in his lordship's amiability. Sir Thomas Asshe of Asshaine Hall, being in Erleboro one day, met the Earl and his grandson riding together and stopped to shake hands with my lord and congratulate him on his change of looks and on his recovery from the gout. "And, d 'ye know!" he said, when he spoke of the incident afterward, "the old man looked as



"'I WAS THINKING HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE,' SAID LORD FAUNTLEROY." (SEE PAGE 651.)

proud as a turkey-cock; and upon my word I don't wonder, for a handsomer, finer lad than his grandson I never saw! As straight as a dart, and sat his pony like a young trooper!"

And so by degrees Lady Lorridaile, too, heard of the child; she heard about Higgins, and the lame boy, and the cottages at Earl's Court, and a score of other things,—and she began to wish to see the little fellow. And just as she was wondering how it might be brought about, to her utter astonishment, she received a letter from her brother inviting her to come with her husband to Dorincourt.

"It seems incredible!" she exclaimed. "I have heard it said that the child has worked miracles, and I begin to believe it. They say my brother adores the boy and can scarcely endure to have him out of sight. And he is so proud of him! Actually, I believe he wants to show him to us." And she accepted the invitation at once.

When she reached Dorincourt Castle with Sir Harry, it was late in the afternoon, and she went to her room at once before seeing her brother. Having dressed for dinner she entered the drawing-room. The Earl was there standing near the fire and looking very tall and imposing; and at his side stood a little boy in black velvet, and a large Vandyke collar of rich lace — a little fellow whose round bright face was so handsome, and who turned upon her such beautiful, candid brown eyes, that she almost uttered an exclamation of pleasure and surprise at the sight.

As she shook hands with the Earl, she called him by the name she had not used since her girlhood.

"What, Molyneux," she said, "is this the child?"

"Yes, Constantia," answered the Earl, "this is the boy. Fauntleroy, this is your grand-aunt, Lady Lorridaile."

"How do you do, Grand-Aunt?" said Fauntleroy.

Lady Lorridaile put her hand on his shoulders, and after looking down into his upraised face a few seconds, kissed him warmly.

"I am your Aunt Constantia," she said, "and I loved your poor papa, and you are very like him."

"It makes me glad when I am told I am like him," answered Fauntleroy, "because it seems as if every one liked him,—just like Dearest, eszackly,—Aunt Constantia," (adding the two words after a second's pause.)

Lady Lorridaile was delighted. She bent and kissed him again, and from that moment they were warm friends.

"Well, Molyneux," she said aside to the Earl afterward, "it could not possibly be better than this!"

"I think not," answered his lordship dryly. "He is a fine little fellow. We are great friends. He believes me to be the most charming and sweet-tempered of philanthropists. I will confess to you, Constantia,—as you would find it out if I did not,—that I am in some slight danger of becoming rather an old fool about him."

"What does his mother think of you?" asked Lady Lorridaile, with her usual straightforwardness.

"I have not asked her," answered the Earl, slightly scowling.

"Well," said Lady Lorridaile, "I will be frank with you at the outset, Molyneux, and tell you I don't approve of your course, and that it is my intention to call on Mrs. Errol as soon as possible; so if you wish to quarrel with me, you had better mention it at once. What I hear of the young creature makes me quite sure that her child owes her everything. We were told even at Lorridaile Park that your poorer tenants adore her already."

"They adore *him*," said the Earl, nodding toward Fauntleroy. "As to Mrs. Errol, you 'll find her a pretty little woman. I 'm rather in debt to her for giving some of her beauty to the boy, and you can go to see her if you like. All I ask is that she will remain at Court Lodge and that you will not ask me to go and see her," and he scowled a little again.

"But he does n't hate her as much as he used to, that is plain enough to me," her ladyship said to Sir Harry afterward. "And he is a changed man in a measure, and, incredible as it may seem, Harry, it is my opinion that he is being made into a human being, through nothing more nor less than his affection for that innocent, affectionate little fellow. Why, the child actually loves him — leans on his chair and against his knee. My lord's own children would as soon have thought of nestling up to a tiger."

The very next day she went to call upon Mrs. Errol. When she returned, she said to her brother:

"Molyneux, she is the loveliest little woman I ever saw! She has a voice like a silver bell, and you may thank her for making the boy what he is. She has given him more than her beauty, and you make a great mistake in not persuading her to come and take charge of you. I shall invite her to Lorridaile."

"She 'll not leave the boy," replied the Earl.

"I must have the boy too," said Lady Lorridaile, laughing.

But she knew Fauntleroy would not be given up to her, and each day she saw more clearly how closely those two had grown to each other, and how all the proud, grim old man's ambition and hope and love centered themselves in the child, and how

the warm, innocent nature returned his affection with most perfect trust and good faith.

She knew, too, that the prime reason for the great dinner party was the Earl's secret desire to show the world his grandson and heir, and to let people see that the boy who had been so much spoken of and described was even a finer little specimen of boyhood than rumor had made him.

"Bevis and Maurice were such a bitter humiliation to him," she said to her husband. "Every one knew it. He actually hated them. His pride has full sway here." Perhaps there was not one person who accepted the invitation without feeling some curiosity about little Lord Fauntleroy, and wondering if he would be on view.

And when the time came he was on view.

"The lad has good manners," said the Earl. "He will be in no one's way. Children are usually idiots or bores,—mine were both,—but he can actually answer when he 's spoken to, and be silent when he is not. He is never offensive."

But he was not allowed to be silent very long. Every one had something to say to him. The fact was they wished to make him talk. The ladies petted him and asked him questions, and the men asked him questions too, and joked with him, as the men on the steamer had done when he crossed the Atlantic. Fauntleroy did not quite understand why they laughed so sometimes when he answered them, but he was so used to seeing people amused when he was quite serious, that he did not mind. He thought the whole evening delightful. The magnificent rooms were so brilliant with lights, there were so many flowers, the gentlemen seemed so gay, and the ladies wore such beautiful, wonderful dresses, and such sparkling ornaments in their hair and on their necks. There was one young lady who, he heard them say, had just come down from London, where she had spent the "season"; and she was so charming that he could not keep his eyes from her. She was a rather tall young lady with a proud little head, and very soft dark hair, and large eyes the color of purple pansies, and the color on her cheeks and lips was like that of a rose. She was dressed in a beautiful white dress, and had pearls around her throat. There was one strange thing about this young lady. So many gentlemen stood near her, and seemed anxious to please her, that Fauntleroy thought she must be something like a princess. He was so much interested in her that without knowing it he drew nearer and nearer to her and at last she turned and spoke to him.

"Come here, Lord Fauntleroy," she said, smiling; "and tell me why you look at me so."

"I was thinking how beautiful you are," his young lordship replied.

Then all the gentlemen laughed outright, and the young lady laughed a little too, and the rose color in her cheeks brightened.

"Ah, Fauntleroy," said one of the gentlemen who had laughed most heartily, "make the most of your time! When you are older you will not have the courage to say that."

"But nobody could help saying it," said Fauntleroy sweetly. "Could you help it? Don't *you* think she is pretty too?"

"We are not allowed to say what we think," said the gentleman, while the rest laughed more than ever.

But the beautiful young lady—her name was Miss Vivian Herbert—put out her hand and drew Cedric to her side, looking prettier than before, if possible.

"Lord Fauntleroy shall say what he thinks," she said; "and I am much obliged to him. I am sure he thinks what he says." And she kissed him on his cheek.

"I think you are prettier than any one I ever saw," said Fauntleroy, looking at her with innocent, admiring eyes, "except Dearest. Of course, I could n't think any one *quite* as pretty as Dearest. I think she is the prettiest person in the world."

"I am sure she is," said Miss Vivian Herbert. And she laughed and kissed his cheek again.

She kept him by her side a great part of the evening, and the group of which they were the center was very gay. He did not know how it happened, but before long he was telling them all about America, and the Republican Rally, and Mr. Hobbs and Dick, and in the end he proudly produced from his pocket Dick's parting gift,—the red silk handkerchief.

"I put it in my pocket to-night because it was a party," he said. "I thought Dick would like me to wear it at a party."

And queer as the big, flaming, spotted thing was, there was a serious, affectionate look in his eyes, which prevented his audience from laughing very much.

"You see I like it," he said, "because Dick is my friend."

But though he was talked to so much, as the Earl had said, he was in no one's way. He could be quiet and listen when others talked, and so no one found him tiresome. A slight smile crossed more than one face when several times he went and stood near his grandfather's chair, or sat on a stool close to him, watching him and absorbing every word he uttered with the most charmed interest. Once he stood so near the chair's arm that his cheek touched the Earl's shoulder, and his lordship, detecting the general smile, smiled a little

himself. He knew what the lookers-on were thinking, and he felt some secret amusement in their seeing what a good friend he was to this youngster, who might have been expected to share the popular opinion of him.

Mr. Havisham had been expected to arrive in the afternoon, but, strange to say, he was late. Such a thing had really never been known to happen before during all the years in which he had been a visitor at Dorincourt Castle. He was so late that the guests were on the point of rising to go in to dinner when he arrived. When he approached his host, the Earl regarded him with amazement. He looked as if he had been hurried or agitated; his dry, keen old face was actually pale.

"I was detained," he said, in a low voice to the Earl, "by—an extraordinary event."

It was as unlike the methodic old lawyer to be agitated by anything as it was to be late, but it was evident that he had been disturbed. At dinner he ate scarcely anything, and two or three times, when he was spoken to, he started as if his thoughts were far away. At dessert, when Fauntleroy came in, he looked at him more than once, nervously and uneasily. Fauntleroy noted the look and wondered at it. He and Mr. Havisham were on friendly terms, and they usually exchanged smiles. The lawyer seemed to have forgotten to smile that evening.

The fact was he forgot everything but the strange and painful news he knew he must tell the Earl before the night was over — the strange news which he knew would be so terrible a shock, and which would change the face of everything. As he looked about at the splendid rooms and the brilliant company,— at the people gathered together, he knew, more that they might see the bright-haired little fellow near the Earl's chair than for any other reason,—as he looked at the proud old man and at little Lord Fauntleroy smiling at his side, he really felt quite shaken, notwithstanding that he was a hardened old lawyer. What a blow it was that he must deal them!

He did not exactly know how the long, superb dinner ended. He sat through it as if he were in a dream, and several times he saw the Earl glance at him in surprise.

But it was over at last, and the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. They found Fauntleroy sitting on a sofa with Miss Vivian Herbert,— the great beauty of the last London season; they had been looking at some pictures, and he was thanking his companion, as the door opened.

"I 'm ever so much obliged to you for being so kind to me!" he was saying; "I never was at a party before, and I 've enjoyed myself so much!"

He had enjoyed himself so much that when the gentlemen gathered about Miss Herbert again and began to talk to her, as he listened and tried to understand their laughing speeches, his eyelids began to droop. They drooped until they covered his eyes two or three times, and then the sound of Miss Herbert's low, pretty laugh would bring him back, and he would open them again for about two seconds. He was quite sure he was not going to sleep, but there was a large, yellow satin cushion behind him and his head sank against it, and after a while his eyelids drooped for the last time. They did not even quite open when, as it seemed a long time after, some one kissed him lightly on the cheek. It was Miss Vivian Herbert, who was going away, and she spoke to him softly.

"Good-night, little Lord Fauntleroy," she said. "Sleep well."

And in the morning he did not know that he had tried to open his eyes and had murmured sleepily,

"Good-night — I 'm so — glad — I saw you—you are so — pretty ——"

He only had a very faint recollection of hearing the gentlemen laugh again and of wondering why they did it.



No sooner had the last guest left the room, than Mr. Havisham turned from his place by the fire, and stepped nearer the sofa, where he stood looking down at the sleeping occupant. Little Lord Fauntleroy was taking his ease luxuriously. One leg crossed the other and swung over the edge of the sofa; one arm was flung easily above his head; the warm flush of healthful, happy, childish sleep was on his quiet face; his waving tangle of bright hair strayed over the yellow satin cushion. He made a picture well worth looking at.

As Mr. Havisham looked at it, he put his hand up and rubbed his shaven chin, with a harassed countenance.

"Well, Havisham," said the Earl's harsh voice behind him. "What is it? It is evident something has happened. What was the extraordinary event, if I may ask?"

Mr. Havisham turned from the sofa, still rubbing his chin.

"It was bad news," he answered, "distressing news, my lord — the worst of news. I am sorry to be the bearer of it."

The Earl had been uneasy for some time during the evening, as he glanced at Mr. Havisham, and when he was uneasy he was always ill-tempered.

"Why do you look so at the boy!" he exclaimed irritably. "You have been looking at him all the evening as if — See here now, why should you look at the boy, Havisham, and hang over him like some bird of ill-omen! What has your news to do with Lord Fauntleroy?"

"My lord," said Mr. Havisham, "I will waste no words. My news has everything to do with Lord Fauntleroy. And if we are to believe it — it is not Lord Fauntleroy who lies sleeping before us, but only the son of Captain Errol. And the present Lord Fauntleroy is the son of your son Bevis, and is at this moment in a lodging-house in London."

The Earl clutched the arms of his chair with both his hands until the veins stood out upon them; the veins stood out on his forehead too; his fierce old face was almost livid.

"What do you mean!" he cried out. "You are mad! Whose lie is this?"

"If it is a lie," answered Mr. Havisham, "it is painfully like the truth. A woman came to my chambers this morning. She said your son Bevis married her six years ago in London. She showed me her marriage certificate. They quarreled a year after the marriage, and he paid her to keep away from him. She has a son five years old. She is an American of the lower classes,—an ignorant person,—and until lately she did not fully understand what her son could claim. She consulted a lawyer and found out that the boy was really Lord Fauntleroy and the heir to the earldom of Dorincourt; and she, of course, insists on his claims being acknowledged."

There was a movement of the curly head on the yellow satin cushion. A soft, long, sleepy sigh came from the parted lips, and the little boy stirred in his sleep, but not at all restlessly or uneasily. Not at all as if his slumber were disturbed by the fact that he was being proved a small impostor and that he was not Lord Fauntleroy at all and never would be the Earl of Dorincourt. He only turned his rosy face more on its side as if to enable the old man who stared at it so solemnly to see it better.

The handsome, grim old face was ghastly. A bitter smile fixed itself upon it.

"I should refuse to believe a word of it," he said, "if it were not such a low, scoundrelly piece of business that it becomes quite possible in connection with the name of my son Bevis. It is quite like Bevis. He was always a disgrace to us. Always a weak, untruthful, vicious young brute with low tastes — my son and heir, Bevis, Lord Fauntleroy. The woman is an ignorant, vulgar person, you say?"

"I am obliged to admit that she can scarcely spell her own name," answered the lawyer. She is absolutely uneducated and openly mercenary. She cares for nothing but the money. She is very handsome in a coarse way, but——"

The fastidious old lawyer ceased speaking and gave a sort of shudder.

The veins on the old Earl's forehead stood out like purple cords. Something else stood out upon it too — cold drops of moisture. He took out his handkerchief and swept them away. His smile grew even more bitter.

"And I," he said, "I objected to — to the other woman, the mother of this child" (pointing to the sleeping form on the sofa); "I refused to recognize her. And yet she could spell her own name. I suppose this is retribution."

Suddenly he sprang up from his chair and began to walk up and down the room. Fierce and terrible words poured forth from his lips. His rage and hatred and cruel disappointment shook him as a storm shakes a tree. His violence was something dreadful to see, and yet Mr. Havisham noticed that at the very worst of his wrath he never seemed to forget the little sleeping figure on the yellow satin cushions, and that he never once spoke loud enough to awaken it.

"I might have known it," he said. "They were a disgrace to me from their first hour! I hated them both; and they hated me! Bevis was the worse of the two. I will not believe this yet, though! I will contend against it to the last. But it is like Bevis — it is like him!"

And then he raged again and asked questions about the woman, about her proofs, and pacing the room, turned first white and then purple in his repressed fury.

When at last he had learned all there was to be told, and knew the worst, Mr. Havisham looked at him with a feeling of anxiety. He looked broken and haggard and changed. His rages had always been bad for him, but this one had been worse than the rest because there had been something more than rage in it.

He came slowly back to the sofa, at last, and stood near it.

"If any one had told me I could be fond of a child," he said, his harsh voice low and unsteady, "I should not have believed them. I always detested children — my own more than the rest. I am fond of this one; he is fond of me," (with a bitter smile.) "I am not popular; I never was. But he is fond of me. He never was afraid of me — he always trusted me. He would have filled my place

better than I have filled it. I know that. He would have been an honor to the name."

He bent down and stood a minute or so looking at the happy, sleeping face. His shaggy eyebrows were knitted fiercely, and yet somehow he did not seem fierce at all. He put up his hand, pushed the bright hair back from the forehead, and then turned away and rang the bell.

When the largest footman appeared, he pointed to the sofa.

"Take"—he said, and then his voice changed a little—"take Lord Fauntleroy to his room."

(To be continued.)

THREE VELVETY BEES.

By M. M. D.



THREE velvety, busy, buzzing bees
Once plunged in a thistle plant up to their knees.
Alas! Though plucky and stout of heart,
They bounded away with an angry start.
For the thistle 's the touchiest thing that grows;
It 's the firework plant—as every one knows.
And every buzzer should pass it by
On the day that is known as the Fourth of July.

FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT.

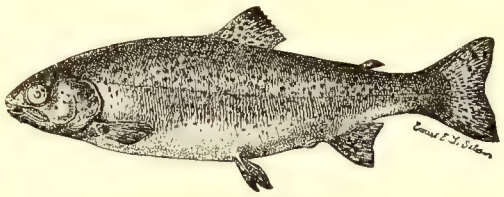
By Ripley Hitchcock.

THERE was once a boy who thought that he could choose his birthday present more wisely than could his father and mother. He wanted an "arrow rifle"—a useless affair which has long since gone to the place where toys which are failures go. He was disappointed however. His birthday brought him not an "arrow rifle," but a light, jointed fishing-rod. Now this boy had already done some fishing with a heavy bamboo pole, or with one cut from an alder, jerking the fish out of the water, and swinging them over his head. To be sure the heavy pole made his arms ache, but his new rod, which bent at every touch, seemed to him too slender and flimsy to be of any use whatever.

I fear he was not very grateful at first, but he was properly rebuked when his father took a day from professional cares, and opened the lad's eyes to the pleasure of fishing with light tackle. When he had learned to "cast" flies with his elastic, strong rod, without hooking somebody or something not meant to be hooked; when he had seen the beautiful vermilion-spotted trout flash clear of the water, tempted by the flies; and when he had found that he could tire out and land larger fish than he had ever caught before, simply by pitting against their cunning and strength, skill and patience instead of mere brute force,—then there was opened to that boy a new world of sport and healthy recreation. He has never regretted the "arrow rifle"; and he now proposes to tell the boys as well as the girls who read ST. NICHOLAS how to obtain something which is within the reach of both, the greatest possible pleasure from fishing.

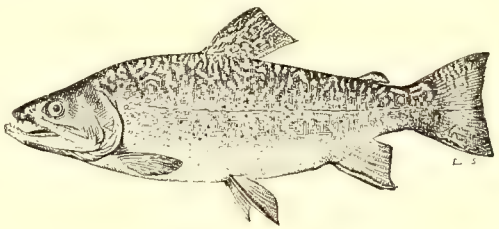
If one could take a bird's-eye view of our country at any time in the summer, he would see boys and girls catching all kinds of fish in all kinds of ways; some off the coast in sailboats, tugging at bluefish or mackerel, others profiting by ST. NICHOLAS'S lessons in black-bass fishing, some "skittering" for pickerel in New England lakes, others trolling for pike in the lakes and rivers of the West. But of all the fresh-water game fish there is none more beautiful and graceful or more active than the trout.

Any New York boy who has never caught a trout should go down to Fulton Market at the opening of the trout season, when trout are gathered there from all parts of the country. He will see "rainbow" trout from the Rocky Mountains, their sides iridescent, and stained as if marked by a bloody finger. These are being introduced into Eastern waters. He will find trout in the blackest of mourning robes and others gayly dressed in silver tinsel. Sometimes the vermilion spots on the side shine like fire; again they are as dull as if the



RAINBOW TROUT.

fire had gone out and left only gray ashes. For there are several varieties of trout known to naturalists and traveled fishermen, and even the brook trout, called by the formidable name of *Salmo fontinalis*, varies greatly in color and shape in different localities. In Arizona, I have caught trout which were fairly black. In Dublin Lake in New Hampshire, the trout look like bars of polished silver as they are drawn up through the water. I never saw a more sharply marked contrast than that between the trout of two little Maine lakes, near the head-waters of the Androscoggin River. In one, the trout were long, and as thin as race-horses, and their flesh was of a salmon-pink hue; in the other, not half a mile away, the trout were short, thick, and almost hump-backed, with darker skins and lighter flesh. The first lake had a sandy, gravelly bottom, and the water was clear as crystal; the bottom of the second was muddy, and the water dark and turbid. This explained the difference in the fish, a difference always existing in



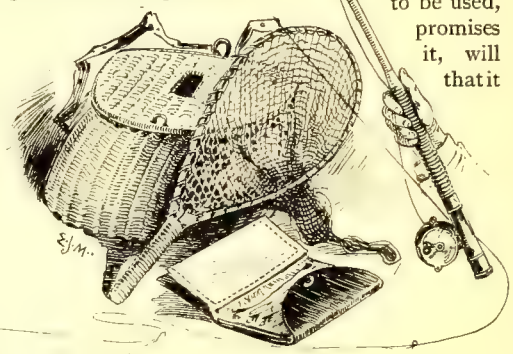
RANGELEY LAKE TROUT.

trout of brooks or lakes under the same conditions.

In the great Androscoggin Lakes of Maine, the trout, which are brook trout, grow to the largest size known anywhere. They have been caught weighing twelve pounds, and many claimed that

they were lake trout, until the famous naturalist Agassiz decided that, although living in lakes, they were true brook trout. These immense trout have very thick bodies and cruel hooked jaws; but the guides can point out many contrasts between trout from different lakes, or even from different parts of the same lake. There are trout nearly as large in the rivers of the British Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec, but these are usually lighter colored, and they are quite another variety, being known as sea trout, or *Salmo trutta*. All this adds to the interest of trout-fishing by inducing the angler to acquaint himself with what the Natural Histories have to tell him about the various kinds of trout. Then the differences in one kind teach him to be observant and excite a curiosity as to the habits of the trout. Here the Natural Histories will fail him. Only by following trout brooks and tempting the larger trout of lakes, can he properly study the ways and curious moods of this cunning, timid fish. And even then, if he be modest, he will often confess himself sadly puzzled; for the trout's wits are sometimes more than a match for the fisherman's. And this adds to the pleasure of trout-fishing; for if one had to deal with a fish which would bite at any bait, under any circumstances, and give up the fight as soon as hooked, the sport would soon grow very stupid. In trout-fishing, one will study the best conditions of wind, weather, and water, and learn how to approach one of the shyest of fish, how to delude one of the most wary, and how safely to land one of the pluckiest. To do this it is necessary to have reliable "tackle," a term which includes rod, reel, line, leaders, flies, and landing-net. The rod must be so light that one can cast with it easily and persistently, and yet it must be strong enough to bend into all manner of curves without breaking, and to tire out large trout. If it is too stiff, the fisherman's arm will soon be wearied, and if it is too flexible or withy, it will not cast flies well, and it will not hold fish firmly if the angler needs to bring a strain upon them. In attempts to meet these requirements, fly rods have been made of split bamboo, ash and lancewood, bethabara, greenheart, cedar, hickory, hornbeam, iron-wood, snake-wood, shadblow and perhaps twenty other woods, and there have been experiments in making rods of thin steel tubes. The split bamboo rods are made of four or six triangular strips cut from the rind of Calcutta bamboo and carefully fitted and glued together. Sometimes the surface is rounded, but oftener it has six sides. These rods, when they are really good, are the best of all. Indeed, Americans may justly claim to make the finest rods in the world and also the finest lines. But I should not advise any of my readers to buy a split bamboo fly rod, because these rods are very expensive, they require very careful treatment, and if broken they must go back to the maker to be repaired. The fly rod which I recommend to the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS is one with an ash butt, and the second joint and tip of lance-wood. It should be from ten feet to ten feet and a half in length, and should weigh about seven ounces and a half. Such a rod can be obtained from any reliable dealer in any large city. I emphasize reliable because there are fishing-tackle stores where one may get rods nice to look at, but worthless to use. Nearly all dealers keep what is called an "all around" rod, intended to be used, for either fly or bait fishing, but this, like most compromises, is usually unsatisfactory. This, or something like it, will probably be shown you if you ask for a boy's rod, so that it is better to tell the dealer or rod-maker exactly what you want, and to accept nothing else. If he takes a pride in his work and has a reputation to sustain, he will interest himself in picking out a rod of sound, well-seasoned wood, evenly balanced, elastic, with a good action, and a peculiar "kick" in the second joint, which is of great service in casting a fly. If

Trout-rod and Tackle.





YOUNG ANGLERS.

some one can help you in making your choice, so much the better. Then it will be well to attach a reel and line to the rod and try it in actual casting, if this is possible; and when the rod is bent, see that the bend is an even curve. The pleasure of fly-fishing depends upon the quality of the rod, and the choice should therefore be made deliberately and wisely. Some fishermen make their own rods, and there are dealers who supply materials for amateur rod-makers; but this is a difficult undertaking and can not be described here.* I should advise any boy to go to a professional maker for his first fly rod.

The "enameled water-proof" lines are the best. These are braided from boiled silk, and prepared to resist the action of water, which will cause the decay of an ordinary line. Of the various sizes, which are distinguished by letters, that known as F is perhaps most desirable, although either E or F will answer the purpose. The line should be "level," not tapering, and at least twenty-five yards in length. This will be wound upon a "click" reel of equal capacity, preferably nickel-plated. But this is of less importance than the internal construction of the reel, for which you should have the maker's guarantee. Now come the flies. There are names enough to fill a directory, and a greater variety of colors than the woods show in autumn. A few flies like the "Montreal," "Professor," "Scarlet Ibis," "Coachman," and "the Hackles," are to be found in almost every angler's book. For the rest, it will be well to learn, from some experienced angler or intelligent dealer, the flies best suited to the particular waters which you intend to fish. At the Rangeley lakes, for example, you will find that large, gaudy flies are much used, like the "Parmachenee Belle," "Silver and Golden Doctor," and "Grizzly King," and there is one local fly called the "Katoodle Bug." In the Adirondacks, smaller flies of quieter colors are favored. For brook-fishing, very small flies of neutral tints are much used except when the water is very dark. A fly-book will be needed to contain flies and also leaders. The leader is a piece of "silk-worm gut," which should be about six feet in length. One end is fastened to the line, and the stretcher-fly is made fast at the other. One or two other flies, called droppers, are

* "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle," by Mr. H P. Wells, explains methods of making and repairing rods and other tackle, and gives much valuable instruction in fly-fishing.

usually attached at intervals of two feet or more along the leader. Before making your choice, the leaders should be closely examined to see whether any part is frayed or cracked. They can be tested by a pull of four or five pounds on a spring balance. The leader is used as being less conspicuous than the line in the water, and, therefore, less likely to frighten away trout approaching the flies. Most leaders are dyed a misty bluish color which, it is thought, will escape even the keen eyes of the trout. A landing-net, the size and strength of which depend upon the fishing-ground, completes the list of tackle.



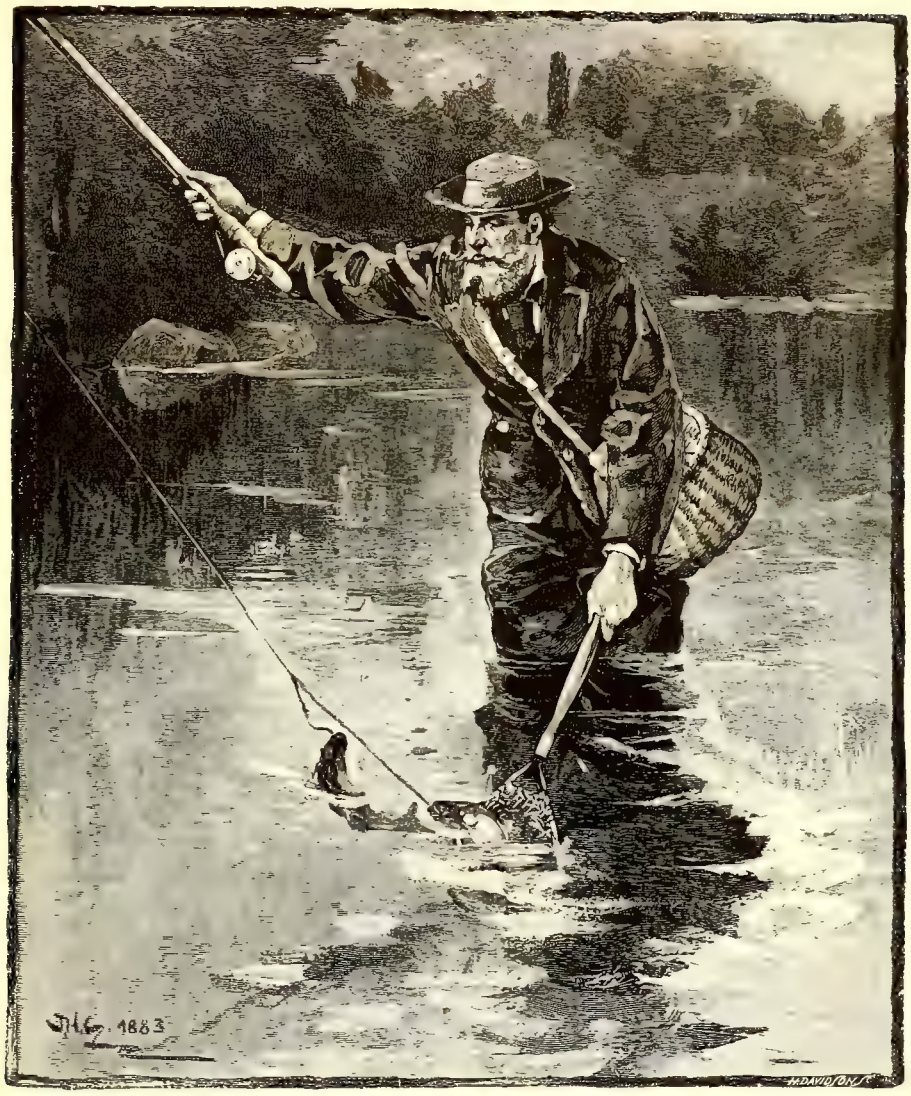
TROUT FLIES.

The next step is to learn how to cast a fly, and here practice and the advice of some experienced fly-fisherman will be worth more than printed instructions.

It is not necessary, however, to wait for summer nor for access to water, in order to practice casting. A housetop, a dooryard, or even the spacious floor of an old-fashioned barn, as the case may be, offers just as good a chance for practice as a lake or river. When the rod is jointed together, the reel attached, and the line passed through the rings and beyond the tip about the length of the rod, the learner is usually seized with a wild desire to flourish rod and line like a whip with a long snapper. This feeling must promptly be suppressed. Fly-casting is a very simple movement, and not a flourish. The elbow is kept down at the side, the forearm moving only a little, and most of the work is done by the wrist. Holding the rod by the "grip," the part of the butt wound with silk or rattan to assist the grasp, one finds that the reel, which is just below the "grip," aids in balancing the rod. The reel is underneath in casting. After hooking a fish, many anglers turn their rods so as to bring the reel to the upper side, thus letting the strain of the line come upon the rod itself instead of upon the rings. In holding the "grip," the thumb should be extended straight along the rod, as this gives an additional "purchase." For the first cast, take the end of the line in the left hand, and bring the rod upward and backward until the line is taut. As you release the line, the spring of the rod carries the line backward. This is the back cast. Then comes an instant's pause, while the line straightens itself out behind, and then, with a firm motion of the wrist, helped a little by the forearm, the rod is thrown forward, and the line flies easily out in front. Begin with a line once or once-and-a-half as long as the rod, and lengthen it out by degrees. The main points to be remembered are: to keep the elbow at the side, to train the wrist, to move the rod not too far forward or back, always to wait until the line is straight behind on the back cast, and to make sure that in this the line falls no lower than your head, a process which it will take time to accomplish. There is no more awkward fault than that of whipping a rod down to a level with the horizon before and behind, and swishing the flies through the air until some of them are snapped off.

When the learner becomes accustomed to handling his rod, he must try to perfect himself in two matters of great importance — accuracy and delicacy. Place a small piece of paper fifteen or twenty feet away, and aim at making the knot in the end of the line fall easily and quietly upon it. Your efforts will be aided if you will raise the point of the rod a trifle, just as the forward impulse of the line is spent, and the line itself is straightened in the air for an instant in front. This is a novel kind of target-shooting, but its usefulness will be realized when the angler finds it necessary to drop his flies so lightly just over the head of some particularly wary trout, that the fish, although too shy or lazy to move a yard, will be persuaded that some tempting natural flies have foolishly settled on the water just within reach of his jaws. By practice of this kind, which is an excellent form of light exercise in itself, any boy or girl can learn a very fascinating art. It is not necessary to make very long casts. At fly-casting tournaments in Central Park, casts have been made of about ninety feet, but in actual fishing a third of that distance is usually sufficient. Never cast more line than you can conveniently and safely handle.

And now that we are ready to go a-fishing, the question arises, "Where shall we go?" The cold, bitter weather common in early April is not favorable to fishermen or fish. When May sunshine brings the leaves out on the trees, and fields are



CAPTURING TWO FISH AT ONCE,—OR "LANDING A DOUBLE."

green and skies are blue, then Long Island may well tempt any New York boy who has a holiday to spend in fly-fishing. Years ago, any Long Island water could be fished without question, but now nearly all the Long Island brooks and ponds are "preserved,"— that is, kept for personal use by clubs or private owners. A boy who has a friend or relative among the owners of these preserves, or can hire a fishing privilege, can enjoy trout-fishing within a journey of two or three hours from his New York home. Within a few hours' ride, also, are trout streams in the southern counties of New York State and in Pennsylvania, although the former are so often visited that the fish have not time to grow large. The New England boy finds trout brooks in western Connecticut, in northern Massachusetts, and in the Cape Cod region, in northern New Hampshire and Vermont, and especially in Maine. Once, almost every stream and lake in New England contained trout. But forests were cut down, and some of the streams dwindled until they went dry in summer. Saw-mills were built, the streams were dammed up so as to be impassable for trout, and the trout eggs were buried under sawdust. Manufactories have poisoned the water of some rivers and others have been literally "fished dry." The

trout of any brook near a large New England town have a very poor chance of long life. All this is discouraging enough, but yet there are trout to be caught, as every New England boy knows.

The most famous fishing-places in the East are the Rangeley Lakes in Maine and the Adirondacks in New York. About the third week of May the ice goes out of the great chain of lakes forming the head-waters of the Androscoggin River in Maine. Then the red-shirted river-drivers come down with "drives" of logs, which dash through the sluiceways of immense dams between the different lakes. And while the brown pine trunks are still shooting through the dams, fishermen begin to gather from all parts of the country, for in the clear cold water of these lakes the trout, feeding upon myriads of minnows, grow to be the giants of their race. I can wish no better piscatorial fortune for the children of ST. NICHOLAS than a visit to Maine with father or brother, and the capture of one of these large trout. I must confess, however, that the large trout are not to be depended upon; but there are small fish always to be caught in the little lakes and brooks of the region, and there are



INTERIOR OF A FISHING-CAMP.

pleasant forest camps with cheerful fires blazing in great stone fireplaces. The host of one of these camps was for a long time a hunter and guide, and every winter he lectures before Boston schoolboys, dressed in his hunter's garb, and tells them about trapping and the adventures of life in the woods.

If one can continue further into the North-east, better fishing can be found in New Brunswick and Quebec than in Maine, although the trout of the Provinces are sea trout, a distinction which does not seem to me important. The trout of the Adirondacks are much smaller than those of Maine or New Brunswick, and now that the Adirondack country is overrun with visitors, one must go back some distance into the woods to find good sport. South of Pennsylvania, there is trout-fishing in the mountain streams of West Virginia and North Carolina. To the west, northern Michigan tempts the angler, and still further north are the large trout of the Nepigon river which flows into Lake Superior. The States along the Mississippi Valley are sadly deficient in trout, but a great deal can be done with black bass, as Mr. Maurice Thompson has told you. Trout abound all along the Rocky Mountains. There are the lusty five-pounders of the Snake River in Idaho, the rainbow trout of California, found also, I think, in Colorado, and the dusky fish of New Mexico and Arizona.

I do not expect that many of ST. NICHOLAS'S readers will visit these remote fishing-places, but between the three corners of the continent in which I have caught trout — Quebec, Washington Territory, and Arizona — there are so many chances for trout-fishing, that very few need fail to enjoy this most delightful of outdoor sports.

The best month for fly-fishing is June, and the best weather a light southerly or southwesterly breeze and a slightly overcast sky. Morning or evening is the best time. The worst is the middle of an intensely hot, bright, still day. It is usually thought that a change in the weather makes trout more active. Very high or very low water is undesirable. Yet when all the conditions seem perfect, one may cast over a whole school of trout without inducing them to stir a fin; and on the other hand, when the weather is most unfavorable and when the fish are gorged with food, they will, sometimes, fairly hustle one another in their eagerness to get the flies. On one hot July noon, the air and water around my boat were alive with trout for half an hour, when they stopped rising as suddenly as they had begun, without any apparent reason in one

case or the other. Within two forenoon hours, I once caught twenty-five pounds of trout at the mouth of a brook emptying into one of the Rangeley lakes. Early next morning, I was rowed to the same spot and found only one solitary trout. On another occasion, I landed a five-pound and a three-pound trout from a pool in a Canadian river, without unduly disturbing the water; but although the pool contained several other fish, including one estimated to weigh over five pounds, not another trout could be induced to look at any fly in my book. Trout are very fickle and changeable, and the ingenuity sometimes required to coax them to rise adds as much zest to the sport as the suspense and excitement of hooking and landing them.

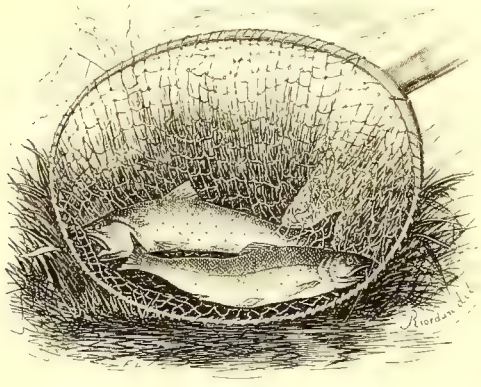


A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

But when the trout does rise, what do you suppose he thinks? Does he really believe that the curious creature with a barbed tail hovering over his head is a natural fly? I doubt it. The flies ordinarily used would drive an entomologist to distraction. The great scarlet and white and yellow flies which have caused so many Rangeley lake trout to come to grief are, I fancy, unlike any living insect in that region, or anywhere else. The trout sees something moving on the water, and as experience has taught him that such fluttering objects are usually good to eat, his weakness for live food tempts him to pounce upon it without stopping to reason out the matter. But when he finds that this deceitful fly is entirely tasteless, he will drop it at once, unless the fisherman is prompt in "striking." This means a quick upward movement of the tip of the rod, a motion imparted, of course, at the butt, but communicated along rod and line. The movement "strikes" the hook into the fish. One can not be too quick in striking, but if too much force be used, the rod may be snapped at the second joint. Yet that is not the way in which rods are most frequently broken. If you have drawn in your flies so closely that you can not readily recover them, and your rod is pointing nearly straight upward, even a gentle attempt to strike a small fish is likely to break a rod. Once, I was fishing with a heavy rod from a raft which was drifting across a Canadian lake. The wind was so strong that I was obliged to cast with it, and then the raft rapidly drifted down upon my flies. A trout weighing not a quarter of a pound rose when my rod was nearly perpendicular, and the flies were close before me; instinctively I struck. The reward of my carelessness was that the rod, which would have landed a ten-pound fish, was cleanly broken into two pieces. Never draw the flies so near you that you have not safe and complete control of your rod, either for the back cast or for a strike.

The importance of the high back cast of which I have spoken, will be especially appreciated by ST. NICHOLAS'S boys and girls, for most of their trout-fishing will probably be done upon brooks where a low back cast would involve entanglement in grass or bushes. In brook-fishing it is usually necessary to use a comparatively short line, and one must learn to make under-hand casts,—that is, with the rod down to a horizontal level on either side, instead of being upright, something easily

learned after one can cast properly over-hand. Of course my readers will see that they must keep themselves and their shadows out of the sight of the timid trout. When a fish is hooked, let him run out the reel if he is large enough, unless he makes for stumps or brush where the line may get entangled. Then as much of a strain must be brought to bear upon him as the tackle will withstand; and always reel in line when it is possible. The line should never be slack. If the trout will not rise at first, change your flies and try the old rule of looking closely at the insects which hover over the water and selecting a fly from your book that imitates those insects as nearly as possible. The best general rule is to use small dark flies in



bright, clear water, and larger bright flies in dark or turbid water. I need hardly say that fish are not to be lifted out of the water with a fly-rod. Let the trout run and struggle until the strain of the rod tires him out so that he can be easily drawn within reach and lifted out with the landing-net.

So you see that in fly-fishing for trout you learn a very fascinating art, which can be practiced among the most delightful of outdoor surroundings in the pleasantest months of the year. You will learn much more than books can tell you about the habits and curious ways of a fish which the most experienced anglers have considered for hundreds of years as, next to the salmon, their most worthy game. You will learn patience, perseverance, and all manner of practical lessons on trout streams, including the tying of knots and the repairing of rods. And the sunshine, the fragrance of flowery meadows, and the cool breath of the woods will give you a health which can not be found indoors. But let me urge upon you to remember that the true sportsman is always generous in his treatment of the noble fish which he pursues. He will never catch trout out of season. He will never kill more trout than can be made use of, nor will he ever kill them by unfair means. And he will never catch tiny troutlings, too small to afford sport, lest he should exhaust the streams, but he will carefully restore to the water any trout which are not at least six inches long. ST. NICHOLAS'S fly-fishers who meet the gallant trout on fair and even terms will surely give the beautiful fish honorable treatment.

And when you go a-fishing, bearing these words in mind, may you be rewarded by baskets well filled with trout of noble size.

DAISY-SONG.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

I AM only a plain little daisy-flower,
Sprung up at hap-hazard 'neath sunshine and shower,
To live out as I may my life's poor little hour,
Yet who is so happy as I?

Oh, the days they burn hot, and the nights they blow cold,
And the shadows and rains,—true they fall, manifold;
But my dress is all white, and my heart is pure gold,
And who is so happy as I?

There 's many a gladsomer meadow than mine,
Where greener trees shelter and softer suns shine
For others than me; but how can I repine,
For who is so happy as I?

There 's a brook I can't see by that far-away beech,
And a bird that wont whistle, for all I beseech,
And stars are up yonder, quite out of my reach,
But who is so happy as I?

I just look up at Fate with my brave little face,
I stir from my post in no possible case,
And I keep my dress clean, my gold heart in its place,
And who is so happy as I?

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*An Historical Biography.*]

By Horace E. Scudder.

Chapter XVII.

AT VALLEY FORGE.

The winter of 1777 passed with little fighting; and when the spring opened, Washington used his army so adroitly as to prevent the British from moving on Philadelphia, and finally crowded them out of New Jersey altogether. That summer, however, was an anxious one, for there was great uncertainty as to the plans of the enemy; and when at last a formidable British army appeared in the Chesapeake, whither it had been transported by sea, Washington hurried his forces to meet it, and fought the battle of Brandywine, in which he met with a severe loss. He retrieved his fortune in part by a brilliant attack on the enemy at Germantown, and then retired to Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania, where he went into winter quarters; while the British army was comfortably established in Philadelphia.

The defeat of Burgoyne by Gates, at Saratoga, in the summer and Washington's splendid attack at Germantown had made a profound impression in Europe, and are counted as having turned the scale in favor of an alliance with the United States on the part of France. But when the winter shut down on the American army, no such good cheer encouraged it. That winter of 1778 was the most terrible ordeal which the army endured, and one has but to read of the sufferings of the soldiers to learn at how great a cost independence was bought. It is worth while to tell again the familiar story, because the leader of the army himself shared the want and privation of the men. To read of Valley Forge is to read of Washington.

The place was chosen for winter quarters because of its position. It was equally distant with Philadelphia from the Brandywine and from the ferry across the Delaware into New Jersey. It was too far from Philadelphia to be in peril from attack, and yet it was so near that the American army could, if opportunity offered, descend quickly on the city. Then it was so protected by hills and streams that the addition of a few lines of fortification made it very secure.

But there was no town at Valley Forge, and it became necessary to provide some shelter for the soldiers other than the canvas tents which served in the field in summer. It was the middle of December when the army began preparations for the winter, and Washington gave directions for the building of the little village. The men were divided into parties of twelve, each party to build a hut to accommodate that number; and in order to stimulate the men, Washington promised a reward of twelve dollars to the party in each regiment which finished its hut first and most satisfactorily. And as there was some difficulty in getting boards, he offered a hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who should invent some substitute which would be as cheap as boards and as quickly provided.



BUILDING THE HUTS AT VALLEY FORGE.

Each hut was to be fourteen feet by sixteen, the sides, ends, and roof to be made of logs, and the sides made tight with clay. There was to be a fireplace in the rear of each hut, built of wood, but lined with clay eighteen inches thick. The walls were to be six and a half feet high. Huts

were also to be provided for the officers, and to be placed in the rear of those occupied by the troops. All these were to be regularly arranged in streets. A visitor to the camp when the huts were being built, wrote of the army; "They appear to me like a family of beavers, every one busy; some carrying logs, others mud, and the rest plastering them together." It was bitterly cold, and for a month the men were at work, making ready for the winter.

But in what sort of condition were the men themselves when they began this work? Here is a picture of one of those men on his way to Valley Forge: "His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of an only pair of stockings, his breeches not enough to cover his nakedness, his shirt hanging in strings, his hair disheveled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." And the snow was falling! This was one of the privates. The officers were scarcely better off. One was wrapped "in a sort of dressing-gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover." The uniforms were torn and ragged; the guns were rusty; a few only had bayonets; the soldiers carried their powder in tin boxes and cow-horns.

To explain why this army was so poor and forlorn, would be to tell a long story. It may be summed up briefly in these words—the army was not taken care of because there was no country to take care of it. There were thirteen States, and each of these States sent troops into the field, but all the States were jealous of one another. There was a Congress, which undertook to direct the war, but all the members of Congress, coming from the several States, were jealous of one another. They were agreed on only one thing—that it was not prudent to give the army too much power. It is true that they had once given Washington large authority, but they had given it only for a short period. They were very much afraid that somehow the army would rule the country, and yet they were trying to free the country from the rule of England. But when they talked about freeing the country, each man thought only of his own State. The first fervor with which they had talked about a common country had died away; there were some very selfish men in Congress, who could not be patriotic enough to think of the whole country.

The truth is, it takes a long time for the people of a country to come to feel that they have a country. Up to the time of the war for independence, the people in America did not care much for one another or for America. They had really been preparing to be a nation, but they did not know it. They were angry with Great Britain, and they knew they had been wronged. They were therefore ready to fight; but it does not require so much courage to fight as to endure suffering and to be patient.

So it was that the people of America who were most conscious that they were Americans were the men who were in the army, and their wives and mothers and sisters at home. All these were making sacrifices for their country and so learning to love it. The men in the army came from different States, and there was a great deal of State feeling among them; but, after all, they belonged to one army, the continental army, and they had much more in common than they had separately. Especially they had a great leader who made no distinction between Virginians and New England men. Washington felt keenly all the lack of confidence which Congress showed. He saw that the spirit in Congress was one which kept the people divided, while the spirit at Valley Forge kept the people united, and he wrote reproachfully to Congress:

"If we would pursue a right system of policy, in my opinion, . . . we should all, Congress and army, be considered as one people, embarked in one cause, in one interest; acting on the same principle, and to the same end. The distinction, the jealousies set up, or perhaps only incautiously let out, can answer not a single good purpose. . . . No order of men in the thirteen States has paid a more sacred regard to the proceedings of Congress than the army; for without arrogance or the smallest deviation from truth it may be said, that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army's suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. To see men, without clothes to cover them, without blankets to lie on, without shoes (for the want of which their marches might be traced by the blood from their feet), and almost as often without provisions as with them, marching through the frost and snow, and at Christmas taking up their winter quarters within a day's march of the enemy, without a house or hut to cover them, till they could be built, and submitting without a murmur, is a proof of patience and obedience, which, in my opinion, can scarce be paralleled."

The horses died of starvation, and the men harnessed themselves to trucks and sleds, hauling wood and provisions from storehouse to hut. At one time there was not a ration in camp. Washington seized the peril with a strong hand and compelled the people in the country about, who had been selling to the British army at Philadelphia, to give up their stores to the patriots at Valley Forge.

Meanwhile, the wives of the officers came to the camp, and these brave women gave of their cheer to its dreary life. Mrs. Washington was there with her husband. "The General's apartment is very small," she wrote to a friend; "he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first."

The officers and their wives came together and

told stories, perhaps over a plate of hickory nuts, which, we are informed, furnished General Washington's dessert. The General was cheerful in the little society; but his one thought was how to keep the brave company of men alive and prepare them for what lay before them. The house where he had his quarters was a farmhouse belonging to a quaker, Mr. Potts, who has said that one day when strolling up the creek, away from the camp, he heard a deep, quiet voice a little way off. He went nearer, and saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling. Hard by, in the thicket, was Washington on his knees, praying earnestly.



AT VALLEY FORGE.

At the end of February, light began to break. The terrible winter was passing away, though the army was still in wretched state. But there came to camp, a volunteer, Baron Steuben, who had been trained in the best armies of Europe. In him Washington had, what he greatly needed, an excellent drill-master. He made him Inspector of the army, and soon, as if by magic, the men changed from slouching, careless fellows into erect, orderly soldiers. The Baron began with a picked company of one hundred and twenty men, whom he drilled thoroughly; these became the models for others, and so the whole camp was turned into a military school.

The prospect grew brighter and brighter, until on the 4th of May, late at night, a messenger rode into camp with dispatches from Congress. Washington opened them, and his heart must have leaped for joy as he read that an alliance had been formed between France and the United States. Two days later, the army celebrated the event. The chaplains of the several regiments read the intelligence and then offered up thanksgiving to God. Guns were fired, and there was a public dinner in honor of Washington and his generals. There had been shouts for the King of France and for the American States; but when Washington took his leave, "there was," says an officer who was present, universal applause, "with loud huzzas, which continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, during which time there were a thousand hats tossed in the air. His excellency turned round with his retinue, and huzzaed several times."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONWAY CABAL.

THERE is no man so high but some will always be found who wish to pull him down. Washington was no exception to this rule. His men worshiped him; the people had confidence in him; the officers nearest to him, and especially those who formed a part of his military family, were warmly attached to him; but in Congress there were men who violently opposed him, and there were certain generals who not only envied him but were ready to seize any opportunity which might offer to belittle him and to place one of their own number in his place. The chief men who were engaged in this business were Generals Conway, Mifflin, and Gates, and from the prominent position taken in the affair by the first-named officer, the intrigue against Washington goes by the name of the Conway Cabal. A "cabal" is a secret combination against a person with the object of his hurt or injury.

It is not easy to say just how or when this cabal first showed itself. Conway was a young brigadier-general, very conceited and impudent. Mifflin had been Quartermaster-general, but had resigned. He had been early in the service and was in Cambridge with Washington, but had long been secretly hostile to him. Gates, who had been Washington's companion in Virginia, was an ambitious man who never lost an opportunity of looking after his own interest, and had been especially fortunate in being appointed to the command of the northern army just as it achieved the famous victory over Burgoyne.

The defeat at Brandywine, the failure to make Germantown a great success, and the occupation of Philadelphia by the British troops, while the American army was suffering at Valley Forge — all this seemed to many a sorry story compared with the brilliant victory at Saratoga. There had always been those who thought Washington slow and cautious. John Adams was one of these, and he expressed himself as heartily glad "that the glory of turning the tide of arms was not immediately due to the commander-in-chief." Others shook their heads and said that the people of America had been guilty of idolatry by making a man their god; and that, besides, the army would become dangerous to the liberties of the people if it were allowed to be so influenced by one man.

Conway was the foremost of these critics. "No man was more a gentleman than General Washington, or appeared to more advantage at his table, or in the usual intercourse of life," he would say; then he would give his shoulders a shrug, and look around and add, "but as to his talents for the command of an army, they were miserable indeed."

"Gates was the general!" Conway said. "There was a man who could fight, and win victories!"

Gates himself was in a mood to believe it. He had been so intoxicated by his success against Burgoyne that he thought himself the man of the day, and quite forgot to send a report of the action to his commander-in-chief. Washington rebuked him in a letter which was severe in its quiet tone. He congratulated Gates on his great success, and added, "At the same time, I can not but regret that a matter of such magnitude, and so interesting to our general operations, should have reached me by report only; or through the channel of letters not bearing that authenticity which the importance of it required, and which it would have received by a line over your signature stating the simple fact."

Gates may have winced under the rebuke, but he was then listening to Conway's flattery, and that was more agreeable to him. Conway, on his part, found Gates a convenient man to set up as a rival to Washington. He himself did not aspire to be commander-in-chief, though he would have had no doubt as to his capacity. Washington knew him well. "His merit as an officer," wrote the Commander-in-chief, "and his importance in this army exist more in his own imagination than in reality. For it is a maxim with him to leave no service of his own untold, nor to want anything which is to be obtained by importunity." Conway thought Gates was the rising man, and he meant to rise with him. He filled his ear with things which he thought would please him, and among other letters wrote him one in which these words occurred: "Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counselors would have ruined it."

Now Gates was foolish enough to show this letter to Wilkinson, one of his aids, and Wilkinson repeated it to an aid of Lord Stirling, one of Washington's generals, and Lord Stirling at once sat down and wrote it off to Washington. Thereupon Washington, who knew Conway too well to waste any words upon him, sat down and wrote him this letter:

"SIR,— A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph:

"'In a letter from General Conway to General Gates he says: Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counselors would have ruined it.'

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

That was all, but it was quite enough to throw Conway and Gates and Mifflin into a panic. How did Washington get hold of the sentence? Had

he seen any other letters? How much did he know? In point of fact, that was all that Washington had seen. He had a contempt for Conway. He knew of Mifflin's hostility and that Gates was now cool to him; but he did not suspect Gates of any intrigue, and he supposed for a while that Wilkinson's message had been intended only to warn him of Conway's evil mind.

Gates was greatly perplexed to know what to do, but he finally wrote to Washington as if there were some wretch who had been stealing letters and might be discovering the secrets of the American leaders. He begged Washington to help him find the rascal. Washington replied, giving him the exact manner in which the letter came into his hands, and then closed with a few sentences that showed Gates clearly that he had lost the confidence of his commander-in-chief.

That particular occasion passed, but presently the cabal showed its head again, this time working through Congress. It secured the appointment of a Board of War, with Gates at the head, and a majority of the members from men who were hostile to Washington. Now, they thought, Washington will resign, and to help matters on they spread the report that Washington was about to resign. The general checkmated them at once by a letter to a friend, in which he wrote:

"To report a design of this kind is among the arts which those who are endeavoring to effect a change, are practicing to bring it to pass. . . . While the public are satisfied with my endeavors, I mean not to shrink from the cause. But the moment her voice, *not that of faction*, calls upon me to resign, I shall do it with as much pleasure as ever the wearied traveler retired to rest."

The cabal was not yet defeated. It had failed by roundabout methods. It looked about in Congress and counted the disaffected to see if it would be possible to get a majority vote in favor of a motion to arrest the commander-in-chief. So at least the story runs which, from its nature, would not be found in any record, but was whispered from one man to another. The day came when the motion was to be tried; the conspiracy leaked out, and Washington's friends bestirred themselves. They needed one more vote. They sent post-haste for one of their number, Gouverneur Morris, who was absent in camp; but they feared they could not get him in time. In their extremity, they went to William Duer, a member from New York, who was dangerously ill. Duer sent for his doctor.

"Doctor," he asked, "can I be carried to Congress?"

"Yes, but at the risk of your life," replied the physician.

"Do you mean that I should expire before reaching the place?" earnestly inquired the patient.

"No," came the answer; "but I would not answer for your leaving it alive."

"Very well, sir. You have done your duty and I will do mine!" exclaimed Duer. "Prepare a litter for me; if you will not, somebody else will, but I prefer your aid."

The demand was in earnest, and Duer had already started when it was announced that Morris had returned and that he would not be needed. Morris had come direct from the camp with the latest news of what was going on there. His vote would make it impossible for the enemies of Washington to carry their point; their opportunity was lost, and they never recovered it.

It was not the end of the cabal, however. They still cherished their hostility to Washington, and they sought to injure him where he would feel the wound most keenly. They tried to win from him the young Marquis de La Fayette, who had come from France to join the American army, and whom Washington had taken to his heart. La Fayette was ambitious and enthusiastic. Conway, who had been in France, did his best to attach himself to the young Frenchman, but he betrayed his hatred of Washington, and that was enough to estrange La Fayette. Then a winter campaign in Canada was planned, and the cabal intrigued to have La Fayette appointed to command it. It was argued that as a Frenchman he would have an influence over the French Canadians. But the plotters hoped that, away from Washington, the young marquis could be more easily worked upon, and it was intended that Conway should be his second in command.

Of course, in contriving this plan, Washington was not consulted; but the moment La Fayette was approached, he appealed to Washington for advice. Washington saw through the device, but he at once said, "I would rather it should be you than another." La Fayette insisted on Kalb being second in command instead of Conway, whom he disliked and distrusted. Congress was in session at York, and thither La Fayette went to receive his orders. Gates, who spent much of his time in the neighborhood of Congress, seeking to influence the members, was there, and La Fayette was at once invited to join him and his friends at dinner. The talk ran freely, and great things were promised of the Canada expedition, but not a word was said about Washington. La Fayette listened and noticed. He thought of the contrast between the meager fare and the sacrifices at Valley Forge, and this feast at which he was a guest. He watched his opportunity, and near the end of the dinner, he said:

"I have a toast to propose. There is one health, gentlemen, which we have not yet drunk. I have the honor to propose it to you: The Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States!"

It was a challenge which no one dared openly

to take up, but there was an end to the good spirits of the company. La Fayette had shown his colors, and he was let alone after that. Indeed, the Canada expedition never was undertaken, for the men who were urging it were not in earnest about anything but diminishing the honor of Washington. It is the nature of cabals and intrigues that they flourish in the dark. They can not bear the light. As soon as these hostile intentions began to reach the ears of the public, great was the indignation aroused, and one after another of the conspirators made haste to disown any evil purpose. Gates and Mifflin each publicly avowed their entire confidence in Washington, and Conway, who had fought a duel and supposed himself to be dying, made a humble apology. The cabal melted away, leaving Washington more secure than ever in the confidence of men—all the more secure that he did not lower himself by attempting the same arts against his traducers. When Conway was uttering his libels behind his back, Washington was openly declaring his judgment of Conway; and throughout the whole affair, Washington kept his hands clean, and went his way with a manly disregard of his enemies.

CHAPTER XIX.

MONMOUTH.

THE news of the French alliance, and consequent war between France and England, compelled the English to leave Philadelphia. They had taken their ease there during the winter, while hardships and Steuben's drilling and Washington's unflagging zeal had made the American army at Valley Forge strong and determined. A French fleet might at any time sail up the Delaware, and with the American army in the rear, Philadelphia would be a hard place to hold. So General Howe turned his command over to General Clinton, and went home to England, and General Clinton set about marching his army across New Jersey to New York.

The moment the troops left Philadelphia, armed men sprang up all over New Jersey to contest their passage, and Washington set his army in motion, following close upon the heels of the enemy, who were making for Staten Island. There was a question whether they should attack the British and bring on a general engagement, or only follow them and vex them. The generals on whom Washington most relied, Greene, La Fayette, and Wayne, all good fighters, urged that it would be a shame to let the enemy leave New Jersey without a severe punishment. The majority of generals in the council, however, strongly opposed the plan of giving battle. They said that the French alliance would undoubtedly put an end to the war at once. Why, then, risk life and success? The British army, moreover, was strong and well equipped.

The most strenuous opponent of the fighting plan was General Charles Lee. When he was left in command of a body of troops at the time of Washington's crossing the Hudson river more than a year before, his orders were to hold himself in readiness to join Washington at any time. In his march across New Jersey, Washington had repeatedly sent for Lee, but Lee had delayed in an unaccountable manner, and finally was himself surprised by a company of dragoons, and taken captive. For a year he had been held a prisoner, and only lately had been released on exchange. He had returned to the army while the cabal against Washington was going on, and had taken part in it, for he always felt that he ought to be first and Washington second. He was second in command now, and his opinion had great weight. He was a trained soldier, and besides, in his long captivity he had become well acquainted with General Clinton, and he professed to know well the condition and temper of the British officers.

Washington thus found himself unsupported by a majority of his officers. But he had no doubt in his own mind that the policy of attack was a sound one. All had agreed that it was well to harass the enemy; he therefore ordered La Fayette with a large division to fall upon the enemy at an exposed point. He thought it not unlikely that this would bring on a general action, and he disposed his forces so as to be ready for such an emergency. He gave the command to La Fayette, because Lee had disapproved the plan; but after La Fayette had set out, Lee came to Washington and declared that La Fayette's division was so large as to make it almost an independent army, and that therefore he would like to change his mind and take command. It never would do to have his junior in such authority.

Here was a dilemma. Washington could not recall La Fayette. He wished to make use of Lee; so he gave Lee two additional brigades, sent him forward to join La Fayette, when, as his senior, he would of course command the entire force; and at the same time he notified La Fayette of what he had done, trusting to his sincere devotion to the cause in such an emergency.

When Clinton found that a large force was close upon him, he took up his position at Monmouth Court House, now Freehold, New Jersey and prepared to meet the Americans. Washington knew Clinton's movements and sent word to Lee at once to attack the British, unless there should be very

powerful reasons to the contrary; adding that he himself was bringing up the rest of the army. Lee had joined La Fayette and was now in command of the advance. La Fayette was eager to move upon the enemy.

"You do not know British soldiers," said Lee; "we can not stand against them. We shall certainly be driven back at first, and we must be cautious."

"Perhaps so," said La Fayette. "But we have beaten British soldiers, and we can do it again."

Soon after, one of Washington's aids appeared for intelligence, and La Fayette, in despair at Lee's dashed forward. After him flew the officers who had been riding by his side, but they could not overtake him. His horse, covered with foam, shot down the road over a bridge and up the hill beyond. The retreating column saw him come. The men knew him; they stopped; they made way for the splendid-looking man, as he, their leader, rode headlong into the midst of them. Lee was there, ordering the retreat, and Washington drew his rein as he came upon him. A moment of terrible silence — then Washington burst out, his eyes flashing:

"What, sir, is the meaning of this?"



WASHINGTON REBUKING LEE, AT MONMOUTH.

inaction, sent the messenger to urge Washington to come at once to the front; that he was needed. Washington was already on the way, before the messenger reached him, when he was met by a little fifer boy, who cried out:

"They are all coming this way, your honor."

"Who are coming, my little man?" asked General Knox, who was riding by Washington.

"Why, our boys, your honor, our boys, and the British right after them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Washington, and he galloped to a hill just ahead. To his amazement and dismay, he saw his men retreating. He lost not an instant, but, putting spurs to his horse,

"Sir, sir," stammered Lee.

"I desire to know, sir, the meaning of this disorder and confusion?"

Lee, enraged now by Washington's towering passion, made an angry reply. He declared that the whole affair was against his opinion.

"You are a poltroon!" flashed back Washington, with an oath. "Whatever your opinion may have been, I expected my orders to be obeyed."

"These men can not face the British grenadiers," answered Lee.

"They can do it, and they shall!" exclaimed Washington, galloping off to survey the ground. Presently he came back; his wrath had gone down

in the presence of the peril to the army. He would waste no strength in cursing Lee.

"Will you retain the command here, or shall I?" he asked. "If you will, I will return to the main body and have it formed on the next height."

"It is equal to me where I command," said Lee, sullenly.

"Then remain here," said Washington. "I expect you to take proper means for checking the enemy."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, and I shall not be the first to leave the ground," replied Lee, with spirit.

The rest of the day the battle raged, and when night came the enemy had been obliged to fall back, and Washington determined to follow up his success in the morning. He directed all the troops to lie on their arms where they were. He himself lay stretched on the ground beneath a tree, his cloak wrapped about him. About midnight, an officer came near with a message, but hesitated, reluctant to waken him.

"Advance, sir, and deliver your message," Washington called out; "I lie here to think, and not to sleep."

In the morning, Washington prepared to renew the attack, but the British had slipped away under cover of the darkness, not willing to venture another battle.

Pursuit, except by some cavalry, was unavailing. The men were exhausted. The sun beat down fiercely, and the hot sand made walking difficult. Moreover, the British fleet lay off Sandy Hook, and an advance in that direction would lead the army nearer to the enemy's re-enforcements. Accordingly Washington marched his army to Brunswick and thence to the Hudson river, crossed it, and encamped again near White Plains.

After the battle of Monmouth, Lee wrote an angry letter to Washington and received a cool one in reply. Lee demanded a court-martial, and Washington at once ordered it. Three charges were made, and Lee was convicted of disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions; misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary and disorderly retreat; and disrespect to the Commander-in-chief. He was suspended from the army for a year, and he never returned to it. Long after his death, facts were brought to light which make it seem more than probable that General Lee was so eaten up by vanity, by jealousy of Washington, and by a love of his profession above a love of his country, that he was a traitor at heart, and that instead of being ready to sacrifice himself for his country, he was ready to sacrifice the country to his own willful ambition and pride.

But his disgrace was the end of all opposition to Washington. From that time there was no question as to who was at the head of the army and the people.

(To be continued.)



FRESH FROM A DIP IN THE BREAKERS.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

By Emma C. Dowd.

The flowers are fringing the swift meadow brooks,
The songsters are nesting in shadowy nooks;
The birds and the blossoms are thronging to meet us,
With loveliness, perfume, and music they greet us,—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The bobolink tilts on the tall, nodding clover,
And sings his gay song to us over and over;
The wild roses beckon, with deepening blushes,
And sweet, from the wood, sounds the warble of thrushes,—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

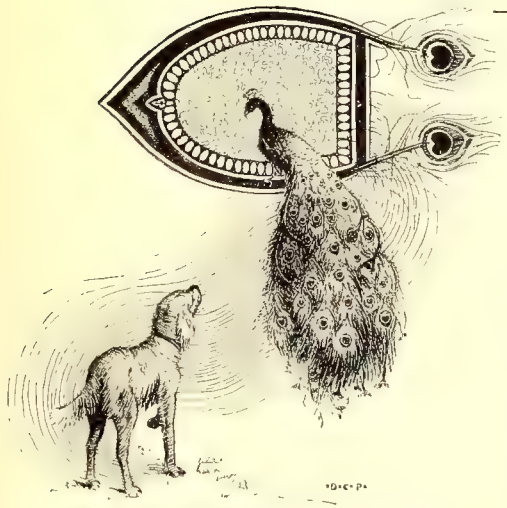
The white lilies sway with the breeze of the morning,
In raiment more fair than a monarch's adorning;
The bright-throated humming-bird, marvel of fleetness,
Comes questing for honey-blooms, draining their sweetness,—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

High up in the elm is the oriole courting,
A new suit of velvet and gold he is sporting;
With gay bits of caroling, tuneful and mellow,
He wooes his fair lady-love, clad in plain yellow,—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The blossoms and birds bring us, yearly, sweet token
That Nature's glad promises never are broken.
Then sing, happy birdlings, nor ever grow weary!
Laugh on, merry children, 't is time to be cheery!—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

THE LAST CRUISE OF "THE SLUG."

By Thomas Edwin Turner.



CÆSAR AND THE PEACOCK. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

CLIFFORD and Jack went down from Brooklyn last summer to spend a few weeks with Clifford's aunt, in the cozy old homestead on the Shrewsbury River. Yachting was to be their chief enjoyment. To be sure, they were not practical yachtsmen; but Jack said he "had read up the subject," and Cliff "had been out in a yacht once or twice," so they had no fears.

Clifford and Jack were second cousins, and great friends; but Jack had been in the habit of spending his summers at Saratoga, and accordingly he looked forward to his present trip with the feeling of an adventurous explorer of unknown regions. And in order to be prepared for every emergency, he brought an "outfit" that filled a strong trunk, two valises, a shawl-strap, and a number of queerly-shaped packages.

Clifford, who for several years had spent a part of each summer at his aunt's, carried a handbag. When Jack asked him where the rest of his things were, Clifford, with a glance at his cousin's paraphernalia, answered that he preferred to keep his "outfit" at his aunt's. He was not likely to need it elsewhere, and he saved expense for extra baggage.

But Cæsar was Jack's chief reliance and most weighty responsibility. Cæsar was a dog; — according to Jack, a setter-dog. And as Clifford was unable to state what was the dog's breed, if it were not a setter, Jack felt that he had established his point. Moreover, when Cæsar, upon their arrival at Mud Flat, immediately celebrated the occasion by slaughtering eight out of a brood of eleven Cochin China chicks that were great pets of their hostess, Jack claimed that his pet's success as a game dog was assured beyond cavil. Jack was somewhat discouraged on learning that the principal "game" ing the rest of the boys' visit, was to chase the gorgeous bird of Juno into the branches of a pear-tree, and stand below and bark.

Though this was severe on the nervous organism of the peacock, it seemed to afford unlimited satisfaction to Cæsar, and it kept him out of so much other possible mischief, that he was rarely interfered with on these occasions.

As soon as Jack could have his luggage taken to the house and put in the room the boys were to occupy, he hastened to unpack his outfit before the wondering eyes of Clifford. A handsome double-



JACK EXHIBITS HIS "OUTFIT."

in that vicinity was the sideling "shedder," or crab, and he acknowledged that in the pursuit of such plunder he feared even Cæsar was not ambitious. But nothing ever discouraged Cæsar, and he had more fun with Miss Goodmaid's favorite peacock than all the game in New Jersey would have afforded him; as subsequent events developed the fact that he was mortally afraid of a gun. This is not strange, considering that he had spent the previous eight months of his short life in a stable on Henry street, in Brooklyn. Indeed, his principal amusement dur- barreled shot-gun, Clifford suggested, might be used in trying to kill his aunt's three remaining chickens; a delicate split-bamboo fishing-rod might come in well for catching live bait, if they were not in a hurry; and an extensive collection of artificial flies would perhaps serve to frighten away the mosquitoes. A large horse-pistol Cliff thought would be "just the thing for picking off bull-frogs in the marshes"; but he was forced to tell his cousin that he feared his shooting-coat, his fine yachting suit, his knickerbockers for mountain

climbing, and his tennis flannels, would scarcely be needed in that vicinity.

Poor Jack looked ruefully at his expensive "outfit," which Clifford seemed to prize so little, and then he asked his cousin to tell him what specialties of costume and accouterments were best fitted to the Shrewsbury region. Without answering in words, Clifford simply pointed to a closet, through the open door of which could be seen, hanging from hooks, a broad-brimmed straw hat, a blue flannel shirt, a stout pair of trousers, and a lanyard. A large jack-knife lay upon the shelf, and a substantial pair of high shoes stood firmly on the floor.

Little more was said concerning the subject that evening, but Jack went to bed in a very sober frame of mind. In the morning, he put all his fancy toggery back into his trunk, selecting only such useful garments as Clifford suggested, and took an early opportunity of purchasing a hat which was an exact counterpart of the one worn by his cousin.

Indeed, it was dangerous to mention the word "outfit" in Jack's hearing for a long time.

Clifford's aunt, Miss Goodmaid, was asked to tell them where they could hire a sail-boat for their proposed trip; she had heard that Johnny Peltsman, the carriage-maker's son, in Mud Flat, had such a boat, and to him the boys went to "negotiate."

Johnny Peltsman *did* have a boat, which he said he would let, if he "could get his price." The Slug, he admitted, looked a trifle heavy, and, while under "proper conditions" she would go fast, Johnny confessed that she could n't sail very close to the wind. Upon payment of five dollars, he said, the boys might have the boat for two weeks.

"Done!" cried Jack, eagerly. "I dare say she will suit us perfectly. Some people may like boats that sail close to the wind. But a boat to suit me must be able to slide away from the wind, and not stay crawling around close to it!"

Clifford's face was a study as his partner thus aired his nautical opinions, while Johnny Peltsman greeted the remark with open-mouthed astonishment; and when Jack concluded his observations, Johnny said earnestly:

"By the way, young friend, it is understood, of course, that if you sink or wreck the Slug, you must pay damages."

"Certainly, if we lose the yacht, you shall be paid for it," Jack answered, feeling rather indignant at the suggestion.

Being directed to the place where the Slug lay, the boys hastened away to take immediate possession. Johnny stood looking after them until they were out of sight. Then turning to enter his shop, he soliloquized:



THE BOYS ENGAGE THE "SLUG."

"Well, that beats all! The idea of hiring a boat without seeing it, and not caring to have it to sail close to the wind! I suppose, of course, those chaps can swim." And with an ominous shake of the head, Johnny resumed his carriage-making.

Our heroes found their prize lying in a little cove just above the bridge. The Slug was a flat-bottomed center-board boat, fifteen feet long, five feet across the stern, and narrowing gradually to a point at the bows. A more clumsy sail-boat was never seen. But Jack only noticed the two large lockers, and with unbounded satisfaction, remarked to his cousin:

"We can stow away a big stock of provisions in those boxes, Cliff."

It was Friday, so the two boys decided to give the "yacht" a short trial-trip down to the Highlands and back. In that way they would become familiar with the boat, and on Monday morning would be ready to start on a week's cruise. It chanced that a flood-tide was just beginning when the lads shoved

the Slug well out into the river, while the wind was blowing a brisk gale straight down-stream, the very direction in which the boys wished to go. Clifford was enough of a sailor to step the little mast and properly set the leg-of-mutton sail for a breeze directly astern. With a strong wind behind her, and only a weak tide opposing, it was not surprising that the Slug made a progress quite satisfactory to the two amateur yachtsmen. As the tide increased in force, however, the boat went slower and slower, and it was six o'clock when the Highlands "hove in sight," as Jack said—having learned that and other nautical terms from his story-books. On finding how late it was, Clifford remarked:

"We 'd better be making for home."

The boys managed to put the Slug about, and very soon Jack ascertained that there were times when it was an advantage to have a boat able to sail close to the wind; for, as the breeze still blew down-stream, Clifford found it simply impossible to beat up the river in the Slug. The truth was, the only "proper conditions" under which Johnny Peltsman's boat would sail at all were those of going straight before the wind!

Clifford threw a hurried glance shoreward, looked down at the water, and immediately pulled his oar into the boat, saying:

"The fates are against us, Jack. In spite of our pulling and tugging, we are actually drifting down-stream. The tide has turned; it 's dead against us, and so is the wind. It would take a Cunarder to tow this miserable scow back to Mud Flat, now."

"What 's to be done?" asked Jack, suddenly realizing that they might be swept out into the bay, where the whitecaps gave evidence that a very high sea would be encountered.

"Neither of us can swim very far," said Clifford. "Our only chance is to land on that little island, yonder. Luckily we 're drifting straight toward it."

Favored by the current, the boat was carried close to the sand-bar of the island, and by a vigorous use of the oars they were able to bring their craft safely to land.

"We 'll have to stay here until slack water," said Clifford, "and then perhaps we can row across to the shore. The next slack will be about midnight, so we 'd better camp here and take advantage of to-morrow morning's slack. Then we can



"'HOW CAN YOU SLEEP?' ASKED CLIFFORD."

Clifford told Jack that they must "row the old tub back to Mud Flat," and both boys pluckily bent to the work. It was hard work, too. The oars were long and heavy, the boat was as unwieldy as a raft of logs, and at length Jack exclaimed:

"It seems to me, Cliff, that the scenery along this river is very monotonous. We passed just such banks and houses as those over there, ten minutes ago."

cross to the Highlands Landing, a short distance below here, and go back by steamboat. The Seabird will tow the Slug home for us."

"All right; I 'll stand by you," laconically answered Jack.

They at once set about gathering grass and sea-weed with which to make a bed, intending to use the Slug's sail for a covering. After a couch had been arranged to their satisfaction, the two

friends strolled around their domain, which they found to be a little larger than a city lot. During their walk, the boys caught four or five soft-shell crabs, which the epicurean Jack prudently stowed away in one of the lockers.

The mosquitoes had troubled the lads greatly from the moment they landed on the sand-island; and, as they had no matches and could not make a "smudge," they soon decided to "turn in" as Jack technically stated. But then the vicious insects attacked their victims in clouds, until the boys were forced to cover their heads and hands completely with the sail; and in that uncomfortable condition they finally fell asleep.

It seemed but a short time to Clifford before he became conscious of a stinging, smarting sensation on his face that was almost unbearable, and he awoke to find that he was literally covered with swarms of the poisonous little pests, while Jack, snugly rolled up in the sailcloth of which he had taken complete possession in his sleep, snored loudly.

Slapping, brushing, and shaking off his tormentors, Clifford punched his companion and exclaimed:

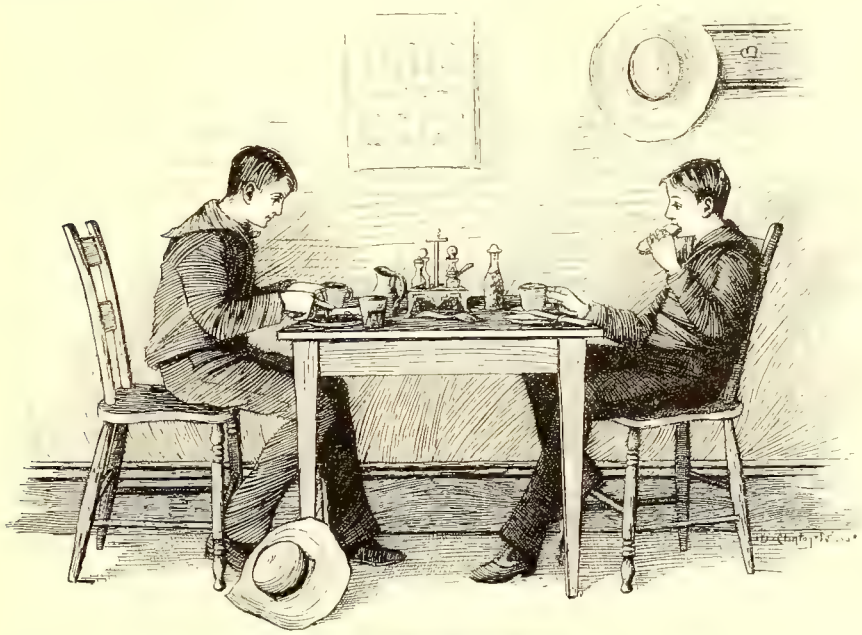
"How can you sleep through this?"

"Oh, *I'm* all right," answered Jack, in smothered tones.

"Well, *I'm* not!" growled Clifford, as he sprang to his feet and proceeded to spend the few hours until daybreak in battle with his small but ferocious enemies.

At sunrise, the castaways refreshed themselves with a prolonged bath; and then, hungry as bears, they impatiently waited for slack water, when they sprang into the Slug, and by long and hard work, at last reached the mainland not far above the Highlands.

An investigation of their finances showed the boys that they had, together, exactly sixty-five cents.



"THE TWO HUNGRY LADS WERE SOON DISPATCHING THEIR BREAKFAST."

With that sum, therefore, they had to provide a breakfast, pay steamboat fares home, and meet unknown incidental expenses. A little shop was soon found where coffee, butter, and a roll would be furnished to each boy for thirty cents. Their fares home would amount to twenty cents; and the boys decided to take the chance that fifteen cents would prove adequate to the unforeseen. Remembering the soft-shell crabs in the locker, Clifford induced the good-natured landlady to cook them "without extra charge;" and soon the two hungry lads were dispatching their thirty-cent breakfast, which included fried potatoes, also "donated" by the kind-hearted hostess.

At ten o'clock on that eventful Saturday morning, the young navigators re-embarked and dropped down with the tide to the steamboat landing at the Highlands.

The boys soon saw the Seabird plowing her way to the landing. When she had landed, the

Slug was quickly made fast to the stern of the larger boat, and ere long the steamer was bearing them homeward.

Seated well forward on the upper deck, the boys were congratulating themselves on being at last free from all anxiety, when suddenly they were startled by loud cries from the stern of the steamboat:

"Hi! Hi! You lads who own the little boat astern! Hurry! quick! quick! She 's sinking! she 's sinking!"

Running to the spot whence came those warning shouts; Clifford and Jack looked down at the Slug and saw that the small center-board had been thrown entirely out of its trunk by the force of the water which had been churned to a white foam under the huge paddle-wheels of the Seabird,—and a broad stream pouring through this opening into their "yacht" threatened each moment to swamp it.

"Bother that yacht! She 's going to haunt us all our lives!" cried Jack, in dismay; but Clifford, taking in the state of affairs at a glance, ran to the lower deck, and with one stroke of his pocket-knife cut the Slug's painter, and then the two boys silently and sadly watched their boat drop far behind in the fan-shaped wake of the larger vessel.

"She may be picked up by some one alongshore, but, more likely, she 'll go to the bottom," thoughtfully remarked Clifford.

"I don't believe it," said Jack; "that yacht will never sink! She will be turning up against us all through life, bringing trouble and disgrace."

In due time, the boys arrived at the Goodmaid homestead, where they received a warm welcome from Clifford's aunt, who had almost begun to fear that her young guests were at the bottom of the Shrewsbury.

On Monday morning, bright and early, the two boys started down the left bank of the river to find their boat. They found it after an hour's walk. It had been hauled out upon the beach. The Slug had been sighted and recovered by a farmer living alongshore. After paying two dollars as salvage, Jack asked the farmer concerning the best way of getting the boat home.

"There are three ways," answered the man, thoughtfully. "The first is to wait till there's a hurricane blowing straight up the river, when perhaps you can sail up. The second is to hire me to row her up. And the third is to let me put the boat on my lumber wagon, and haul it up to Mud Flat."

"Of the three, which would be best?" persisted Jack.

"Well," replied the farmer, "you may have to wait weeks for the hurricane; I will haul the boat for two dollars; and I will undertake to row it up the river — (though, understand, I don't say how long I shall be about it) — but row her up I will, somehow, and charge you only two hundred and fifty dollars for the job. And that's very cheap, I can tell you, for I know that boat!"

It is hardly necessary to say that the boys decided that the Slug should go home on wheels, provided they might ride, too, without increase of pay. By the use of rollers, an inclined plane and levers, the boat was safely hoisted upon the wagon. The farmer occupied the bow, and Jack and Cliff each sat on a thwart.

And now, for the first time in her history, the Slug was under complete control. The whip cracked, the horses strained at their collars, the wheels rolled, and away went Jack's "yacht," trundling homeward. The road led past the Goodmaid farm, and over the long bridge crossing the Shrewsbury. As they neared the farm, the boys raised a shout, and Cæsar, Jack's mongrel and mischievous dog, leaving the peacock for a moment, came bounding out to meet them.

True to his nature, he at once began a series of noisy gambols about the farmer's young and high-spirited horses. But soon wearying of that harmless jumping at the wagon, the dog suddenly ran under the forward wheels, and sprang at the long fetlocks of the "near" horse.

Like a flash, the team made a wild plunge, and dashed down the road. The wagon was jerked from beneath the Slug, and the boat and its passengers fell heavily to the ground. The anchor, dropping between the wagon-box and a wheel, became firmly fixed; while the line to which the anchor was attached, being good manilla rope, was uncoiled and dragged after the horses with great rapidity.

Fortunately, the boys and the driver had time to jump out of the "yacht" before the anchor-rope was all "paid out," and so, with the exception of a bad shaking-up and a few bruises, they suffered no injury from their unceremonious disembarking. But the sudden fall had "broken the backbone" of the Slug, as Jack expressed it; and, as if that were not enough, the poor boat, as it hung by the painter, was swung, bumped, knocked, and dragged along, until it was literally reduced to fragments. There was scarcely a residence in all Mud Flat that did not have, long afterward, some satisfactory reminder of the last cruise of the Slug.

But all agreed that the old boat had one virtue — it made famous firewood!



THE GREAT SPRING-BOARD ACT.—BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY.

WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

By Henry Eckford.

Fifth Paper.

In tracing back our letters, we now have reached Chalkis, where the Phœnicians under Kadmus taught the Greeks their letters. A funny thing occurred to the wise men who ferreted out all these facts. They could read Greek, and they could read Hebrew, and the strange likeness between many of the names for the letters in the two languages made it certain that in some way they were related or connected. But what meant those letters on rocks, metal vases, and earthenware jars that we now call Phœnician? Single letters looked like Greek letters distorted; but the words would not read as Greek. Nor would they read as Hebrew, although the characters appeared to have some connection with Hebrew. Greek is written like our writing, from left to right; but Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian are written from right to left. So, in those languages a book begins where our books end. It was found, too, that the Hebrew writing now in use is very different externally from that used by David and Solomon, although the names and general shape of the letters are the same. Have you ever seen a Hebrew Bible? The alphabet in which the Old Testament was originally written looked very different from that which the Jews now use in their Bibles; it was much nearer the Phœnician in appearance.

For a long time it never dawned on men's minds that perhaps the Phœnician way of writing, from right to left, was not followed by the Greeks; but at last they remembered that in very early times the lines of Greek writing were made to read alternately from right to left and from left to right. Such inscriptions were called *boustrephédon* ("turning like oxen in plowing"), because the letters had to be read as the oxen move from furrow to furrow in the field that they plow, first one way, then the other. That gave the needed clew.

After all, if we do not connect letters one to the other, as in running handwriting, does it make much difference whether we set the separate letters down in a sequence which begins at the

right and ends at the left, or in one that begins at the left and ends at the right? Some nations, like the Chinese and Tartars, find it convenient to write signs *under* each other. The Egyptians used to write in at least three several directions, namely, downwards, from right to left, and from left to right. Generally one can tell how to read hieroglyphs in Egyptian and Mexican manuscripts by noting the direction of the faces of animals and persons pictured, and then reading in the opposite direction. Sometimes Egyptian hieroglyphs were engraved one upon the other, like a monogram.

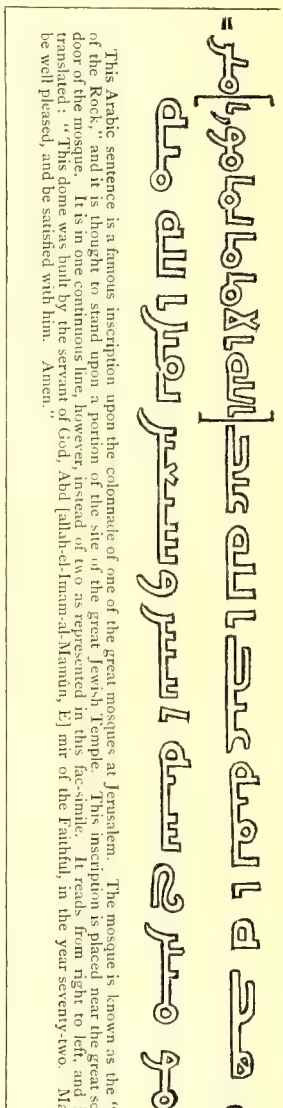
Well, putting some or all of these facts together, it suddenly flashed on some one that the oldest Greek letters might be nothing more or less than the Phœnician letters turned the other way. And when they came to examine the very oldest Greek inscriptions to be found, they discovered that this was the main difference between the two! The Greeks had borrowed the Phœnician letters and merely added some new characters to express sounds peculiar to their own tongue and neglected others that were of no service.

It was this alphabet that the Greek-Phœnicians brought to Italy. When, centuries later, Latins and Sabines and Etruscans and Oscans, banded together and formed the great city of Rome, it was this alphabet they inherited from their forefathers. Several of the letters which the Etruscans thought necessary to express sounds in their language, were dropped before the Romans came to power and produced their great poets and essayists.

So, now you know how the alphabet came to you, which the Irish monks taught our heathen forefathers. It came through the Latins from the people of Bœotia, or Greeks, who learned it from the Phœnicians.

But that great mercantile people, the Phœnicians, also left to the nations near their old home in Palestine, the same precious gift of an alphabet. Very old inscriptions in Hebrew, lately found, are seen to be written in almost the same alphabet as the Phœnician. Perhaps you are beginning to wonder how many peoples there are who owe their letters to that old sea-folk who were the traders, pirates, and buccaneers of the Mediterranean! There is the Hebrew, which people have called the alphabet of God, because the Holy Scriptures were written in it, and which was also used by magicians for their amulets and talismans; there is the Greek, in which the epics of Homer, the long poems of Hesiod, and the rhapsodies of Pindar were taken down; there is the Latin, in which all the wisdom of the ancients reached us; and there are all the differing alphabets, printed characters, and script handwritings of Europe and America! In fact, I could not tell you here, so numerous are they, the names of all the languages in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, that were and are written in some alphabet, which traces its descent from the twenty-two Phœnician letters.

The connection between Greek and Phœnician is much easier to believe than that Arabic, a sentence of which you see here represented, should be also a writing derived from the Phœnician. Arabic letters are used by so large a portion of the inhabitants of the earth that it stands second among the great national, or rather, the great religious alphabets of the world. Some of you know, I suppose, that Mohammed was a very wise and imaginative Arab of an important though poor tribe of Arabia Felix. He was a great poet and statesman; he had visions and called himself the Prophet of God. He wrote the Koran, which is used by an immense multitude of men as their only law-book and Bible. The dialect which he and his clan used became, through the spread of his doctrines, the standard, first for all Arabia, and then for all the enormous countries a hundred times larger than Arabia which his disciples and their followers won by force of arms.

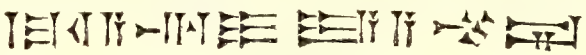


This Arabic sentence is a famous inscription upon the colonnade of one of the great mosques at Jerusalem. The mosque is known as the "Dome of the Rock," and it is thought to stand upon a portion of the site of the great Jewish Temple. This inscription is placed near the great southern door of the mosque. It is in one continuous line, however, instead of two as represented in this fac-simile. It reads from right to left, and is thus translated: "This dome was built by the servant of God, Abd [allah-el-Imam-al-Mamún, El mir of the Faithful, in the year seventy-two. May God be well pleased, and be satisfied with him. Amen."

Of course the alphabet he used did not spring up suddenly. It was handed down from the early times of the Phœnicians, and gradually became so changed in most of the letters that you would hardly believe they had ever been the same as the Phœnician letters. Writers of it

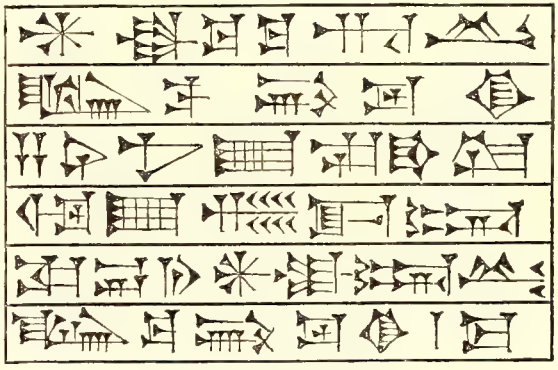
were so careless, or so proud of being able to read and write when the mass of their neighbors were ignorant, that, neglectfully or intentionally, they allowed many letters to become almost like one another. In the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages, it is hard to tell a number of the letters apart. In order to distinguish them, later writers devised a set of dots, like the dot over our small i. The same difficulty occurred among the Hebrews, whose wise men seemed to enjoy making writing hard to write and to read. Another reason why Arabic is hard to make out is because many of the letters change their forms according as they stand alone (unconnected), or stand at the beginning of a word (initial), or in between two other letters (connected) or at the end of a word (final). Think of having to distinguish the same letter under four different forms! What a bother to the children of the Arabs, Turks, and Persians as they sit tailor-fashion, or kneel patiently on the floor, their shoes left outside the threshold, while the schoolmaster flourishes his rod over their puzzled noddles, or raps the soles of their tired little feet!

Now Arabic letters and Hebrew, too, if you try to trace them back to Phœnician, are found to have passed through the hands of a people who occupied the high lands of Asia Minor, where the two great "rivers of Babylon," the Euphrates and the Tigris, begin to run their course. This land was called Aram and the ancient language spoken there, the Aramaic. Between Phœnician and Aramaic the connection is close. The Aramaic took the place of the Phœnician language, when the Phœnicians were edged out of Palestine westward over the Mediterranean. So we see that Arabic, which looks so strange and is so elegant and fantastic when embroidered on banners or traced on tiles or written on the beautiful mulberry-leaf paper of the Orient, really uses, in the main, the same alphabet that looks so plain and simple on the page you are reading!



PERSIAN SENTENCE.

Both Phœnician and Aramaic were in all probability spoken and written in Palestine and Aram. It was in Aramaic, too, that the words of Christ and his apostles were spoken; and a few of the actual words are still retained in the New Testament, for example "Talitha cumi," meaning "Maid, arise!" It was probably Aramaic that prevailed also in the great capitals of Mesopotamia, while the rich and haughty kings of Babylonia and Assyria were using on their stone and plaster images and in their queer books of inscribed and baked brick, the writing that is called "cuneiform." It is so called because the letters appear to to be formed of little *cunei*, wedges, or nails. "Arrow-headed writing" is another name for it. Look well at this curious writing made by engraving on brick. Several different languages have been written in it.



SPECIMEN OF CUNEIFORM WRITING.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

By Lilian Dynevor Rice.

I.

Six sturdy lads lay curled up in their beds
When the Birthday of Freedom had faded to night,
With burns on their fingers and pains in their heads,
And scarred like the heroes of many a fight.
But, strange to relate, as all sleepless they lay,
Though ten from the steeple had chimed loud and clear,
They sighed: "What a perfectly glorious day!
Too bad it can only come once in the year!"

II.

The six patient mothers, who loved the six boys,
Were resting at last, now the daylight was done;
For, with the wild racket and riot and noise,
No peace had been theirs since the dawn of the sun.
And they sighed, as they said in the weariest way
(And full cause had they for their feelings, I fear):
"This has been *such* a terrible, ear-splitting day!
How lucky it only comes once in the year!"



THE LEOPARD BROUGHT TO BAY BY WILD DOGS.

WILD HUNTERS.

By John R. Coryell.

Everybody knows the old story of the father who taught his sons to be united by showing them a bundle of sticks. Taken together, the sticks could not be broken; but taken singly, they were snapped in two very quickly.

The wild dogs of South Africa, like the bundle of sticks, furnish an example of the value of unity. A single wild dog is not very formidable, but a pack of wild dogs is the dread of every living creature in the part of Africa where they dwell; and more persevering, savage, and relentless hunters do not exist.

The wild dog has keen scent, quick intelligence, great powers of endurance, and great speed; so that, however swift may be the animal pursued, it has cause to fear this tireless hunter. Indeed, the wild dog never seems to take into consideration the size, strength, or agility of its game. Even the lion, it is said, has learned to dread those small hunters, which seem to have no fear of death, but rush with fierce courage to attack the mighty monarch himself, should he be so unlucky as to become the object of their pursuit.

One traveler tells of having witnessed the pursuit and destruction of a large leopard by a pack of wild dogs. Whether or not the dogs had set out with the intention of capturing the leopard, he could not tell. He saw them start up the great cat in a low jungle. The leopard made no effort at first to fight off its assailants; but, with a series of prodigious springs, sought shelter in the only refuge the plain afforded — a tree which had partially fallen.

There the hunted beast stood, snarling and growling in a manner that would have frightened off any ordinary foe. The savage dogs, however, never hesitated a moment, but with agile leaps ran up the sloping trunk, and gave instant battle to their furious game. One after another, the dogs were hurled back, each stroke of the terrible paw making one foe the less. Yet they continued to throw themselves against the enraged creature, until, wearied by the contest and wounded in fifty places, it fell from the tree; when, still struggling, it was quickly torn to pieces.

It must not be supposed, however, that the wild dog usually prefers as formidable game as the leopard. A sheep-fold is always an attraction too great for the wild dog to pass.

And now, after calling this wild hunter a dog, I shall have to say that it is not a dog at all, but is only a sort of cousin to the dog, and really a nearer relative of the hyena, though it so resembles both animals as to have gained the name of hyena-dog. Its scientific name is *Lycaon venaticus;* and besides the two common names already mentioned, it has half a dozen more.

Being neither dog nor hyena, and yet akin to both, it is one of those strange forms of the animal creation which naturalists call "links." It has four toes, like the hyena, while it has teeth like the dog's.

Some attempts have been made to tame it, so as to gain the use of its wonderful powers of hunting; but none of these efforts have yet been successful, because of the suspicious nature of the animal. It seems to feel that every offer of kindness or familiarity is a menace to its liberty.

THE THEORETIC TURTLE.

By A. R. W.



The theoretic turtle started out to see the toad;
He came to a stop at a liberty-pole in the middle of the road.
"Now how, in the name of the spouting whale," the indignant turtle cried,
"Can I climb this perpendicular cliff, and get on the other side?
If I only could make a big balloon, I 'd lightly over it fly;
Or a very long ladder might reach the top, though it does look fearfully high.
If a beaver were in my place, he 'd gnaw a passage through with his teeth;
I can't do that, but I can dig a tunnel and pass beneath."
He was digging his tunnel, with might and main, when a dog looked down at the hole.
"The easiest way, my friend," said he, "is to walk around the pole."

NAN'S REVOLT.

By Rose Lattimore Alling.

Chapter I.

There was a gentlemanly raising of hats and a womanly fluttering of skirts at the Ferrises' door. The hats were borne down the dark avenue, and could be seen, occasionally, swinging briskly along under the light of successive lampposts. They were very stylish hats.

The skirts made a soft scurrying sound as they rustled upstairs, and along the dim hall, disappearing into the rooms of their owners. They were very dainty skirts.

Nan closed her door, turned up the gas, stood a moment pouting at herself in the glass, pulled the wilted roses from her belt with an impatient jerk, tossed her pretty evening dress across a chair, exchanged her boots for a pair of slippers, and stole noiselessly into Evelyn's room to talk over the party with that dear sister and Cathy, who was staying with them, as a guest.

She found those two persons waiting for her, while they straightened out the fingers of their long gloves.

"Well, girls," began Nan, seating herself lazily upon the middle of the bed, "there is just one solitary comfort left after an utterly stupid evening like this: you can express your feelings to your dearest friends, and here I am to express!"

"Go on, then," sighed her sister, ruefully examining a stain on her fan; "but don't speak too loud or you will waken the household."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid, Evelyn; I 'm not in one of my fire-cracker moods. No, I 'm cool; I have the calmness of stern resolve; I speak from that tranquil height which lies beyond emotion!" declaimed Nan, pulling out the hairpins from her artistic coils.

"What notion have you in your busy head now? Hasten to divulge, for it is very late," suggested Cathy.

"Late! who cares? I shall save years of sleep by wasting this midnight's gas!" and Nan showed a gleam of fire in her eye as she gave the pillow a vindictive thump.

"Well," yawned Cathy, "proceed at once"; and forthwith the audience curled itself up on the lounge, regarding the speaker with expectant amusement, while she, after finishing off an intricate pattern in hairpins, thus began:

"Ahem — ladies — the subject of society in general and parties in particular, ladies and gentlemen," waving her hand toward sundry photographs standing about on Evelyn's writing-desk, "has been under consideration for some time. *Ergo*, *I* don't go to another one! So there! That 's settled. From this time forth I shall proceed to enjoy life in a rational way."

With this conclusion to her rapid speech, she scattered her design over the bedspread with one destructive finger, and flashed upon her hearers two bright, snapping eyes, showing that she was in earnest, despite her nonsense.

Cathy gasped, while Evelyn exclaimed:

"Why, Nan, what happened? Did n't you have a gay time?"

This remark set Nan off, like a match to powder.

"*Gay?* Oh, bewilderingly, intensely gay! Yes, it was just that — 'gay,' and nothing more. The party was all right, indeed better than most, from a high moral point of view, for my hair staid in curl and my gloves did n't burst; I danced with the most stylish goose in the room; I ate an ice with conceited Tom Lefferts in the conservatory; I opened and shut my fan and smiled and raised my eyebrows the requisite number of times to produce the effect of having a delightful time! Oh—

> 'I would not pass another such an eve,
> Though 't were to buy a world of happy days.'"

This vivid speech was uttered in irony so cold that it would have been quite thrilling if Nan had n't given the pillow another vehement poke in the middle, which made its four corners swell up in stiff remonstrance.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Cathy, with a laugh, "what in the world are you going to do about it, Nan? There is a full supply of nonsense in the world, I admit, but we can't reform the feature of the time, and we must have some fun——"

"*Fun!*" interrupted Nan hotly. "Who is objecting to fun? Who loves fun better than I? But who has fun at these shows? Did you have a really happy time to-night, Cathy? Own up now. You know that, when the flutter is over, you can't remember one single thing worth remembering. Does it pay?"

"But we can't help it. What are you going to do — turn blue-stocking or prig, Nannie, love?" mildly inquired Evelyn.

"'Prig' — 'blue-stocking' — no, I hate the very words," said Nan, adding, "I 'm seeking just what you are; the only difference is, *I 'm* going to get it and you are not. But go on, sweet children.

go on giving your hair extra frizzlings, go on smiling divinely at vapid nothings, and eating numberless plates of cream—it is a noble future to contemplate! But let me tell you, deluded creatures, that you will drag home just so many times neither

elyn, who reclined tragically upon the lounge, feigning to be completely overcome.

After they had succeeded in controlling their emotions, Cathy said in a wailing voice:

"Yes, Nan, I have a realizing sense that you are



THE GIRLS DISCUSS THE PARTY.

benefited nor amused, and the last state of all such will be worse than the first. Let us weep!"

And now the poor pillow went flying off upon the floor, while Nan laughed at her own peroration.

Her spell-bound hearers gave two gigantic sighs, while Cathy seized a cologne-bottle to restore Ev-

more than half right; for I do believe that, when, after such an evening, I survey my giddy self in the glass, I sigh more often than I smile."

Nan, who was venting her yet unspent spite in braiding her hair into tight little curls, gave her head an emphatic nod and declared her fell inten-

tion of finding some way out of her slough of despond. Then as the last braid dwindled to three hairs, she descended from the platform, and thus concluded:

"Ladies and gentlemen, thanking you for your kind attention, I beg leave to announce that there will be another solemn conclave in regard to this vital subject, on the side veranda, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Good-night, you dear old things, you are nearly asleep, and I 've wearied you more than did that wretched party. Why, no! Cathy's eyes are wide open! Mercy on us, Cathy thinks she 's thinking! Go on, dear, it wont harm you at all."

With this parting fling, she hopped to the door, holding in her hand one slipper, which she waved tragically, exclaiming, "Farewell, base world!" and was gone.

"What a girl she is!" said Evelyn, as the audience unbent itself. "She did n't give me a chance to agree with or to combat her theories; but, do you know, I am tired of it, too, just as much as Nan is, only she has vigor enough to rebel at the thraldom of her bright, natural self, while I keep on and on from mere inertia."

"Well," said Cathy, slowly winding her watch, "I *was* thinking, as Nan said—but it is one o'clock, and I shall not say another word until to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

THE bell in St. Luke's steeple rang out the stroke for three-quarters after nine in the morning. Nan lay in the hammock, gazing up through the woodbine of the before-mentioned side veranda. The leaves were beginning to turn maroon and russet; but evidently she was not looking at these, for her pretty eyes were taking in a wider angle of light. In truth, there was a deep little wrinkle between her eyebrows, which implied deep thought.

However, as the bell began on its ten strokes, she withdrew her stare from the far, unseen horizon, rolled out of the hammock, came down hard on her two trim boots, stood up straight, and gazed the landscape o'er.



"NAN LAY IN THE HAMMOCK THINKING."

"Not a girl in sight," she said to herself, with an amused laugh; "I believe the silly things are afraid of me; maybe they think I have become one of those reformers—oh me, how shy girls are of a *cause!* Well, anyhow, I have one, or rather a *be*cause, and they must give me a fair hearing, though I must be wiser than a whole collection of serpents." She had reflected thus far, when she espied a blue eye peeping around the corner of the bay-window.

"Oh, Cathy!" she shouted; "oh, you perfidious foe! Come here! Where are the girls?"

Cathy brought the companion eye into view, and finally two other pairs appeared, accompanied by their respective owners, Evelyn carrying

a basket of grapes. How merry they were, and how they laughed in that contagious girl-fashion as they encamped about Nan! They made a group charming to behold, and they seemed capable of tossing anybody's blues away as easily as they now threw grape-skins into the sunny air. But they were not remarkable in any respect; they had their full share of graces and defects, of assorted sizes, both of feature and character. No one of them was in the least a heroine; but the group was very like any other group that might have been found in many neighborhoods, on that pleasant September morning.

Bert Mitchell, who was the only addition to the party of the night before, ensconced herself in the hammock with Cathy Drake. The two girls differed from each other in many respects, but were great friends, as is often the case.

Bert, who was never called Bertha, as she declared in extravagant phrase that she "perfectly loathed the name," was tall and cheery, with fine eyes, a mass of brown hair, and a voice a trifle loud. But the girls forgave her that; and whenever she began to speak, they would always listen, assured of hearing something bright. But her most characteristic feature was her hands. They were white and shapely, but she had a curious way of carrying them — as though she had just put them on for the first time, and was trying different effects with them. The girls laughingly cried, "Long may they wave!" and liked her all the same. She had an abundance of settled convictions on every possible subject, — "positive opinions hot at all hours," Cathy's brother Fred said of her, — and she was therefore always in a definite mood, and very good company.

If, as some say, beauty is tested by the ability to wear one's hair combed straight back without being a scarecrow, Cathy, of all the girls, came nearest to being pretty, for she, and she alone, enjoyed the luxury of an even temper during high winds, damp days, and a vacation at the seashore. Her forehead was broad and calm, her eyes were blue and calm, and her mouth was sweet and calm. She was not positive about anything, which greatly irritated her friend Bert, who, indeed, flew into a comical passion one day, over her failure to arouse Cathy. Shaking her, she exclaimed, "Will nothing on earth move you! *Do* get angry — at something or some one! — at me! — at anything! Have n't you any depths in you? If you have, stir them up!"

Cathy raised her crescent brows, and a faint color crept into her smooth cheek as she quietly said: "Depths don't stir, my dear; and if stirred from the top, they are apt only to get muddy, you know. However, I 'd like to accommodate you by getting furiously angry — at you, for instance; this is an inviting opportunity, and I don't know that I ought to miss it — but somehow it does n't seem worth while." And even the obstreperous Bert was silenced by this covert thrust.

When they all had settled themselves into various cozy attitudes, Bert demanded to know the object of the caucus. "I hope it is something interesting, for nothing but a command from you would have induced me to crawl out this morning," she yawned, as she adjusted a sofa-pillow for her comfort.

Cathy murmured, "Hear! Hear!" but was evidently more absorbed in Evelyn's explanation of a new Kensington stitch.

Nan rapped sharply with the handle of a tennis racquet, and requested order. Then she gave a little cough, tossed the grape-vine over her shoulder, and began:

"Fellow-citizens! I come before you on this auspicious occasion to declare treason — treason to the tyrant commonly called 'polite society.' I 've come to the solemn conclusion that it is about time I began to prepare to live."

She was at this point interrupted by a groan, and Bert asked:

"Why, are n't you alive, Nan? I am. Life so far is a great success, and it is all your own fault if you don't think so too. You have all the conveniences for having an uncommonly favored existence, if you only *insisted* on thinking so."

But Nan retorted: "That's just it — *if* one could only think so! Aye, there's the rub. This is the place for tears. Oh, dear! — I can't whip my thoughts into obedience to my will as you can, Bert. I have, as you say, all the so-called 'opportunities' for having a so-called 'fine time,' and when I am old and gray, no one can say that I did not improve them with unflagging diligence. But I don't really enjoy myself, and I don't believe you do either — only you 'll never own to it. Now, girls, honor bright, do you honestly think we amount to much? Are we getting the most out of life?"

The impressiveness of the moment was ruined by the arrival of a green grape, plump upon the speaker's nose.

Nan was good-natured enough to laugh with the rest, as she gave it a well-directed aim back at Bert.

At this point Evelyn rescued the meeting from total disorder, by boldly announcing: "Stay, girls! I agree with Nan, so far as I know what she means. Oh, she was sublime last night! I wilted under the heat of her eloquence, and I proclaim myself her humble follower."

At this encouragement, Nan administered a

smothering hug to her noble champion; but suddenly she seemed to change her tactics from harangue to intrigue, for, helping herself to a bunch of Dianas, she said languidly:

"Well, the curbed lion of my spirit was rampant last night, for I had a very inane time at that party—or perhaps I ate too much of the lemon streak of my Neapolitan ice; at all events, I was rash enough to declare war to the knife on all inducements from the giddy world again."

"But you will go to the next party as usual," interrupted Bert, as she left the hammock. "You will go every time, my dear; you can't help it; it is inevitable fate; so you 'd better calm down and meditate on your next gown."

"Ah, Bert! You 've said it now!" almost shouted Nan. "*That 's* the very point! Is it 'inevitable fate' that we go on and on? I want something more worth the while. Do be patient with me, and let me lay the case before you as it looks to me. Here we are, every last girl of us out of school, and doing absolutely nothing. What would we think of young men who dawdled about at this rate, contenting themselves with a little dusting, arranging a few flowers, doing a bit of embroidery now and then, and in *very* energetic moments painting a teacup, but chiefly being 'in society,' and not earning one square inch even of their manly clothing? Horrors! I would n't recognize such a ninny!"

The silenced audience looked sufficiently awe-struck to encourage Nan to continue.

"Now, are we one whit more to be envied, just because we are girls? Wake up, Bert! And now that I 'm awake myself, I think I shall actually blush the next time Father pays me my allowance."

"Well, girls, Nan is in earnest," said Evelyn. "Cathy and I were almost set to thinking by her burning eloquence last night—and I can assure you she has a scheme on foot; so, as a humble champion, I request an expression from the meeting, upon certain points. Firstly, all who agree that the present state of things is n't very satisfying, will please manifest it by holding up the right hand."

Cathy's gold thimble gleamed in the air. Bert was ostensibly asleep, with her head against the pillar, but suddenly she sat erect, and said with great decision:

"I think that you are running your precious heads against a wall—and, I assure you, the wall does n't mind it in the least. You are in the world, and you would better treat it politely or you will get roundly snubbed in return. As for me, I *must* meet people. Until Nan or some other philosopher offers something enticing, *I* remain true to the ship."

"But suppose we do offer something in its place," said Evelyn, who had rolled up her work and stuck her needle through it, as though she were fastening an idea within.

"You are not much of a sinner, so entice away," said Bert, smilingly, folding her hands.

"Well," Evelyn proceeded with a comical drawl, "let 's be a club——"

"Oh, I 'm clubbed black and blue now!" gasped Bert; "do try again, sweet child!"

"Let 's be a club," Evelyn repeated severely, "and let us read, or study, or work, with all the might that is in us."

Meanwhile, the clouds had been clearing from Nan's brow, and now she called out delightedly:

"You are getting 'warm', as we used to say when we played 'hunt the thimble'; you are certainly traveling toward milder climes, Evelyn. Yes, let us do something in earnest—and I know what I 'm going to do, too!"

"What? what?" sounded in chorus.

"I 'm going—to—earn—my—own—living."

At each emphatic word, Nan bobbed her head in the most decisive manner. "I 'm going to seek my fortune, and I 'm going to try to lead a genuine existence."

The girls sat stunned, with wide open eyes, till Bert suddenly pounded on the floor with heavy applause, and Evelyn asked breathlessly:

"Why, Nan, has Father failed, or lost anything?"

"No, *he* has n't," answered Nan grimly, "but I have. What have I ever done since I was graduated but drift about, vainly trying to amuse myself. Why, girls, we have *futures* before us——"

"No, not *before* us?" laughed Bert with mock incredulity.

But Nan, undisturbed by Bert's interruption, went calmly on:

"Do we wish to belong to that class of helpless women who are aghast and powerless if misfortune overtakes them? Do we wish to depend on others all our lives—even if we have a fair prospect of property of our own" (looking hard at Bert). "Remember that the wheel of Fortune turns once in most lives, and *I* should n't like to be flattened under it!"

The attention of her hearers was suddenly startled by an exclamation from Bert, who stood up, with both hands at her heart, in apparent agony. Recovering, however, with astonishing alacrity, she murmured: "Oh, it is nothing—nothing but a barbed arrow driven home."

And with this mysterious remark, she settled her hat, declared it was dinner-time, and, refusing to explain her unwonted reserve, laughingly tore herself away.

(To be continued.)

THE PUSSIES' COATS.



O PUSSIES dear,
It 's very queer
That you wear your fur coats all the year!

Mamma, in May,
Put hers away.
I should think you 'd be too warm to play.

THE KELP-GATHERERS.

[*A Story of the Maine Coast.*]

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMPING ON THE BEACH.

THE kelp-gatherers, with their tip-cart and ox-team, had in the meanwhile entered the belt of woods which stretched along the coast, back from the sea. Tall trees rose on both sides of the narrow, sandy road, their tops meeting overhead. There was on the outskirts a scanty undergrowth, which, however, soon disappeared, leaving the open aisles of the forest, with here a brown carpet of pine-needles, and there a patch of bright moss.

The sun was going down. The spots and flickers of wine-colored light vanished from the boughs. The long bars of shadow, cast by the great trunks, became merged in one universal shade, and evening shut down upon the woods.

Soon another sound mingled with that of the wind sweeping through the pines and firs. It was the roar of the sea.

The boys were more quiet now, the solemn scene filling their hearts with quiet joy. The large trees soon gave place to a smaller and thicker growth of spruce and balsam, the boughs of which now and then touched the cart-wheels as they passed. Somewhere in the dim wilderness, a thrush piped his evening song.

"Hark!" said Perce. "I heard something besides a bird. Is somebody calling?"

"A loon," said Moke.

"A loon out on the water," said Poke. "The sea is just off here."

They soon had glimpses of it through openings among the trees. But now the sound of it became louder; the woods, too, moaned like another sea in the wind, and the cries were no longer heard.

They came out upon a spot of low grassy ground behind the sand-hills. There was a fresh-water pool near by. Perce thought it a good place for the oxen; and he turned them out on the road-side. Mrs. Murcher's boarding-house was in sight.

"Suppose I run up there and find Olly before it gets any darker," said Perce. "You can be

unhitching the steers from the cart, and getting 'em around in a good place to feed. Fasten 'em to the cart-wheel by this rope; tie it in the ring of the yoke. Let 'em drink first."

"All right," said the twins. "Go ahead."

And off Perce ran to summon his friend to their festivities.

The twins turned the cattle into the grass, and then began to make things ready for their camp and supper; keeping up all the time an incessant dialogue, which prevented them from hearing again the cries of the supposed loon, growing fainter and fainter on the distant waves.

Neither did Perce hear them as he hastened along the path in the gloomy hollow, and mounted the piazza steps. In the hall-door of the boarding-house, he was met by a tall girl of seventeen, with a fine brunette complexion, piercing dark eyes, and a high, thin, Roman nose.

Overawed a little by her rather imposing style of dress and features, Perce took off his cap, and begging her pardon, inquired for Oliver Burdeen.

"Burdeen? Oliver?" she queried. "Oh!" with a pleasant smile, "you mean Olly!"

"Yes," he replied. "We all call him Olly where he lives, but I was n't sure he would be known by that name here."

"He is n't known by any other!" replied the young lady with a laugh. "He 's about, somewhere; I believe he 's always about, somewhere! Mrs. Merriman," she called to a lady in the parlor, "where 's the ubiquitous Olly?"

"I don't know, Amy," replied the lady. "Did n't he go with the gentlemen in the yacht?"

Amy "almost thought he did"; yet it seemed to her she had seen him that afternoon; a position of uncertainty on the part of that young lady, which would n't have been highly flattering to the vanity of Master Burdeen, even if he had n't been at that moment beyond the reach of flattery.

"Mrs. Murcher can tell you," she said, turning to walk back to the end of the hall. "She is here, in the dining-room."

Mrs. Murcher thought Olly must be in his room.

"I believe he is going home this evening," she said; "he wants to show his folks a new suit of clothes that has been given him. I guess he 's trying them on."

"I am a neighbor of his," said Perce. "I am camping on the beach with some friends; and we want him to join us."

"Well!" exclaimed the landlady, "you can go right up to his room and find him. It 's in the old part of the house; but you 'd better go up the front way; it 's lighter."

She was explaining to Perce that he must go up one flight, proceed to the end of the corridor, and then step down into a lower passage — when the tall young brunette called over the banisters, "I 'll show him!"

He mounted after her; and she threw open the door of what seemed an unoccupied room, to let more light from its windows into the corridor.

"Be careful not to stumble!" she warned him. "That 's his room, right before you, as you go down those steps."

So saying, she disappeared in some other room, and Perce was left alone in the dim hall. He paused a moment to get a glimpse of the sea through the door and window of the room she had opened, which happened to be Mr. Hatville's room; then he groped his way to Olly's door and knocked.

In a little while, he returned alone to his friends on the beach.

"I could n't find him," he said. "Mrs. Murcher sent me up to his room, but he was n't there; and I went all over the place. Then she said she thought he must have gone home, to show his folks a new suit of clothes; he had asked her if he might; but she did n't expect him to go so soon."

"Olly 's made, if he 's got some new clothes!" said Moke.

"He never would speak to us, after that!" said Poke. "Never mind; we can 'wake Nicodemus' without him."

"Wake Nicodemus!" Moke shouted gleefully, to hear his voice resound in the woods.

"Wake Nicodemus!" Poke repeated. And the three joined gayly in the chorus of a song then popular:

"Now, run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day!"

The very human biped whose cries had been mistaken for a loon's, heard their voices wafted to him by the wind — the same wind that was blowing him farther and farther from the shore.

He screamed again, wildly; but his own voice sounded weaker and weaker, while the merry chorus still went up from the little camping party on the beach:

"Wake Nicodemus to-day!"

The boys sang and chatted as they worked. They made their beds in a hollow of the wind-swept dunes, where there would be less annoyance from mosquitoes than in the shelter of the woods, and spread their hay and blankets upon the dry sand.

"Besides," said Perce, "the daylight will strike us here, and wake us early."

"Wake Nicodemus!" laughed Poke.

And then they all burst forth again:

"Wake Nicodemus to-day!"

The chasing clouds gathered, until the sky was almost completely overcast. The moon would not rise till late; it became dark rapidly. But as the gloom of night thickened on land and sea, a little golden flame shot up on the shore, and grew large and bright as the surrounding shadows became more dense.

It was the flame of the boys' camp-fire, which they kindled on the seaward side of the dunes, and fed with rubbish from the high-water mark of the recent storm. Later tides had not then reached it, and plenty of it was dry enough to burn.

Chips and old shingles, bleached seaweed, broken planks, strips and slabs from saw-mills on some far-away river, and other refuse, littered the strand,—here, a broken lobster-pot which the rolling waves had washed ashore, and there, a ship's fender, worn smooth, with a fragment of rope still held in the auger-hole by its knotted end.

Such of this fuel as best suited their immediate purpose the boys gathered for their fire; and Olly, in his wave-tossed boat, could see their agile figures running to and fro in the light of the flames.

"There 'll be heaps of flood-wood, as well as kelp, for us to gather to-morrow," said Perce. "Don't put any more on the fire, boys."

"Why not?" asked the twins.



PERCE AND THE TWINS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BEACH.

"There 's no use wasting it," answered Perce, adding, "We 've fire enough. We 'll roast our corn and go to bed, so as to be up early. It 'll be high tide before five to-morrow."

"Then wake Nicodemus!" cried Moke in a gleeful tone.

And again the three boys raised the wild chorus of the old plantation song.

"Olly ought to be here!" said Perce. "He must have gone home by the coast; and that 's the way we missed him."

Even then, but for the noise of the surf and the whistling of the wind, they might have heard Olly's last screams; and by straining their eyes they might have seen far out on the gloomy deep a dim object, now rising for a moment against the line of the evening sky, and now disappearing in a hollow of the waves.

With hay about their heads to shelter them from the wind, and the light of their camp-fire gleaming over them, the kelp-gatherers lay under their blankets, in the hollow of the dunes. They talked or sang until the flames died to a feeble glimmer, that served to bring out by contrast the surrounding gloom of sea and land and sky.

"Is n't it dark, though!" exclaimed Perce. "I had no idea it would cloud so. I believe it is going to rain. Then shan't we be in a fix?"

"It can't rain," said Moke.

"No fear of that," added Poke, in a muffled voice from under his blanket.

"What 's the reason?" Perce demanded.

"Uncle Moses said so," replied both the twins together.

"Oh, then, of course it can't!" laughed Perce. "And the wind wont change, and carry the kelp all off, and land it on some other beach, as it did the last time I was coming to get sea-weed here. The wind clipped around to the nor'ard and northeast, and in the morning this beach, that had been covered with it, was as clean as a whistle; while Coombs's Cove, where there had n't been any, was full of it."

"Who 's going to wake Nicodemus in the morning?" asked Moke.

"The one who 's first awake himself," said Perce. And he sang, the others joining in:

"'Wake me up,' was his charge, 'at the first break of day,
Wake me up for the great jubilee!'"

After that they became silent. The fire died on the beach. The breakers plunged and drew back, with incessant noise, in the darkness; the wind moaned in the woods, and whistled among the coarse sparse grass and wild peas that grew about the dunes. But notwithstanding the strangeness of their situation, the boys were soon asleep.

Uncle Moses proved a true prophet. There was no rain in the huddling clouds that at one time overspread the sky. They broke and lifted, and bright stars peeped from under their heavy lids. Then the moon rose and silvered them, and shed a strange light upon the limitless, unresting, solitary waves.

CHAPTER VII.

ADRIFT IN A DORY.

FOR a long time Olly could see the boys by the light of their camp-fire, excepting when the tops of the rolling billows hid them from view.

Although too far off at any time to recognize his friends, he made out snatches of the song then in vogue in his neighborhood; and he believed the camping party to be Frog-End boys who had come to the beach for kelp.

Sometimes they passed between him and the fire; and finally they stood or crouched around it, as the wavering flames died down to a bright-red glow on the shore. To see them so near and so happy — it seemed to him that everybody was happy who was not paddling desperately in a frail skiff, against a relentless wind — to hear them singing and shouting, so wholly unconscious of him in his distress, was intolerable agony.

"Oh, why can't they hear?" he exclaimed, in a voice to the last degree hoarse with calling for help. "Why could n't they look this way once? Now it is too late!"

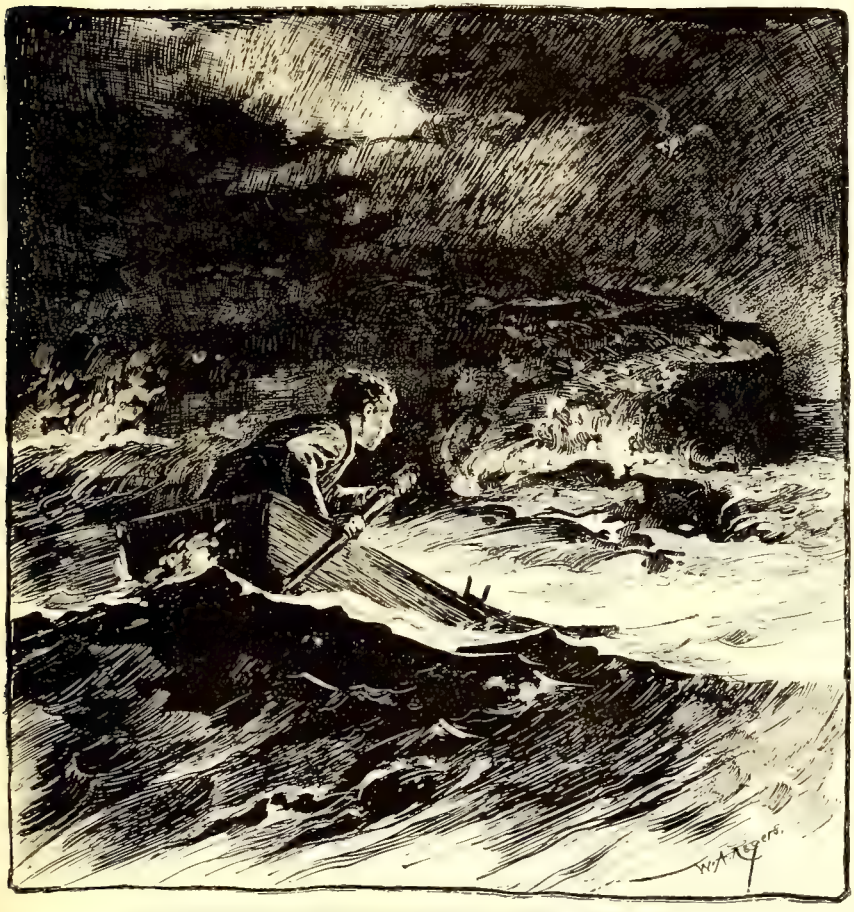
He was by that time greatly exhausted; for when not signaling and calling, he had been making frantic efforts to paddle the dory against the wind. At first he had used the oar-handle, but he found it wholly ineffectual. Then he had torn up one of the thwarts, but it was too short and too clumsy for his purpose; and though for a time he seemed to make headway, the distance from the shore was steadily increasing.

If he could have held the boat in its course, as with a pair of oars, he might have made progress even with that unwieldly paddle. But he lost time and strength in shifting it from side to side; and, spite of all he could do, the wind and the waves would now and then give the light, veering skiff a turn, and he would suddenly find himself paddling out to sea! However, those efforts prevented him from being blown speedily out of sight of land. And when the boys on the beach, after due preparation, stuck their ears of green corn on the sharpened ends of sticks and roasted them in the fire, he still kept the little group in view. He had no doubt that they were cooking their supper. No wonder he wept with despair at the contrast of that cheerful scene with his own terrible situation!

The fire faded to a red eye of burning coals; all other objects grew indistinct, excepting the black outline of the woods against the soft evening red of a rift in the sky, and one pure star brightening in those ethereal depths. Another starry beam, which he could plainly discern, but which was too low down for a star, Olly knew must be a light in one of the upper windows of the boarding-house.

Was it in Mr. Hatville's room? Had he returned and discovered the loss of his watch? And could poor Olly hope ever to make restitution and explanations? Suppose he should indeed be lost at sea! Would it not be believed that he had yielded to temptation and had purposely run away with the watch?

The danger his life was in was enough for the wretched boy, without this fear for his reputation.



"HE MADE FRANTIC EFFORTS TO PADDLE THE DORY AGAINST THE WIND."

He thought of his folks at home,—his mother and sisters, for his father was dead,—and he wondered if they would believe him capable of a folly so much greater than that he had in mind when he so innocently (as it seemed to him then, but not now) borrowed the bright bauble! And what would Amy Canfield think?

All vanity had been killed in him from the moment he found himself in actual peril. It made him sick at heart to remember the satisfaction he had so lately felt in his new clothes. He no longer drew the watch proudly from his pocket; hardly once did he glance downward at the big seal and gold guard hooked in the button-hole of his vest—a hated sight to him now.

When all hope of reaching the shore against such a wind was gone, he still struggled to keep the dory within hailing distance of the yacht, when it should come beating up from the northeast. But no yacht hove in sight; and if it passed, it must have been under the shadow of the shore. Clouds closed again over the one bright star and the patch of silver light in the west. The utter desolation of night lay about him on the lonely, weltering waters. All along the coast now he could see occasional lights—the lights in happy dwellings; but on the seaward side, only a faint gleam showed the line where sky and ocean met. There were no sounds but the ceaseless turmoil of the billows, the frequent slapping of a wave under the flat-bottomed boat, and his own fitful sobs.

His last hope lay in crossing the track of some coaster or fishing-craft that might pick him up. But could that occur before morning? And could he expect that his ill-managed dory would ride safely all night on the increasing waves? The strong wind off shore, meeting the ocean swells, was blowing up a heavy chop-sea that threatened a new danger. What a night was before him, at the best!

Suddenly his hat blew off, and disappeared immediately on the black waves.

The distant sails he had seen at first had vanished as the swift night shut down; but now he discerned two dim lights in different directions, evidently far away.

He was gazing after them, and looking anxiously for nearer lights or sails, when he was aware of a low, dark object just before him, rising from the deep. What could it be?—with something white flashing upon it! And what was the sound he heard?

"The Cow and Calf!" he exclaimed, with sudden excitement, almost as if he had seen a friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COW AND CALF.

"THE Old Cow" and "The Calf" are two enormous ledges lying not far asunder, within sight from the coast in clear weather. "The Cow" is never completely submerged; her bare brown back appears above the highest tides.

"The Calf" is not so fortunate; the sea must be very calm at high water, when it is not buried in the surf.

Near one end of it, to mark the position of the dangerous reef, a pole is anchored, rising out of the water with a slant that has gained for it the name of "The Calf's Tail." Often at high tide the tail only can be seen sticking out of the sea.

What Olly saw and heard was the billows combing over the end of one of those huge rocks. He wondered why he had n't thought of them before; for it now occurred to him that if he could land on "The Old Cow," he might safely pass the night on her back, and be seen from the shore, or from some passing craft, in the morning.

But which of the ledges was he approaching? Familiar as their forms were to him, seen from the shore, he could not in his strange position, in the night, and amid the dashing waves, decide whether he was coming upon "The Old Cow" or "The Calf."

Trembling with fresh hope and fear, and paddling cautiously, he strained his eyes in the darkness, to get the broad outline of the ledge against the faint sky-line. There was something awful in the sound of the surf on those desolate rocks. The surges leapt and fell, rushing along the reef and pouring in dimly-seen cataracts over the ledges, their loud buffets followed by mysterious gurglings and murmurings, which might well appall the heart of a wave-tossed boy.

The wind was blowing him on; but it was still in his power to pass the end of the rock, or drive his dory upon the windward side, where the ocean swells broke with least force. If he could only be sure which rock it was! But he could distinguish nothing. All was as strange to him as if he had been adrift on the lonesomest unknown sea in the world.

If it was "The Calf," then "The Tail" should be at the other end, and "The Old Cow" beyond. If "The Cow," "The Calf" must be in the other direction, and a little farther seaward; he might pass between the two.

He was getting used to his clumsy paddle; with it he kept his dory off as well as he could, but in a state of terrible anxiety, thinking his life might depend on what he should decide to do the next minute. He was still hesitating, when accident decided for him.

The skiff was headed to the wind, against which he continued to paddle, when suddenly a billow shot over a sunken projection of the ledge, smiting the end of the boat with a force that slung it half about in an instant.

Olly felt a small deluge of water dash over and drench him from behind. He was past thinking of his new clothes now; he thought of the dory. Even then it might have escaped capsizing if it had not met at the same instant a cross-wave, which tumbled aboard from the other side.

The two filled it so nearly that the water rushed cold across his knees; and he knew that nothing he could do would prevent the boat from sinking. Indeed, as the very next wave swept in, it settled on one side, and then slowly rolled over. To save himself, Olly sprang up, grasping first the uppermost rail, then clinging to the bottom of the overturned skiff, until another billow swept him off.

He was an accomplished swimmer, as I think I have said before; and now that skill stood him in good stead. In the first moment of his immersion he lost his bearings; but rising with a wave, he looked about him from its crest, and saw the little island not a hundred feet away.

He made for it at once, directing his course to a spot which the overleaping surge did not reach.

The waves were dashing all about the rock, to be sure; and to land safely upon it at any point would require not only vigilance, but good fortune.

I hardly know whether he was much frightened or not; he himself could n't have told. He did n't stop for a moment to reason about the situation, but obeying the mere instinct of self-preservation, he swam to the ledge.

He was lucky enough to find a spot where it sloped gently into the sea. He swam in on a wave, and as it subsided, he clung to the rock.

The broken surface of the rock was covered with barnacles, which cut his hands; but he held on. They also scratched his knees through his torn

clothing, as he climbed up to the smoother rocks above.

The slant to the water was such that he could not, in the darkness, judge of his elevation above the sea-level; nor could he determine, from that, whether he had been thrown upon "The Old Cow" or "The Calf."

Yet everything depended upon the answer to that question. If on the greater rock, he was comparatively safe; if on the smaller, his respite would be brief—he might expect the next tide to carry him off.

Groping about on the jagged summit, trying to identify the rock by its form, his foot plashed in a pool of water. He paused, startled by the thought that here was a means of deciding his fate.

No doubt, much sea-spray dashed upon the back even of "The Old Cow," in rough weather. But copious rains had succeeded the last gale; and so, if that little pool was on the large rock, the water it held could not be very salt. If on the back of "The Calf," it was the leavings of the last tide. He felt that his doom was in the taste of that water.

He hesitated, heaving a sigh of dread; then he stooped quickly and put his hand into the pool. He lifted the wet fingers to his lips, and immediately grew faint—the water was bitterly salt.

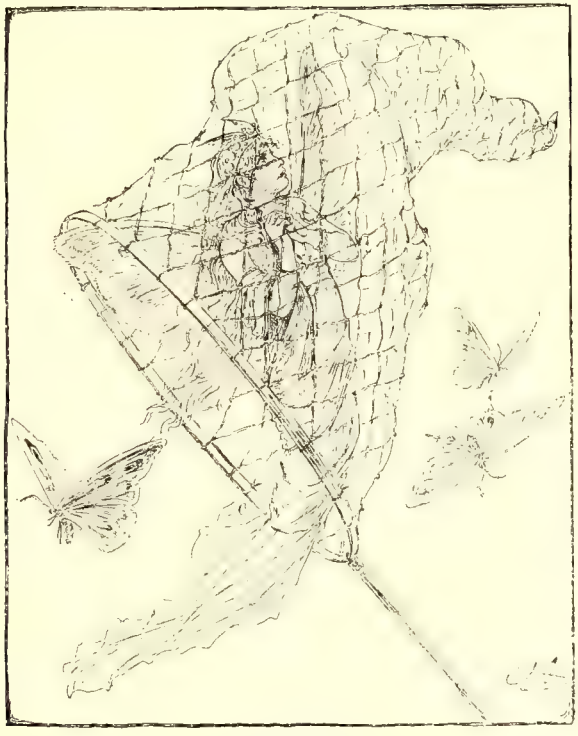
Still, after a little reflection, he would not give up all hope. The sea must have broken clear over "The Cow's" back, in the last storm; and the rain might have had little effect in freshening the contents of the basin. He thought of another test.

Barnacles live in the sea, or in receptacles of sea-water replenished at every tide. If he was upon the back of "The Old Cow," the pool would be free from them; if on "The Calf," there would be the usual incrustations about its edges.

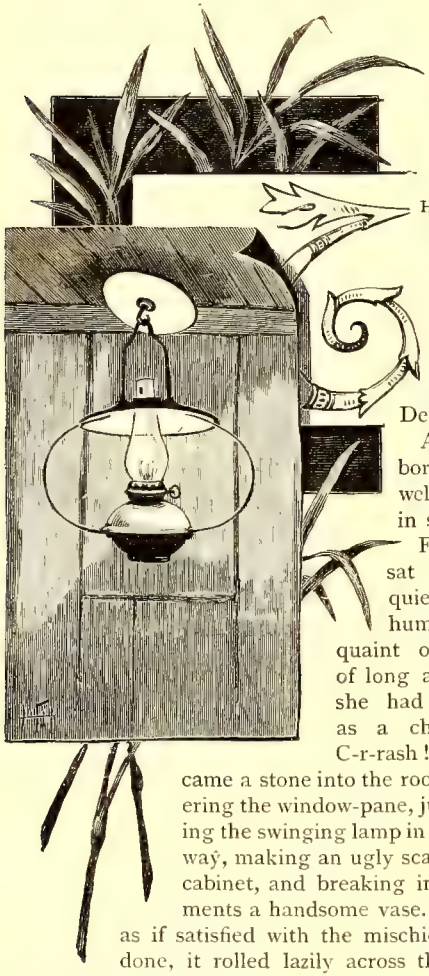
Once more he put down his groping hand; and then he uttered a despairing wail.

The barnacles were there!

(To be continued.)



A BELATED FAIRY.



AUNT DEBORAH'S LESSON.

By G. H. Baskette.

"THE good lands!" what's that!" excitedly cried frightened Aunt Deborah.

Aunt Deborah might well exclaim in surprise. For as she sat knitting quietly and humming a quaint old tune of long ago, one she had learned as a child —— C-r-rash! bang! came a stone into the room, shivering the window-pane, just missing the swinging lamp in the hallway, making an ugly scar on the cabinet, and breaking into fragments a handsome vase. Then, as if satisfied with the mischief it had done, it rolled lazily across the floor, and finally stopped under the table, an inert, jagged bit of granite.

Aunt Deborah, as the stone pursued its reckless course, placed her hands over her head, and shrank back into her chair, a frightened and unwilling witness to the destruction of her property. It was quite distressing.

Besides the nervous shock, there was the broken window; there was the cabinet showing a great white dent that could not easily be removed; and there, too, was the vase she had kept so many long years, lying shattered and ruined before her eyes.

Aunt Deborah was one of the best and most kind-hearted of women; but — she was human, and the sudden havoc wrought by the missile exasperated as well as frightened her. She rushed to the window and opened it in time to see three or four boys scampering down the street as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Oh, you young scapegraces!" she cried. "If I could once lay hold on you, would n't I teach you a lesson!"

But the boys never stopped until they had disappeared around a friendly corner. Aunt Deborah was so overcome by the accident, and so intent upon watching the retreating boys to whom she desired to teach a lesson, that she did not at first notice a barefooted lad standing under the window on the pavement below, holding a battered old hat in his hand, and looking up at her with a scared face and tearful eyes.

"Please, Miss," said the boy tremulously.

"Oh! Who are you? Who threw that stone at my window?" called out Aunt Deborah, as she spied him.

"Please, Miss," pleaded the boy, fumbling nervously his torn hat, "I threw it, but I did n't mean to do it."

"Did n't mean to do it, eh?" replied Aunt Doborah, fiercely. "I suppose the stone picked itself up and pitched itself through my glass!"

"I was going to throw it down the street, but Bill Philper touched my arm, and it turned and hit your window," he explained.

There was an air of frankness and truth about the boy, and the fact that he had not run away like the others (whom, somehow, Aunt Deborah held chiefly responsible for the outrage), caused her to relent a little toward him.

"Come in here," she said, after eying him closely for a moment.

The lad hesitated; but summoning all his courage, he went up the steps, and soon stood in her presence.

"Do you see that" she said, pointing at the window — "and that" — (at the cabinet) — "and that?" — (at the broken vase) — "and that?" — (at the stone.) "Now, is n't that a fine performance?"

"I am very sorry," said the boy, the tears welling into his eyes again.

He looked ruefully about at the damaged articles, and glanced at the stone, wishing heartily that he had never seen it.

"Now, what 's to be done about it?" asked she.

"I don't know, ma'am," said he, very ill at ease. "I will try to pay you for it."

"What can you pay, I should like to know?" she said, glancing at his patched coat and trousers and his torn hat.

"I sell papers," said he; "and I can pay you a little on it every week."

"What 's your name?" she asked.

"Sam Wadley," answered the boy.

"Have you a father?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sam; "he 's dead."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What does she do?" continued Aunt Deborah.

"She sews, and I help her all I can, selling papers."

"How can you pay me anything then?"

"Please, ma'am, I 'll tell Mother all about it, and she 'll be willing for me to pay you all I make."

"Well, now, we 'll see if you are a boy to keep his word," said Aunt Deborah.

"How much must I pay?" Sam inquired anxiously.

"Let me see." Aunt Deborah put on her spectacles and made a critical survey of the room. "Window—fifty cents; vase—one dollar—I would n't have had it broken for five!—That 'll do—one dollar and a half. I shan't charge you for the dent in the furniture."

"I 'll try to pay you something on it every week," said Sam. "There are some days when I don't make anything; but when I do, I 'll save it for you."

"Very well," said Aunt Deborah; "you may go now."

He thanked her, and went slowly out, while Aunt Deborah began to pick up the fragments strewn over the floor.



"THERE SAT AUNT DEBORAH EARNESTLY KNITTING." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Oh, wait a moment!" she cried.

Sam came back.

"Take this stone out with you, and be careful what you do with it, next time," she said. "By

the way, if you wish to keep out of trouble, you 'd better not keep company with that Flipper boy—" Aunt Deborah had a rather poor memory for names—"if I had him, would n't I give him a lesson!"

She uttered the last sentence with such a relish, that Sam was glad enough to get away. He was afraid she might conclude to bestow upon him the salutary lesson which she had proposed to give "Flipper," as she called him.

Sam hurried home as fast as he could. His mother, a pale, delicate woman whose wan features and sunken eyes showed the effects of too hard work, heard his simple tale, wiped away his tears and encouraged him in his resolve to pay for the damage he had done.

From that day, Sam began to be very diligent, and to earn pennies in every honest way possible to him. And every week he carried some small amount to Aunt Deborah.

"That boy has some good in him," she said when he had brought his first installment. And though she grew more kind toward him every time he came, occasionally giving him a glass of milk, a sandwich or a cake, she rarely failed to warn him against the influence of that "Flipper" boy.

His young companions laughed at him for paying his money to Aunt Deborah, and called him a coward for not running away when they ran; but all they said did not turn him from his purpose.

One evening he went with a cheerful heart to pay his last installment.

As he passed the window of the sitting-room he glanced in. There sat Aunt Deborah, earnestly knitting. The lamplight fell upon her sober face and Sam wondered if she ever looked really smiling and pleasant. "It does n't seem as though she would be so stiff with a fellow," he said to himself. Then, in response to her "Come in," he entered the room and handed her his money.

"I believe that is all, ma'am," said he.

"Yes, that pays the whole sum," said Aunt Deborah; "you have done well."

"I am still very sorry I have troubled you, and I hope you forgive me," he said.

"I do, with all my heart," said she earnestly.

"Thank you," said Sam, as he started out, picking his old hat from the floor, where he had placed it on entering.

"Come back," said Aunt Deborah, "I 've something more to say to you."

With a startled look he turned into the room.

Aunt Deborah went to the cabinet and unlocked it. She first took out a pair of new shoes, then half a dozen pairs of socks, some underclothing, two nice shirts, a neat woolen suit, and lastly a good felt hat.

"Sam," said she to the astonished lad, "I have taken your money, not because I wanted it, but because I wished to test you. I wished to see whether you really meant to pay me. That Flipper boy would never have done it, I am sure. You have done so well in bringing me your little savings that I have learned to like you very much. Now I wish to make you a present of these articles. In the pocket of this jacket you will find the money you have paid me. I would n't take a cent of it. It is yours. You must keep working and adding to it, so that you can soon help your mother more. Go to work now with a light heart, and grow up a true and an honest man. Tell your mother that I say she has a fine son."

In making this speech, Aunt Deborah's features relaxed into a pleasant smile; and Sam smiled too, and was so pleased that he could hardly utter his thanks.

"And mind you," continued she, suddenly changing the current of his thoughts, "don't associate with that Flipper boy!"

"Please, ma'am," said Sam, feeling a twinge of conscience that his former companion should bear so much of the blame, "you have been very kind to me, but Bill Philper did n't know the stone would turn as it did, and break your window."

"Then why did he run away?" inquired Aunt Deborah somewhat fiercely. "It 's quite proper that you should try to excuse him, Sam; but I should like to teach him a good lesson?"

"You — you — have taught me a good lesson," said Sam, with a blushing face, "and I — I — thank you very much for it."

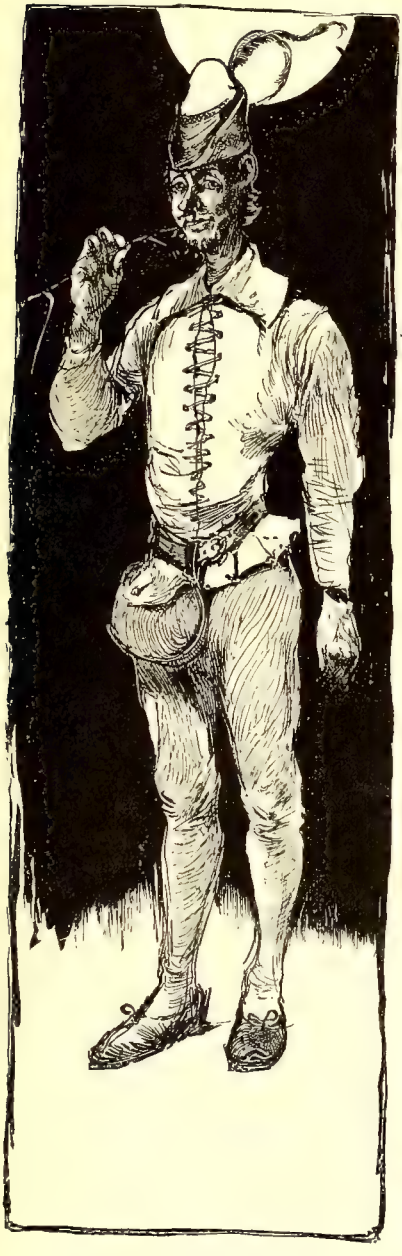
Aunt Deborah smiled benignly again, and warmly bidding Sam to come often to see her, she let him out at the door.

She felt very happy as Sam disappeared down the street, and he was very happy, as he hurried home with his great bundle, and told his mother all about it, which made that good woman very happy, too. So they were very happy all around.

And it all came about because Sam had stood up like a brave boy to confess his wrong, which is always manly; and had offered reparation for it, which is always right; and had gone forward, in spite of the taunts of his companions, denying himself pleasures and comforts in order to do that which he knew to be right, which is always heroic.

Of Timothy Timid and his happy thought:

these lines and pictures by A. Brennan.



Timothy Timid, they say,
Once traveled the loneliest way;
For he traveled by night
Lest he should take fright
At things he could see in the day.



READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

BOAT-BUILDING.



BOAT-BUILDING is by no means one of the "lost arts," although in this age of steam and iron, the "good old days" of the ship-builders are a thing of the past. Of late years, however, there has been a marked increase in the trade, and although the work is confined principally to yachts and smaller craft, the steady growth of this branch of boat-building offers excellent inducements to any young man whose tastes lie in that direction.

I know of one boy at least, now sixteen years of age, who intends to fit himself during the next five or six years for the occupation; and his father, a prominent and highly successful naval architect, believes that there is a very promising future for American boat-building.

I take it for granted that the future boat-builder has, as a boy, been fond of boats. He has not only taken advantage of the rivers and ponds near his house, has navigated them in scow, in row-boat or in sail-boat, but I will suppose that, from the time he has been the owner of a jack-knife, he has been a constructor of toy boats. And, as he has grown older and become the possessor of a tool-chest, or, at least, of a gauge, a mallet, a saw, a plane, and a good knife, he has wrought out miniature cutters and schooners, possibly a square-rigged ship, all of which have been much admired by his young companions. If it has been his object in life to become a boat-builder, he could not have been better employed during the hours that have not been taken up with school duties.

In every business and profession there is some one object above all others sought after, upon which success may be said to depend. The orator endeavors to arouse our enthusiasm, the poet appeals to our sentiments, the lawyer to our reason, the clergyman to our conscience. The genius of the boat-builder lies in the one word "form." The one thing more than all others for which he aims to have a reputation is the ability to give a good shape to the mass of wood or iron coming from his hands, whether it be a man-of-war or a sail-boat. And so it was good for the boy that he made boats and models of boats. He was getting, as the naval architect would say, "form impressed upon his brain." It may have been, it probably was, a bad form, an incorrect form, but it was something from which to start. At all events, the boy has formed a speaking acquaintance with the occupation he is about to enter.

I shall assume that at the age of sixteen he has finished his school studies, has a good knowledge of arithmetic and algebra, and has gone through seven books in Euclid, with special reference to being proficient in the fourth and seventh books. Two years before this, we will suppose, he has expressed a desire to be a boat-builder. He has made a model of some kind of a boat, and he has, as occasions have permitted, visited such ship-yards as could be found in his vicinity, and carefully watched the men while they were at work. At last, at the age of sixteen, he enters the office of a thoroughly competent naval architect, who either is or has been a practical ship-builder. The naval architect stands in the same relation to ship-building that the architect of houses does to house-building, with this difference,—not only does he make the plan, but very often he executes it as well.

The beginner will find his quarters very pleasant. The room will be light, cheerful, and quiet. On the walls he will probably see pictures of famous yachts or other vessels; there will be a small library of technical books of reference, which he will have occasion to consult later on; there may be another student with whom he will chat now and then during the day; or his teacher, while they are at work, may give him some stirring bits of yachting reminiscence. I only mention this to show that there is none of that strict discipline to which the

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boy has been accustomed at school. The fact is, it is not needed, for, to use the language of a well-known ship-builder, "it is a fascinating occupation; it grows upon you; and the longer you are in it, the better you like it, that is, of course, if you like boats and everything pertaining to them."

The boy will at first be given the drawing of a midship, or central, section of a boat, and required to put a body to it, to give it a bow, a stern — in short, to give to the boat its form. After working in that way for a while, he will make more extended plans, until he is able to make the full design of a vessel. He will remain with this naval architect for the space of a year; and, by that time, he should have acquired a very good knowledge of form.

It is a fact that boys in England who choose this occupation for their life-work can more easily obtain a thorough education in it than can be had by youths in our country. In England, and in France, Denmark, and other European countries, there are schools where special technical instruction is given, and many of these are close to large shipyards, where the practical work of ship-building can constantly be seen. The question now arises, therefore, shall the boy go to England and get the benefit of this instruction? It is by no means necessary that he should go there; but if he has begun to learn while young, he can spare the time, and his parents know whether they can spare the money which such a journey and residence would entail. If he decides to go, he will remain away for three or four years.

Suppose, however, it is decided that he can not go abroad. It has cost him for the year's instruction he has received from the naval architect, with whom he had been studying, about $1000; or, he has given his services as a draughtsman, paid $500, and during the twelve months has "picked up" such knowledge as he could without receiving any regular instruction. His case of drawing-instruments has cost him from $50 to $250, depending on the number of instruments, the manner in which they are finished and the style of the case in which they are kept. Let us assume that he has been a full-pay pupil. His time is, of course, his own. It would be a good plan, after he has acquired some theoretical knowledge of the business, to regularly visit a shipyard and there begin to do the practical work which falls to the lot of the boat-builder; studying in the office one-half the time and working in the yard the other half. Now you will see, as I observed before, that boat-building is a profession and a trade. It is possible to be simply a naval architect and only make designs for boats, but it is not advisable; it is better, by all means, to have the practical knowledge which is obtained working among the men in the shipyard.

They do not now apprentice boys as they did some fifty years ago. I have before me an indenture paper of a ship-builder (now alive) dated in the year 1825. In it he promises "not to waste his master's goods; not to contract matrimony within the said term; not to play at cards, dice, or any unlawful game, nor frequent ale-houses, dance-houses, or play-houses, but in all things behave himself as a faithful apprentice ought to do during the said term." There are no such rules laid down nowadays. Perhaps all the boys are so good that none are needed. All that needs to be done now is for the boy to make his verbal agreement with the owner of the shipyard, and go to work.

And now a word or two as to this practical work which will cover the second method of learning boat-building as mentioned at the beginning of my paper. The boy who has not had the benefit of any previous training with an instructor may have to commence with turning the grindstone. The tools used in boat-building are in such constant use that they grow dull very soon, and the grindstone is kept going almost the whole of the day. Besides, the work being very heavy, the men generally work in couples, so that the learner when he is not turning the grindstone is assisting in lifting the heavy timbers that have to be used. The first tool he is generally permitted to use is the saw; then he begins to use the adze; then he is trusted with the ax, and helps get out the planking and timber for the frame of the ship.

Then comes the difficult part of construction. The apprentice must have learned all this work with the tools (of which I am only able to make a passing mention), before he comes to the constructive part; that is, the part that our pupil has been studying with the naval architect.

Before the building of the ship is commenced, a small wooden model is made, to give the owner and the builder an idea of what she is going to look like.

> "A little model the master wrought,
> Which should be to the larger plan
> What the child is to the man."

Doubtless, you have seen such models. They are built sometimes on a scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot; they are made of pieces of cedar and pine wood, placed alternately, and show the shape and whole arrangement of one side of the vessel. This model is glued, on its flat side, to a piece of board, for greater convenience in examination.

From this model, "life-size" plans of the ship are made with chalk on the floor of a long, wide room, like a big garret, which is used especially for

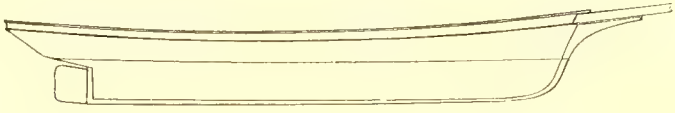
this purpose. It will not be necessary to enter into a technical description of these plans. There are three of them,—the sheer plan, the half-breadth plan, and the body plan. They show the position of the different planks to be used in the construction of the ship. To gain a rough idea of these plans, take a cucumber, decide which you will call the bottom and which the top, and cut it in the middle, lengthwise, from end to end. Look into its interior and fancy that it is covered with lines, both horizontal and vertical — and that will give you a very rough idea of the sheer plan. By laying the cucumber on its side and cutting it lengthwise, you will have a notion of the half-breadth plan. A division in the middle (cutting it in two parts, so that you can see the whole circumference) may suggest to you the body plan. This can not be made very clear, not even with drawings, because it is the most technical part of the work; but its object is apparent. From these three plans, taken from different points of view, the boat-builder can locate the position of every piece of plank in his vessel. So true is this that I understand it is possible to number the planks of a ship, and send them off to some distant country, where a ship-builder can construct the vessel without ever having seen the design.

A great deal of calculation and figuring enters into this part of the work, but much of it has been made easy by the aid of a man (now dead, I believe) named Simpson, the author of what are called "Simpson's Rules." These rules are incorporated in small pocket handbooks which contain, in addition, a large number of tables, rules, and formulas pertaining to naval architecture. The most popular handbook of this character in England is said to be "Mackrow's Naval Architect and Ship-builders' Assistant," and in our country, "Haswell's Engineers' Pocket-book of Tables." These, however, are only aids in making calculations, and are very much like the interest tables you have probably seen, which save the trouble of going through the figuring in detail. There are a great many books which will be interesting and valuable to the young ship-builder. To give you some idea of their character, I copy the following from the table of contents of a recent standard work: "The displacement and buoyancy of ships;" "The oscillations of ships in still water;" "The oscillation of ships among waves;" "Methods of observing the rolling and pitching motions of ships;" "The structural strength of ships," etc.

These titles may not at present indicate a very promising literary feast, but when the young boat-builder has mastered the rudiments of the technical part of the profession, he will read and re-read such productions with as much pleasure as he now peruses the stories in ST. NICHOLAS.

I have not entered into the details of iron ship-building, the practical part of which the boy will learn in the same yard in which he learns to work in wood; for it is presumed that he is going to some large yard to obtain his instruction. Indeed, in this occupation it is the practical part that is the easiest and the most interesting to young learners. They are apt to slight the theoretical knowledge required and to long to spend their time in the shipyard with real tools, doing real work, for a real ship. With the boy who, through force of circumstances, has to enter on the life of a journeyman and earn wages, there is more excuse for hastening to that branch of the work than for the lad who is better situated in life. The journeyman will learn construction last and from his master. Under the plan I have suggested, the other lad will learn the general principles of construction before he goes to the shipyard; at least he will not have to commence with turning the grindstone. His first few visits will be confined to watching the men at their work; then he will gradually make himself familiar with the use of the different tools.

The journeyman will receive at first $1 a day; during the second year, $1.50 a day, and be gradually advanced until he receives the regular wages, at the present time from $3 to $3.25 a day. It would not be advisable to make any estimate of the profits of boat-building as a business, for, no matter what they are now, by the time my young reader has started a shipyard, they may be entirely different, owing to the increase or decrease in the cost of material and labor.





"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."

WHAT IT WAS.

By Malcolm Douglas.

Oh, they were as happy as happy could be,
Those two little boys who were down by the sea,
As each with a shovel grasped tight in his hand,
Like a sturdy young laborer dug in the sand!

And it finally happened, while looking around,
That, beside a big shell, a small star-fish they found,—
Such a wonderful sight, that two pairs of blue eyes
Grew large for a moment with puzzled surprise.

Then—"I know," said one, with his face growing bright,
"It 's the dear little star that we 've watched every night;
But last night, when we looked, it was nowhere on high,
So, of course, it has dropped from its home in the sky!"

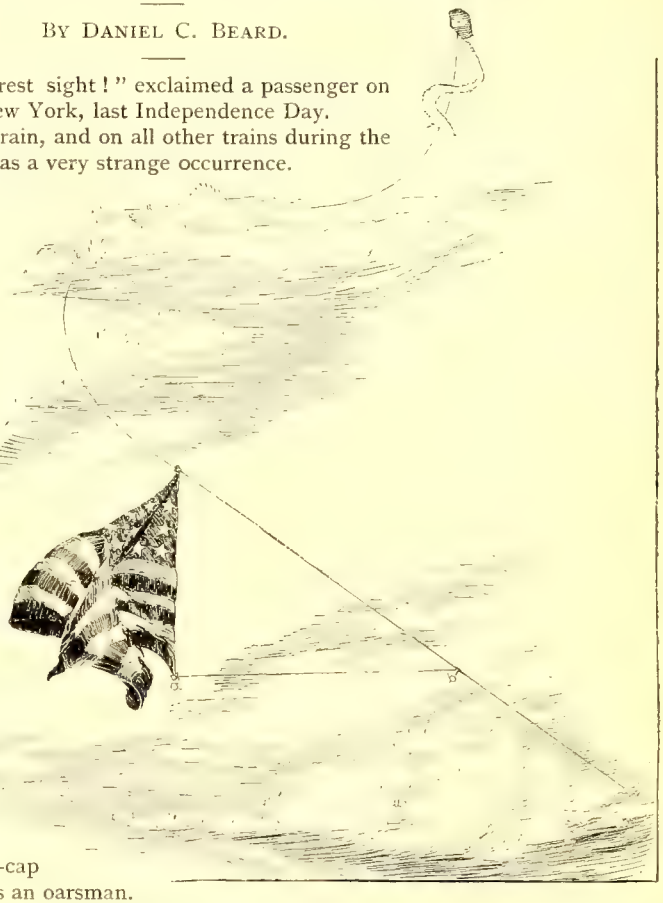


CAPTAIN JACK'S FOURTH-OF-JULY KITE.

By Daniel C. Beard.

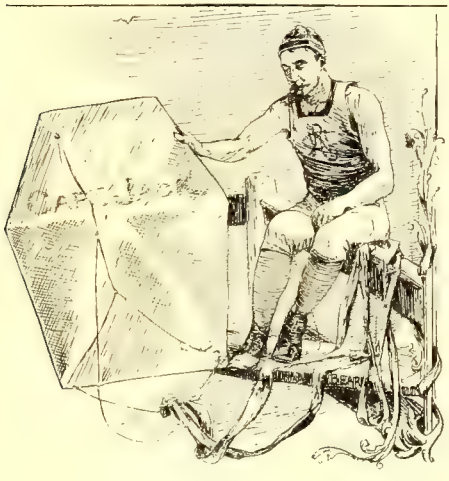
"Well, if that is n't the queerest sight!" exclaimed a passenger on the cars going from Flushing to New York, last Independence Day.

And all the passengers on that train, and on all other trains during the day, echoed the same words. It was a very strange occurrence.



Away up in the blue sky, and all alone, like a new declaration of independence, fluttered that soul-stirring piece of bunting, the stars and stripes. Not a sign of pole or support of any kind could the sharpest eye discern; and yet, as steadily as if fixed on the dome of the national capitol, it waved its gay stripes in the joyous breeze. It was a very mysterious flag.

There was, however, one individual who was both able and willing to clear away the mystery—a certain jovial man who, on the morning of that particular day, sat in exceedingly airy attire on the front porch of the boat-house of the Nereus Boat Club. As his striped shirt, knee-breeches, and skull-cap indicated, Captain Jack Walker was an oarsman.



He afterward explained to his faithful crew that he had gone to the boathouse early that morning, and while there had been struck with a novel idea. The result of that idea was the mysterious flag which was waving over the salt marsh by Flushing Bay, and was puzzling the brains of many good citizens.

Fastened to the top of the flagpole of the club's boathouse was the end of a piece of hempen twine. By following that piece of twine, which ran away into space at an angle of sixty degrees, the eye came at length to the floating flag. By looking closely, moreover, one could gradually discern that from the flag the twine ran up five or six hundred feet higher to a tiny kite—tiny, as seen away up there in the blue ether; but, in fact, a monster kite.

Captain Jack had first sent up that great kite which some one had left at the boathouse, and had let it out five or six hundred feet; then he took a flag about five feet long, which belonged to one of the boats, and fastened

the upper end of its stick firmly to the kitestring. He next broke the lower end of the flagstick so as to leave a short projection *(a)*, just long enough for him to fasten a piece of twine to it.

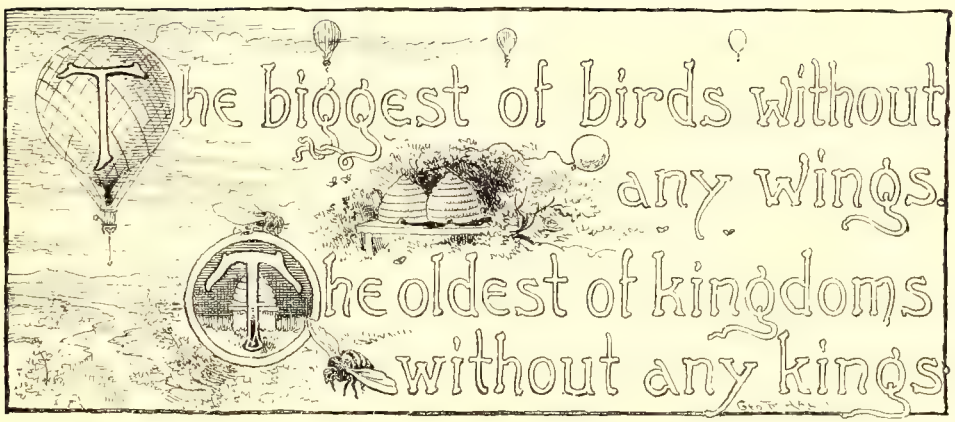
Then he again let the kite out, and also the string he had attached to the lower end of the flagstick. As soon as the flagstick was vertical, the line *a*, *b* (see preceding page) was knotted securely to the kitestring at *b*. All that was necessary then was to let out about five hundred feet more twine, and Captain Jack's Fourth-of-July kite was soon gayly flying. There was to be a regatta that afternoon, however, and the gallant oarsman could not sit idly holding a kitestring in his hand. So he hauled down the boat club's flag, tied the kitestring to the flag-halyards and then hoisted both flag and kitestring to the top of the flagpole; and so his Fourth-of-July banner floated serenely in the sky all day long,—a beautiful sight, and an object of much surprise and wonder to all who saw it.

IF.

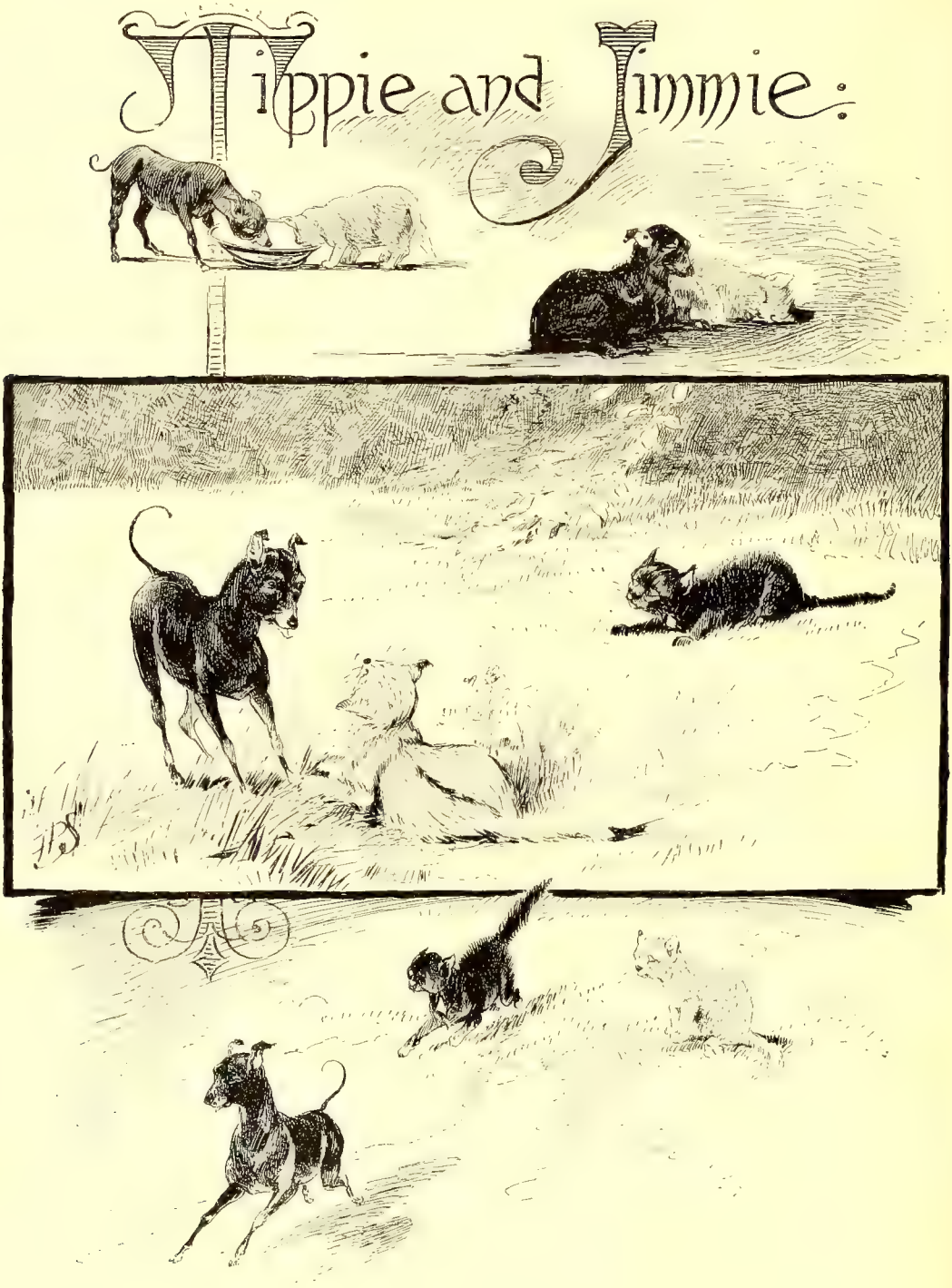
If I had a big kite,
With a very short tail,
And a very stout cord,—
And there came a great gale,—

I'd hold fast to the string,
And away we would fly,
I and my kite,
Up, up to the sky!





Tippie and Jimmie.



TIPPIE AND JIMMIE.

By Mary L. French.

Tippie and Jimmie had come over to play with Ajax. Tip's whole name is Tippecanoe. The boys call him a black and tan, but Bessie calls him a darling. He has a little black shining nose that he is always sticking into everything, and a little smooth, tapering tail that he is always wagging. Jimmie's name is James Stuart; he is a little Maltese kitten, with gentle blue eyes, and soft fur that is always ready to be smoothed, and claws that are never used where they can hurt, and a purr that is always wound up.

Tippie and Jimmie live together, and eat together, and are the best of friends.

Ajax is the kitten that lives next door. He is jet black, excepting a little white spot where his cravat should have been tied. And he has a long black tail that often waves over his back like a banner. He has large green eyes that snap and shine when he plays, and he has just begun to look for mice.

One day Tippie and Jimmie came around to the kitchen door of the house where Ajax lived, and looked in.

They could not see Ajax, so Jimmie began to climb up the screen door, sticking his claws into the holes. He had not climbed far before the lady of the house saw him, and she said:

"Here's Jimmie looking for Ajax. Come, Ajax, where are you?"

Ajax was asleep on the lounge, but he jumped up and came running to the door, for he comes when he is called, "quicker than any of the other children," Mamie says.

He touched noses with Jimmie, and then he took his visitors around to the front porch. There, he and Jimmie leaped upon a chair and shook their paws at Tippie, who was on the floor. Then Tippie got upon another chair, and Ajax ran under it and reached up to play with him.

It really seemed as if they knew how pretty they looked. After a while, they all three had a good race up and down, over chairs, under chairs, and through chairs. Sometimes Ajax stood on the back of a chair and poked his paw at Tippie, and sometimes he ran to the top of a high rocking-chair and jumped down to the porch railing. Jimmie was not so venturesome, however.

Soon they grew tired of such play, and then they rushed out-of-doors, and down upon the grass. There, Tippie began to tease Jimmie. He pushed him over, and stepped upon him, and nosed him, and even bit him gently, till Jimmie suddenly cried out, "Meow-ow-ow!"

Ajax had been quietly looking on, with a shade of contempt on his handsome countenance; but when he heard that appeal, he rushed at Tippie and pushed him away from Jimmie and scratched him, and chased him from one end of the yard to the other, two or three times.

When they stopped to rest after their run, Ajax settled himself comfortably on the grass, perfectly quiet, except for the tip of his tail, which moved just a little. Tippie watched that tail with longing. He danced around and around Ajax. He pranced forward and skipped back, and practiced all his dancing-steps, before he dared touch it. At last he boldly rushed upon it, and a moment later Ajax held him fast around the neck, and with heads close together, and smothered growls of happiness, the cat and the dog were rolling over and over. Then, they suddenly let go, and stood half a foot apart, glaring at each other for a second, before they rushed together again, and went through the whole frolic once more.

Mamie and Herbert had seen it all while building ships, in the side yard, and as they watched the grand closing scene, Herbert, in the tone of an oracle, announced,

The Moral:

"It is good to be good-natured, but bad to be imposed upon."

NUMBER ONE.

By Charles R. Talbot.

"I tell you," said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
"But the counting should be begun
With the *other one* instead of yourself,—
And *he* should be Number One."

AMUSING THE BABY.

By Eva Lovett Carson.

A SUDDEN tumult arose one day,
In the nursery overhead.
'T was like wild horses a-galloping there,
Or a whole procession led.
Nursie, with face of terror,
Deserted her cup of tea,
And rushed up the stair, in a state of despair,
To see what the noise might be.

She found in the room three Zulu chiefs
Prancing across the floor.
Their faces beamed, as they danced and screamed,
And their arms waved more and more.
In a corner sat Ted, the baby,
Silent and pale with fright:
"We 're amusing the baby—Oh, Nurse, come and see!"
Cried the Zulus in great delight.

"Oh, horrors!" cried Nursie in anger,
Rushing to poor little Ted.
"To go on that way, such ri*dic*-u-lous play!—
'T will put the child out of his head!"
—With expressions of injured goodness,
Stood Dudley, and Gordon, and Fred,
"Why, Nursie, how mean!—We should think you 'd have seen,
We 're amusing the baby!" they said.

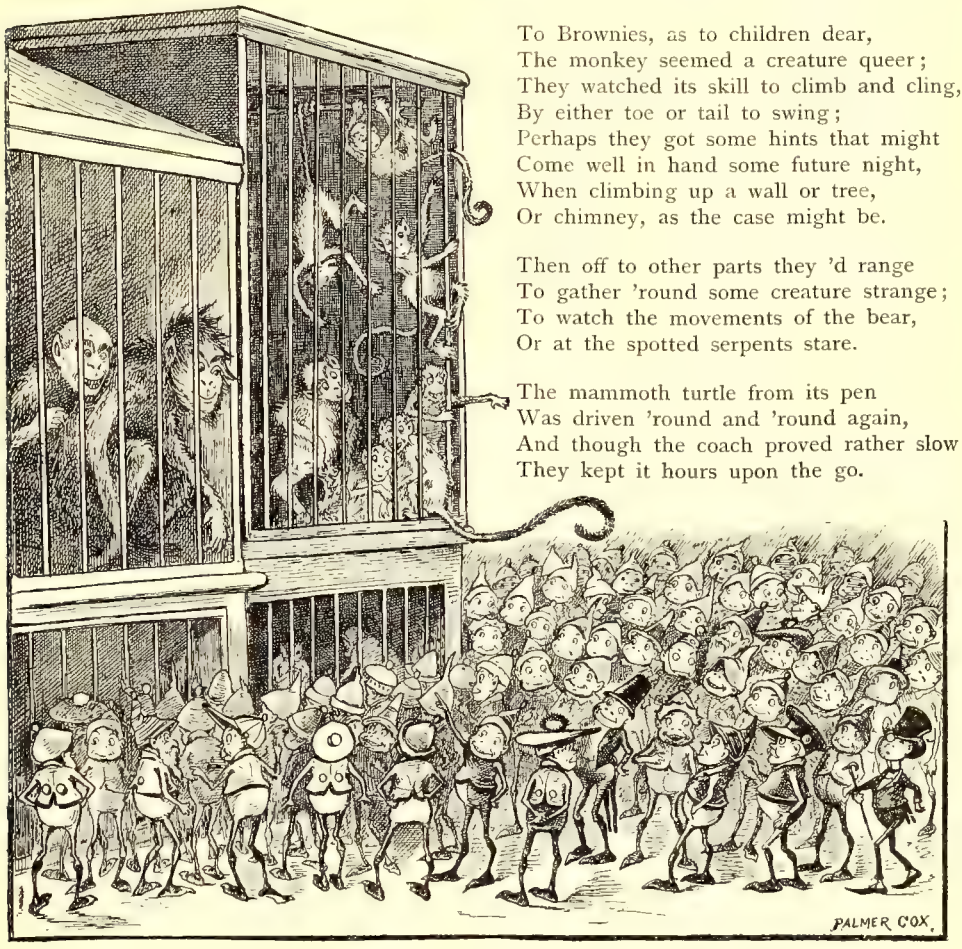


THE BROWNIES IN THE MENAGERIE.

By Palmer Cox.

The Brownies heard the news with glee,
That in a city near the sea
A spacious building was designed
For holding beasts of every kind.
From polar snows, from desert sand,
From mountain peak, and timbered land,

Less time it took the walls to scale
Than is required to tell the tale.
The art that makes the lock seem weak,
The bolt to slide, the hinge to creak,
Was theirs to use as heretofore,
With good effect, on sash and door;
And soon the band stood face to face
With all the wonders of the place.



To Brownies, as to children dear,
The monkey seemed a creature queer;
They watched its skill to climb and cling,
By either toe or tail to swing;
Perhaps they got some hints that might
Come well in hand some future night,
When climbing up a wall or tree,
Or chimney, as the case might be.

Then off to other parts they 'd range
To gather 'round some creature strange;
To watch the movements of the bear,
Or at the spotted serpents stare.

The mammoth turtle from its pen
Was driven 'round and 'round again,
And though the coach proved rather slow
They kept it hours upon the go.

The beasts with claw and beasts with hoof,
All met beneath one slated roof.
That night, like bees before the wind,
With home in sight, and storm behind,
The band of Brownies might be seen,
All scudding from the forest green.

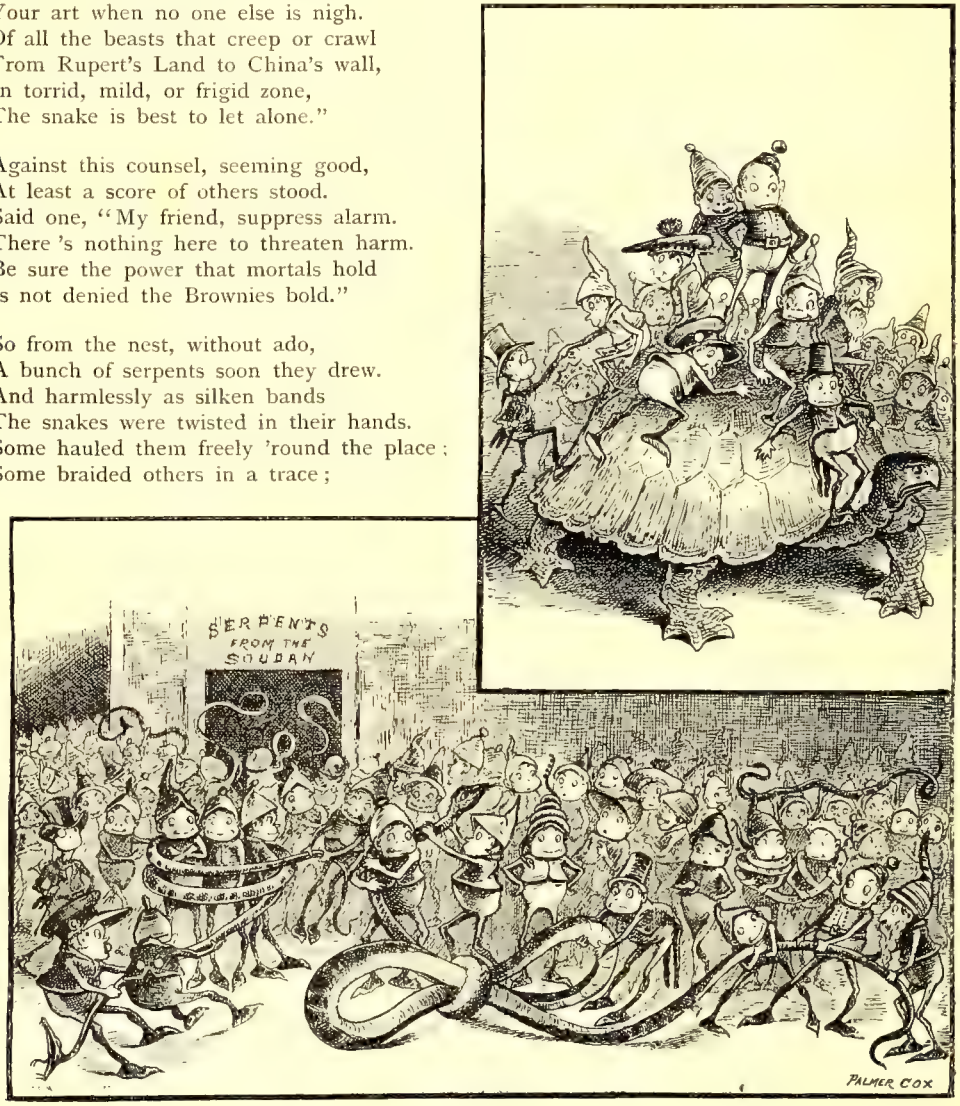
Said one, "Before your face and eyes
I 'll take that snake from where it lies,
And like a Hindoo of the East,
Benumb and charm the crawling beast,
Then twist him 'round me on the spot
And tie him in a sailor's knot."

Another then was quick to shout,
"We 'll leave that snake performance out!
I grant you all the power you claim
To charm, to tie, to twist and tame;
But let me still suggest you try
Your art when no one else is nigh.
Of all the beasts that creep or crawl
From Rupert's Land to China's wall,
In torrid, mild, or frigid zone,
The snake is best to let alone."

Against this counsel, seeming good,
At least a score of others stood.
Said one, "My friend, suppress alarm.
There 's nothing here to threaten harm.
Be sure the power that mortals hold
Is not denied the Brownies bold."

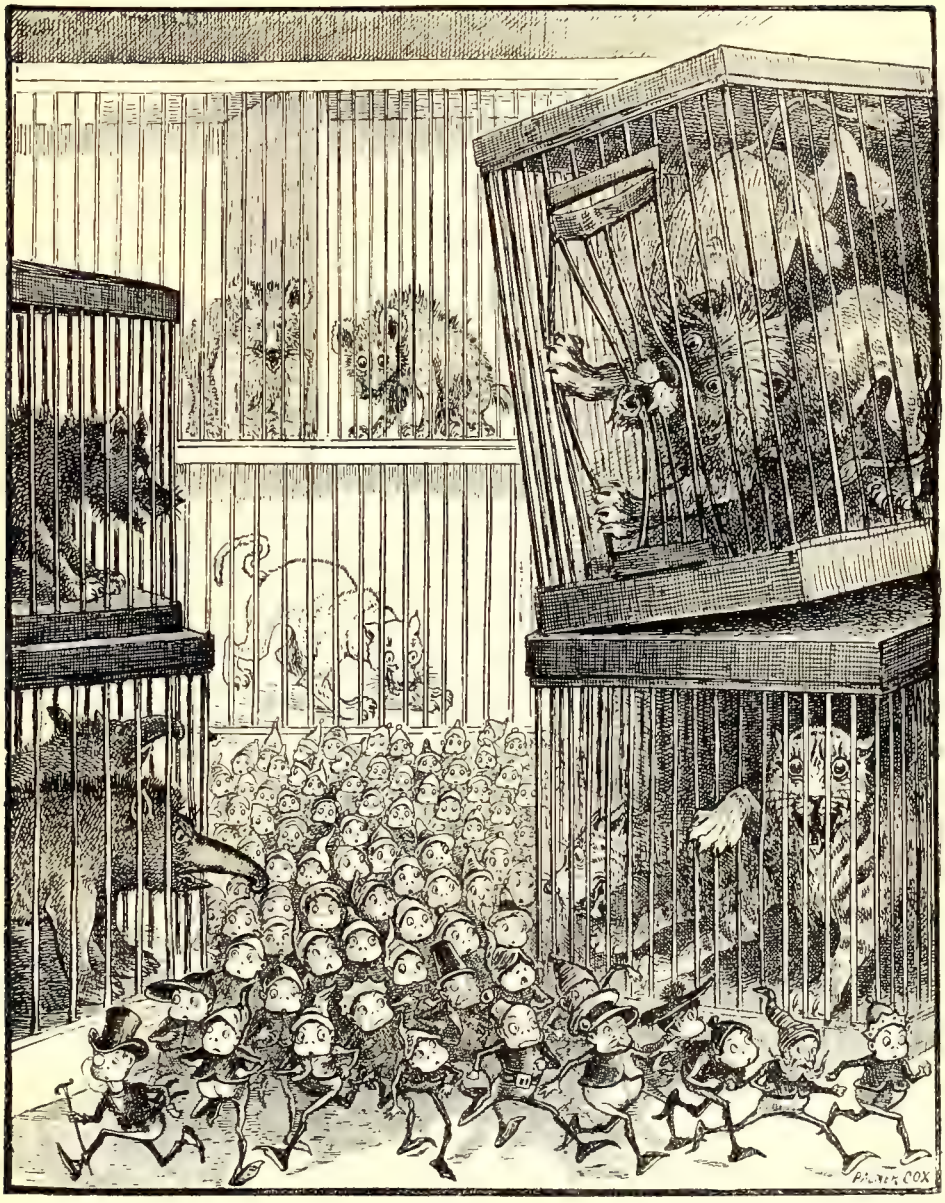
So from the nest, without ado,
A bunch of serpents soon they drew.
And harmlessly as silken bands
The snakes were twisted in their hands.
Some hauled them freely 'round the place;
Some braided others in a trace;

Around the sleeping lion long
They stood an interested throng,
Debating o'er its strength of limb,
Its heavy mane or visage grim.



And every knot to sailors known,
Was quickly tied, and quickly shown.
Thus 'round from cage to cage they went,
For some to smile, and some comment
On Nature's way of dealing out
To this a tail, to that a snout
Of extra length, and then deny
To something else a fair supply.

But when the bear and tiger growled,
And wolf and lynx in chorus howled,
And starting from its broken sleep,
The monarch rose with sudden leap,
And, bounding round the rocking cage,
With lifted mane, it roared with rage,
And thrust its paws between the bars,—
Until it seemed to shake the stars,



A panic seized the Brownies all,
And out they scampered from the hall,
As if they feared incautious men
Had built too frail a prison pen;

And though the way was long and wild,
With obstacles before them piled,
They never halted in their run
Until the forest shade they won.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE BOY.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell little boys and girls about my two pets. One is a hen. She lives all alone, and leaves her coop every night, and goes in the barn, and flies up on old Jim's back, and sleeps there all night. Old Jim is a horse. Old Jim has a blanket for cold nights. It is an old

one, and there is a hole in it on the top, and the old hen walks all around till she finds that hole, and puts her feet in there where it is warm, and there we find her every morning.

My other funny pet is an old cat, named Catharine. She has only three feet, but I liked her just as well as I ever did, till last summer, when one morning we found the bird-cage door pushed in, and the bird was gone. We have another cat. We don't know but the bird flew away; but who pushed the door in? I don't like any cats so well now. Your friend,

RALPH.





THIS little dog never did like cats. His name is "Dude." He wears a fine collar, and he always likes to look neat and clean. But he can not look nice after the cats see him, for they will not let him alone. They do not like him, and when he walks out on the street they run up to him and scratch his smooth coat, and spoil his clean collar, and pull his long ears out of curl, and tease him, and push him about; and then they run away before he can catch them. So "Dude" hates cats, and will not go near them any more. How funny he looks! I do believe he sees a cat now! How wide open his eyes are! He does not like to run away, but I think he will run if it is a cat that he sees. Don't you?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT:

If I drum in the house,
"Oh, what a noise you make!"
Sighs Mamma. "Baby 'll wake!"
If in the garden green
I drum, our Bridget cries:
"Ye 'll mak' me spile the pies
And cakes! I can not think!
That droom destroys me wit!
Be off, me b'y,—or quit!"
If I drum in the street,
Out comes Miss Peters, quick,
And says her ma is sick;
Or Doctor Daniel Brown
Calls from his window: "Bub,
That dreadful rub-a-dub
Confuses my ideas.
My sermon is not done.
Run on, my little son!"

The creeps crawl up my back
When I am still, and oh,
Nobody seems to know
How very tired I get
Without some sort of noise,
Such as a boy enjoys!

Last summer, on the farm,
I used to jump and shout,
For Grandpa Osterhout
And Grandma both are deaf.
But soon some neighbors came
And said it was a shame.
The way I scared them all.
They called my shouts "wild yells,"
And asked if I had "spells"
Or "fits, or anything."
You see, grown people all
Forget they once were small.

Now, is n't there one place
Where "wriggley" tired boys
Can make a stunning noise
And play wild Injun-chief,
And Independence-day,
And not be sent away?
Or was that place left out?
Dear Jack, please tell me true;
I 've confidence in you.
Your friend without end,
TOMMY.

This is a very touching epistle, my hearers, and Tommy has my hearty sympathy. There must be such a place as he is looking for, though the Deacon says that in the course of a long life he has never happened upon the exact locality. According to the Little School-ma'am, too, it is not described in any of the geographies; but she says that, for the sake of all concerned, it is very desirable that the missing paradise of little drummer boys should be discovered;—to which the Deacon adds, "Perhaps that 's why the grown folk wish to find the North Pole."

While we are upon this subject, here is a letter describing some tiny drummers that make almost as much noise as patriotic youngsters, and do quite as much mischief. To his credit, however, it must be said that this other small musician only makes his appearance as a drummer once in seventeen years. Is he bent on setting an example, I wonder? He is called

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

DEAR JACK: The seventeen-year locust is n't a locust at all. This may seem a strange thing to say, but it is true, nevertheless. The locust looks very much like a grasshopper, while the seventeen-year cicada, which is the insect's proper name, looks a great deal more like a gigantic fly than anything else.

There is a cicada which comes every year, and is also wrongly called a locust. Anybody who has been in the country about harvest-time has heard the shrill noise made by this cicada and probably has come upon his cast-off shell sticking to a fence-rail or a tree-trunk.

The seventeen-year cicada is a cousin of the one-year chap; though, as he comes only once in every seventeen years, he is probably only a far-away cousin. Fancy spending the best part of your life prowling about in the darkness underground and then coming up into the sunlight with a gorgeous pair of wings, only to die in a short time!

That is what the seventeen-year cicada does. In the very first place, it is an egg which its mother deposits in a tiny hole in a twig. In a few weeks it makes its way out of the egg and drops to the ground, into which it burrows, and in which it remains for nearly seventeen years before it is prepared for life above ground.

When, at last, it is ready for the bright sunlight, it may be one foot from the surface or it may be ten feet deep in the ground. In either case it begins to dig upward until it finds its way out, when it climbs up the nearest tree and fastens itself by its sharp claws to a leaf or twig. There it waits until its back splits open, and behold! it immediately crawls out of itself, so to speak.

The new insect is a soft, dull fellow at first, but he grows as if he had been storing up energy for seventeen years for just that one purpose. Within an hour, two pairs of most beautiful wings have grown, and in a few hours more it has become hard and active.

The female cicadas are quiet enough, but the males are as noisy as so many little boys with new drums. Indeed, they do have drums themselves. Just under their wings are drums made of shiny membrane as beautiful as white silk, and these are kept rattling almost all the time.

One cicada can make noise enough, but imagine the din of millions of them all going at the same time. It sounds as if all the

frogs in the country had come together to try to drown the noise of a saw-mill. Now it is the saw-mill you hear, and now the frogs.



It sounds like a big story to say millions, but if you could go into the woods where they are, you might be willing to say billions. I have counted over a thousand cast-off shells on one small tree, and on one birch leaf I have seen twelve shells. And the earth in some places is like a sieve from the holes made by the cicadas as they came out.

But within a few weeks from the insects' first appearance their eggs have been laid and the cicadas have all died. A great many of them are eaten by the birds and chickens, but most of them simply can not live any longer.

Yours truly,

JOHN R. CORYELL.

"THE GREAT LUBBER LOCUST."

AS IT appears from Mr. Coryell's letter that the seventeen-year cicada is only an imitation locust, I shall give you a portrait of another member of the family who is, perhaps, more nearly related to the insect he is named after. At all events, he is certainly more like a grasshopper than is the seventeen-year cicada. The grasshopper that lives in this part of the world is a fine fellow to hop, as you know, but he always lights on his feet, and looks as composed and as much at his ease as if he had walked to the spot in the most dignified manner.

Well, now look at this picture! See one absurd fellow lying on his back and pawing the air with



all his long legs, and another, like a circus clown, standing on his own foolish green head. Would you think these awkward and ridiculous creatures bore any relationship to the grave little hoppers who gently alight on your clothes as you run through the grass, stop a moment to stare at you with their great goggle eyes, and then take leave without saying "good-morning"?

He is no less than a cousin, I assure you, from the Far West, the great plains where few beasts, birds, or insects can find enough to live upon. This fellow does not suffer for food; he is the biggest of his family in America, and his curious performances have brought him several names. By some people he is called "the clumsy grasshopper," and by others he is dubbed "the great lubber locust," while by the scientific men, as usual, he has been given a long Latin name. Of course, you will be so eager to know it that you will wish to find it out for yourselves!

THE DOG AND THE QUEER GRASSHOPPERS.

BY the way, a story is told of a dog that was fond of snapping up grasshoppers, and eating them. In one of his journeys with his master, he chanced to fall among those queer grasshoppers — the lubber locusts. As he ran along through the grass, his feet started up hundreds of the clumsy fellows,



and, in trying to jump out of his way, they came down in groups upon him, as you see in the picture. Some stood on their heads upon his back; others turned somersaults over his ears, and a few struck him full in the face. Besides being impertinent they were very large, each two or three times the size and weight of one of our modest little hoppers. So poor Tom was first annoyed, and then scared. One or two, or even half a dozen, he could eat up or drive away, but a hundred were too many, and at last Tom dropped his head and tail and ran for his life, while his master scolded, and his master's friend laughed at the droll sight of a big dog running away from grasshoppers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

If C. F. H. will send us her address, we shall gladly forward to her a number of letters sent us by readers of ST. NICHOLAS, in answer to her query.

LA CRESCENT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS about "Our Joe," I thought some of the ST. NICHOLAS readers would be interested in hearing about *our* Joe. *Our* Joe is a Broncho pony that belonged to Rain-in-the-face, a chief in one of Sitting Bull's bands. When the ponies were taken and driven down in a drove, Our Joe got loose from the others and was caught somewhere near here. His name was Joe, but when Papa brought him home and we saw how little he was, we called him Little Joe, and when we rode him he went so easy we named him Little Joe Dandy.

We have a little red cart we call the dump, to drive him in. He is such a funny little fellow that everybody has to take a second look at him. I am five feet tall, and his shoulders are not quite as high as mine; his hair in winter is as thick and long as a buffalo's; his tail touches the ground, and his mane hangs far down on his shoulders, and is always stuck full of burrs in summer. His color is iron-gray, if it 's anything, but it 's hard to tell what color he is. I had my picture taken on horseback, and he looks as if he was about ready to fall asleep, but he has life in him if he takes a notion to go! He is mean to the boys. He picked my brother up by the shoulder and shook him, and one day he kicked Papa.

There was a pair of them — Our Joe and a Little Buckskin. The Buckskin would bunt his head against Joe, as a signal to go, and then they would make things fly! Every one who knew the pony before we got him says he was so ugly, it was dangerous to go around him; but he is the kindest little fellow to us. If I go out in the pasture where he is, he will follow me everywhere I go. We think the world of him. Hoping my letter is not too long, I remain,

our constant reader, H. C.

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Chicago, where the boys play marbles almost all the time in the spring. I am a fairly good player. I have six hundred and four. I hope the boys who read ST. NICHOLAS will try to get as many marbles.

Yours truly, CHESHIRE S.

CITY OF MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old, and live alone with my father, who is a Baptist missionary. I have a mother, and little brother, and two sisters, living in the States.

I have learned to spell the names of three places that I can see from our roof. They are Chapultepec, and Popocatepetl, and Ixiaccihuatl.

There are lots of strange things here. We never slide downhill here, because there is no snow. I like ST. NICHOLAS, especially the "Brownies." EDWINA S.

B——A, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking over our old ST. NICHOLASES we found, in the January number for 1882, a piece entitled, "Puppets and Puppet Shows," and as it struck our fancy, we agreed to try it. After several attempts, we succeeded in obtaining very good figures. With a little ingenuity and the plans of three busy brains, we arranged an excellent screen and scenery; then, with two of us to work and one to read, the puppets were set in motion. Our audience, though not large, was an appreciative one, and the show was a grand success. The puppets were carefully placed in a box, and will be kept for another entertainment.

Last summer we girls made a twine house in our orchard. A couple of cows strayed in one afternoon and ran through the house, and the chickens dug up a number of the morning-glories; but, in spite of these obstacles, a great many happy hours were spent in the house.

We wait impatiently from one month to another for your pleasant magazine, and we remain,

Your interested readers, "PUSS-IN-BOOTS,"
"CARABAS,"
"CORSANDO."

CAMILLA VAN KLEECK: The article you wish is entitled "Lady Bertha," and was printed in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1880.

EASTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year I have ever taken you and the first year I have ever lived on a farm. I enjoy reading your stories and enjoy living on a farm. When I lived in the city I could not have as many pets as I can out here. Neither should I have had you. You are sent us through the kindness of a Mr. Ames, to whom I should like to extend my thanks through your columns. I also wish to thank you for making your pages so interesting to us boys and girls. Yours truly,

W. S. B.

ST. LOUIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and I like it very much. I take it for my little sister now, but always read it first myself, and enjoy it very much, and so does my little sister. I send it to her by mail after I am through with it.

I have been making my own living for five years, and I do not get much time to read. I almost always read the ST. NICHOLAS going and coming from work, as I have to take the street-car.

Seven years ago, I came from Sweden and could not speak a word of English, but now everybody takes me for an American.

There is some splendid coasting and skating in Sweden, but I do not think the young people here would enjoy going to boarding-school there; at least, not the one I went to. They are very strict. For instance, once when I did not know my lesson, I had to stay up until 12 o'clock that night and study it by moonlight, without having had a bit of supper; and the next morning, instead of my breakfast, I had to stand in the center of the dining-room and watch the others eat. I intend to write a story when I get older, and relate my experience there.

I should feel very proud if you would print this letter, as it is the first one I have written to you.

Yours truly, Jo.

MAY BRIDGES: The address which you desire is "The Art Interchange, 37 West 22d street, New York City, N. Y."

McGREGOR, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live about a mile from the "Great Father of Waters." I can not see the river from my home, but as I go to school in McGregor I can see it every day.

McGregor is a small town of about 2000 inhabitants. It is nestled in among the hills, and some people think it a very pretty place; indeed, some think it ought to be a summer resort.

About a mile and a half from here is the highest bluff on the Mississippi, called Pike's Peak. I suppose it is named after the famous Pike's Peak in Colorado. From it there is a very lovely view. We can see the mouth of the Wisconsin River, the State of Wisconsin, and a great distance up and down the Mississippi. The river is full of islands near here. Believe me your loving reader,

BESSIE B. L.

L. M.: You can obtain the information you wish, by referring to article "Iamblichus" in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second year we have taken you; at least, the second year since I can remember. We took you some years ago, and then stopped, and started again two years ago. When Papa told us each to vote for which paper we wanted last year, I think we all voted for you, and take you again this year. I look forward to your coming with delight. I must confess I am selfish about it, for I always try to get you first.

This is a quiet old town, with beautiful scenery all around it. There are no mountains, but it lies between two high hills, in a little valley. Washington used to live here, and his house is only a square from ours. Mary Washington's monument is quite near, and we often go there. I have often climbed the heights where the battle of Fredericksburg was fought. It overlooks the quiet little town,

peacefully slumbering, and it is hard to realize that once the shells and balls were flying across it from hill to hill. I have lived most of my life here, and I think it the nicest place in the world. I fear I have tired you with my long letter. So now, good-bye, dear old St. Nicholas. I look forward already to your next coming. I remain, your devoted reader, Carrie B.

Fort Sill, I. T.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have a brother who is nearly seventeen years old. He had the first number of St. Nicholas, and we have taken it most of the time ever since. I have a year's subscription for my birthday. I am always glad when the time comes for you. Your reader, Sarah B. H.

North Leominster, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little girl eleven years old, and take your magazine. I am deeply interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "George Washington," and hope they will be continued for a long time. I have a number of pets; among them are nine cats, which I like better than all the others. One is very large; he weighs eleven and a half pounds. He stays in the house 'most all the time. His name is Toddlekins, and he goes to bed with my brother every night. We live on a farm, and keep five horses. In summer we go to ride almost every day. I have a pair of wooden horses, which I will describe to you, as it may interest some of your little readers. You take a keg and bore four holes in the side of it, and then take short round handles and put four of them into the holes. Then take two shingles and drive them into one end of the keg (for a neck); then take another shingle and cut to the shape of a horse's head, and put it between the two shingles that have been driven on to the top of the keg; then put a feather duster in the other end, and you have a horse complete; when done, they are comical-looking enough. I like to read the letters in the Letter-box. I hope you will print my letter, as I have not written one before.

Your interested reader, M. C. B.

Our Presidents.

By G. Macloskee.

A help for memorizing United States History.

Father Washington left us united and free,
And John Adams repelled French aggression at sea;
Boundless Louisiana was Jefferson's crown,
And when Madison's war-ships won lasting renown,
And the steam-boat was launched, then Monroe gave the world
His new doctrine; and Quincy his banner unfurled
For protection. Then Jackson, with railways and spoils,
Left Van Buren huge bankruptcies, panics, and broils.
Losing Harrison, Tyler by telegraph spoke;
And the Mexican war brought accessions to Polk.
Taylor lived not to wear the reward of ambition,
And Fillmore's sad slave-law stirred up abolition;
So, compromise failing, Pierce witnessed the throes
Of the trouble in Kansas. Secession arose
Through the halting Buchanan. But Lincoln was sent
To extinguish rebellion. Then some years were spent
Reconstructing by Johnson. Grant lessened our debt;
Hayes resumed specie-payments; and Garfield was set
On Reform, which, as Arthur soon found, came to stay.
Now for President Cleveland good citizens pray.

Greenville, S. C.

My Dear St. Nicholas: I have been a subscriber to your charming magazine for over three years, and have never yet read a letter dated Greenville, S. C., so thought I would write to you from that place. Greenville is a city in the upper part of South Carolina. It is divided into two parts by a small river which runs through it, and on which are several cotton-mills. It is about thirty miles from Cæsar's Head, a mountain said to bear a striking resemblance to a profile view of the human face. It used to be a stopping-point for travelers on their way to Greenville. During the very severe weather last winter, we thought that our town, instead of being called Greenville, should be named after some snowy berg of Greenland.

It seems to be the custom of your correspondents to give their ages and a minute description of their occupation, so I will follow. I am fourteen years old, and have never been to school a day in my life, my mother having always taught me at home until this year, when I have a tutor for Algebra and Latin. I continue the study of French with my mother, using Fasquelle's Grammar and reading a pretty story called "Le Petit Robinson de Paris," besides having lessons in English composition, geography, history, declamation, music, and drawing.

I am a lineal descendant, being a great-great-granddaughter, of "The Martyr of the Revolution," as he is sometimes called, Colonel Isaac Hayne, who was hanged by the British, and of whose execution at Charlestown a very interesting account is given by Ramsay, in his "History of South Carolina." My grandmother had a lock of Colonel Hayne's hair. It was a beautiful chestnut color, and had a slight wave through it. I am also a cousin of the poet, Paul Hayne.

I like all the stories in St. Nicholas, but my favorite is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who seems to be a second Paul Dombey, with his quaint, old-fashioned sayings. I hope he will not die shut up in the gloomy castle, with his cross old grandfather, away from the companionship of "Dearest."

With best wishes for the welfare of your delightful magazine, I remain, Your devoted reader, Marguerite H.

The Two Toads.

Two toads went out to take a walk,
And being old friends they had a long talk.

Said one to the other, "A leaf I see.
Will you be so kind as to bring it to me?"

"Of course!" said the other. "Let 's build us a house,
And have for a pony a little gray mouse."

"Yes," said the other, "and a carriage too,
Of a nice red tulip, which I 'll bring to you."

They built them the carriage and harnessed the mouse,
And drove to the mill-pond to build them a house.

They built them a house very near to the mill,
And if they 're not dead, they are living there still.

Mabel Wilder (9 years old).

We print this little letter just as it came to us.

Escanaba, Mich.

Dear St. Nicholas: I like you very much. since we have been taking you we got some ginney pigs they are quite cute.

Genie A. Longley (aged eight).

A young friend sends us this drawing, which he calls:

A Fourth of July Tragedy.



South Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Editor St. Nicholas: I thought that perhaps the following description of a sort of kaleidoscope would be of service to your magazine, for the entertainment of your young readers, on a rainy evening:

Have the room brilliantly lighted, then raise the lid of a square

piano just as if for a player, but, instead of resting it on the surface of the piano itself, let it rest upon two or three large books placed on the top of the piano, so as to form at the front, where the hinges are, an angle of sixty degrees. Cover the open side of the triangle thus formed with a thick cover, which should extend also over the crack caused by the hinges of the lid. Thus you will have a hollow, triangular prism, the length of the piano, open at both ends. Polish well with a silk duster the inside of one end of this triangular prism; hold pieces of crazy patchwork, or long pieces of silk ribbon,—the more variegated and brilliant the colors the better,—in a large hanging bunch, and shake gently about two inches in front of the polished end toward the angle of the front, while the spectator looks through the opposite end of the kaleidoscope. A watch, chain, or looking-glass among the ribbons makes a pleasing variety.

Yours very respectfully,

MARY J. KNOX.

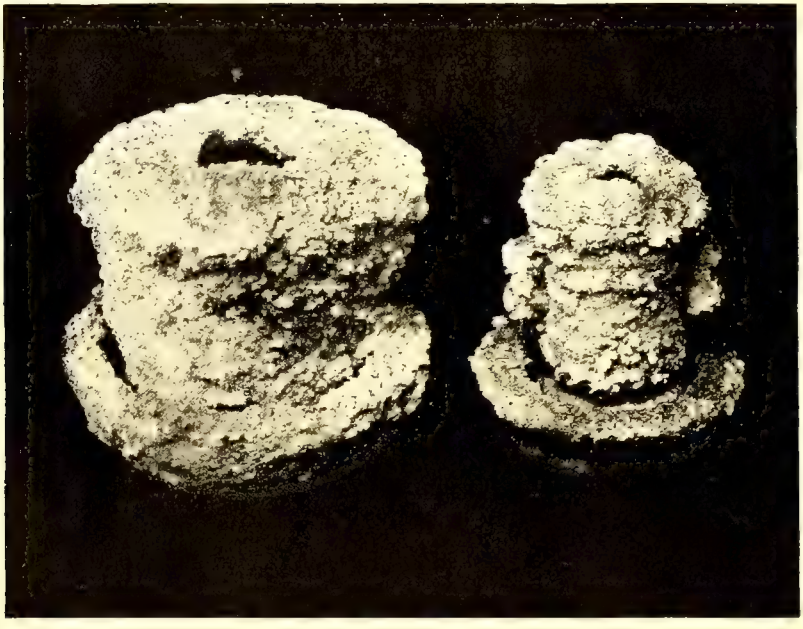
P. S. The lid on the top of an upright piano may also form a kaleidoscope in the same way, but smaller.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of the many little folk who have listened to readings from your pages all my life. I am too small to write you a letter all myself, so Mamma will write it, for I wish to tell you about our salt crystals. You remember you told us how to make them, in your number for July, 1884. Mamma and I each started one, and every one thinks they are great curiosities. Papa photographed them so that you could see them also. The large one belongs to Mamma, and the small one is mine; they are about five months old. We have ceased adding salt and water, and have them under a glass shade, one resting on the other, and they make a very pretty ornament. Every time we stop to admire them we smack our lips and think how well-seasoned the ST. NICHOLAS always is.

We receive our ST. NICHOLAS on the 25th of each month, and, dear Editor, you may always know that on that night there is a little hand resting under a pillow, holding tightly your enjoyable book waiting for the morn to dawn.

Lovingly yours, HAROLD H. T.



THE SALT TUMBLERS.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: J. G. F., Bettie M. K., Gussie and Nannie M., Edith Norris, Harold K. Palmer, J. E. P., Eleanor D. Olney, Daisy B. Holladay, Nan E. Parrott, Elizabeth P., May E. Waldo, Alma and Estelle, Irene B. D., H. Olina Herring, Carrie L. Walker, Hattie Homer, Florence Halsted, Fay and Fan, Clara E. Longworth, May M. Boyd, Annie G. Barnard, Katie E. G., Alice Butterfield, Mabel P., E. C., James H. Saycock, E. Converse, Abe M. B., P. C. Brittain, L. H. E., May M. Boyd, Marie Clark, Morris Miner, Jo and Flo Overstreet, Roy C. Chambers, May Barton, Bessie Heath, Lawrence E. Horton, Charles R. Van Horn, Albertie G. Russell, S. M. K., Henry H. Townshend, Edith S. C., Blanche Sloat, Sadie Nichols, Jesse L. Pusey, Bessie Lenhart, John N. Force, Madge C. DeW., E. A. Burnham, "Sammy," A. G. K., Fannie B. S., Emily T. H., John R. P., Jr., Tommy Bangs, Florence, Julia McC., Brenda, Harry M. M., Gertie E. Kendall, H. E. H., A. K. E., Anna E. Roelker, M. H. N., "Katie," Etta A. Harper, May S., Tillie Lutz, W. P. Haslett, Charles L., Charlie P. Storrs, Maurice S. S., May, Freddie M., Florence M. Wilcox, Ida R. G., Louis R. E., Bertha, Muriel C. Gere, Ralph M. Fletcher, Bertha B., Ella O., C. H. Pease, Alice W. Brown, Clara L., Arthur F. Hudson, Katie, Thomas H. King, Jr., Mary L. Mayo, O. P., Carrie L. Moulthrop, Alice Dickey, M. Eva T., Daisy W., Marie G. Hinkley, Agatha Montie Duncan, Agnes S. Barker, Samuel S. Watson, Madaleine C. Selby, Hattie A. Taber, Cecelia R. G., Belle Sudduth, Johnnie E. Shaw, Inez B. Fletcher, Eva, Ferrars J., C. P., Hermann Thomas, Annie and Margaret, Edmonia Powers, Alice M. B., D. and A., Anna A. H., Lizzie Kellogg, Louis J. Hall, Charles H. Webster, C. L. Wright, Jr., Merrick R. Baldwin, Eleanor Hobson, Lottie A. D., John Moore, Harold Smith, C. W. F., L. Hazeltine, A. C. Crosby, Mabel L., May J., Grace Plummer, Alice Dodge, Bessie K. S., Ella Bisell, Irma St. John, Irene Lasier, F. L. Waldo, Ruth Morse, Maude G. Barnum, Bertha M. Crane, Aggie Drain, Roy Gray Bevan, John W. Wainwright, Edith, Ella L. Bridges, Bessie Rhodes, Floy G., C. A. G., L. O. C., Mary S. Collar, Pearl Reynolds, Evelyn Auerbach, Mabel E. D., Grace Fleming, Eddie Persinger, Charlie B., Lillie Story, Maude B., Mary M. Steele, Doris Hay, Gussie Moley, Ethel W. F., Arthur, Mary Springer, Marion M. Tooker, Mary F. K., Lizzie E. Crowell, Josie W. Pennypacker, Bertie Barse, Nellie B., J. W. L., Maude Cullen, Daisy C. Baker, Esther S. Barnard, Blanche M. C., Aurelia M. Snider, Howard E. T., Bacon, Hildegarde G., Kittie L. Norris, Nellie L. Howes, Leverette Early, Virginia Beall, Henry W. Bellows, Bissell Currie, Violet Quinn, Mamie Sage, Belle C. Hill, Alvah and Arden Rockwood, Lillian Miln, Adele Yates, Lillie S. E., Ollie C., Maggie Wispert.



A Course of Observations on Trees.

The United States Government, through the Forestry Division of the Agricultural Department, solicits the assistance of volunteer observers belonging to the Agassiz Association. The chief of the Division of Forestry, in consultation with the President of the A. A., is preparing a special "schedule of phenological observations" for the A. A. This is a very simple series of questions, in spite of its long name. One object of this series of observations is to determine the effect of climate upon the growth of plants. Among the facts to be noted are the dates of the appearance of first leaf, first flower, and first fruit. Nothing is required that can not be accurately and easily done by an intelligent boy or girl of twelve years of age. It is earnestly desired by the Department that as many as possible of our members undertake this work, in the interest of science, and for the practical results of the information sought.

All who are willing to try, will kindly send their addresses, at once, to "The Chief of the Division of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

The complete schedule of observations desired will then be sent to them, and they can begin at once.

The Iowa Convention.

The following programme has been prepared for our next General Convention to be held at Davenport, Iowa, in August:

Wednesday, August 25: — 9 A. M. Reception of the National delegates, and visit to the Academy of Sciences. — 2 P. M. Opening of Convention, 1. Prayer. 2. Address of welcome by Senator James Wilson of Iowa. 3. Response by the President of the A. A. 4. Reading of papers — 7 P. M. Reception and banquet, with toasts and responses.

Thursday, August 26: — 9 A. M. 1. Question Box. 2. Visit to the Government Island. — 2 P. M. 1. Working Session. 2. Address by the President of the A. A. — 7 P. M. Lecture, by Prof. T. H. McBride, of the Iowa State University.

Friday, August 27: — Steam-boat excursion down the Mississippi.

Prof. Crosby's Class in Mineralogy.

Boston, Mass.

The class now includes 122 *bona fide* correspondents. The great majority have very greatly and agreeably surprised me by the excellence of their work. I have been especially delighted by the success of the chemical experiments. I was in doubt at first as to the propriety of introducing these; but I should never hesitate again. The success of the class is so much beyond my expectations that I am fully reconciled to the time and labor it has cost me.

W. O. Crosby

Honorable Mention.

Mr. Paul L. Smith, President of Chapter 653, of La Porte, Ind., goes fifty-nine miles, on the first Saturday of every month, to preside at the meetings of his Chapter. And yet some doubt whether Natural History can awaken the interest of the young!

The A. A. by the Sea.

Miss Florence May Lyon and two associate teachers of the Detroit High School, members of Chapter 743, are making arrangements to take a bevy of a dozen or twenty young ladies for a summer vacation of six weeks, to the charming town of Annisquam, Mass. They propose to teach them in as "unbookish and delightful a way as possible about sea-side plants and animals." These ladies have had abundant experience, and we wish them the greatest success.

Birds' Eggs.

The destruction of the singing birds of America is a growing and a very serious evil. Many ladies wear on their bonnets enough birds to flood a grove with melody — if only the birds were not dead and in pieces.

We may make an appeal on this subject to the girls and women of the A. A., at a later date, but just now it is a question of robbing birds' nests. This association strictly maintains the scientific ground that when birds' eggs are actually *needed* by a young naturalist, as a means of identification or of practical knowledge, it is justifiable to take them, when the law allows. But the collection of eggs as curiosities, and the wholesale robbery of nests for purposes of sale or exchange, is a wanton destruction wholly unworthy of any earnest student of nature.

In view of the impossibility of discriminating between the two classes of collectors, we shall hereafter decline to publish in St. Nicholas, any requests for the sale, purchase, or exchange of the eggs of singing or game birds.

We shall notice, as formerly, eggs of the penguin, eagle, crow, and ostrich.

Delayed Chapter Reports.

60, *Pigeon Cove, Mass.* We have not lost a member from our books since you first enrolled us, and although at present we are all so occupied by our daily work that we can not hold regular meetings, we all look forward to the time when we shall be able to begin again. — Charles H. Andrews.

150, *Flushing, L. I.* Our Chapter has not been very active during the past year, but I hope in the near future to build up a lively Chapter. Father and Mother will help me. — Frances M. L. Heaton, Sec.

189, *W. Medford, Mass.* The Chapter is still in existence, and is holding meetings every week. — Daisy G. Dame, Sec.

257, *Plantsville, Conn.* We have been very successful; meetings full of interest and well attended. Our last paper on "Crystals" was by E. N. Walkley, who illustrated the subject by plaster casts. We have a good male quartet in our Chapter; also gentlemen who play on the violin, flute, piano, and 'cello, so we can have a good time if we want it, at any meeting.

We have just papered, painted, and whitewashed our room, and intend to give an entertainment to procure funds to buy a new carpet *(Bravo!)* — Albert L. Ely, Pres.

287, *Ottawa, Ill.* Our members are scattered, some in college, most of the others going soon; but we do not wish to be counted out of that society from which we have received so much pleasure and profit. — Edgar Eldredge, Sec.

331, *New Orleans, La.* This Chapter has passed through severe trials, being sustained at one time by only two earnest members, but it is now triumphantly successful. It is unique in that it has for its president a gentleman, Mr. P. M. Hoit, who lives in Santa Barbara, California, more than fifteen hundred miles away from the Chapter. He sends plans of work, rules of order, by-laws, etc., and really governs the Chapter, with which he first became acquainted through a letter asking about exchanges. The Chapter has over 600 specimens. — Percy S. Benedict, Sec.

350, *Los Angeles, Cal.* The children never tire of going to the beach, and a trip to the mountains is another favorite excursion. Our cabinets grow, and I sometimes fear we shall get crowded out of the house by the "trash" that is accumulating! — Mrs. M. F. Bradshaw, Sec.

366, *Webster Groves, Mo.* We have thirteen workers, all active. We have a collection of 510 specimens, mostly minerals and fossils of our own State; a library of 123 volumes; a microscope; and a chemical laboratory. We intend to hold an encampment this summer. How do you think it would work to have a "Midsummer Night's Dream," on some summer evening? — we might have the telescope-man come out from the city, do some star-gazing, and have an open-air magic lantern entertainment? *(It would work "to a charm"!)* — Edwin R. Allan, Sec.

400, *Fargo, Dakota.* We gave an oyster supper a few weeks ago, and cleared $15. Our rooms are in the Masonic Block, and the Masons kindly let us use their dishes for the occasion. We have one of the finest rooms for this class of work in the Northwest. Our members are taking hold in earnest, and it will be a success. We have a fine teacher in Judge Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell will be glad to aid any of the western Chapters, if they wish. I think for my part there could be more chapters formed in Dakota, if the boys

and girls would volunteer work earnestly. How many of the Dakota Chapters would like to organize the Dakota Assembly of the A. A.? Those in favor will please correspond with me.— Frank Brown, Sec.

THE FIFTH CENTURY.

403, *Newark, N. J.* We have begun to study the mounting of plants and leaves. We are going to admit some lady friends to our Chapter, which we think will be a great benefit to us.— Chas. Barrows, Sec. Wm. Earle, Pres.

404, *Baraboo, Wis.* We are still working, and our collection is steadily growing. One of our boys caught a common painted turtle. I put it into a tub with another of the same kind. They soon became so tame that they took food from my hand quite readily. One day I fed them as usual, but before they finished their meal I emptied the water from the tub, when one of them that had a worm in its mouth began to choke and could not swallow. I gave the other one, too, but he only took the end of it in his mouth. But as soon as I put water enough in for them to cover their heads, they swallowed as easily as ever. I tried this several times with the same result. We gave an entertainment and cleared $25.— Marie McKennan, Sec.

409, *Sag Harbor, N. Y.* This year has been marked by greater progress than any other since our organization. In April, 1885, a valuable addition was made to our cabinet by the finding of a shrew —*genus sorex*. This little animal, the least of the mammals, measured not quite two inches in length, excluding the tail. During May and June we organized for summer work, on a new plan,— the president appointing committees to collect in special departments. In July and August we spent numerous "field-days" in the woods and on the shore. We found a rare specimen of trap-rock. The skeleton of a bottle-fish excited a great deal of curiosity. One of our members who had caught a live one identified it.

In November, we commenced a series of discussions: "Which is of more value to mankind — cotton or wool?" (Decided in favor of wool.) "What is the most useful mammal?" (Four members voted for cow and four for sheep.) "What insect is most valuable in promoting human happiness?" (Decided for honey-bee.) "What is the most valuable fish?" (Cod.) Many other questions were debated. We have received many curious specimens: sea-horse, porcupine-fish, key-hole shells, etc. We intend to collect sea-weed and mosses this summer.— Cornelius R. Sleight, Sec.

423, *Perth Amboy, N. J.* Our thirty members have manifested great interest in collecting and examining specimens from the different divisions of the animal kingdom. Much attention has been given to articulates, including insects of the sea. At present we are engaged in a very interesting course of observation in mineralogy. We have the highest appreciation of the assistance we have derived from the A. A., in learning to observe and love nature.— Bertha M. Mitchell, Cor. Sec.

424, *Decorah, Iowa.* Several of our lady members are teachers, and highly value our meetings. We shall try to have public lectures in geology. We are connecting with these subjects that of humane work, proposing to organize as the Agassiz Band of Mercy. So we have two harmonious lines of good work begun, and hope to make both of them permanent.— M. R. Steele, Sec.

428, *St. Paul, Minn.* Since our organization we have had seventy-eight meetings, all at our house. As one of our number is studying for the occupation of mining engineer, and has a forge, furnace, lathe, etc., we have decided to study iron, steel, and the methods of mining and manufacturing them. We have a club-room, where we keep our cabinets, and a small library.— Philip C. Allen, Sec.

436, *Toronto, Canada.* Our president and several of our members have moved from town, so we have done comparatively nothing since I wrote you. But Charles Ashdown and I are endeavoring to get some new members, and I believe we shall have a stronger and better Chapter than ever.— David J. Howell, Sec.

439, *Wilmington, Del.* We have collected more cocoons and chrysalids this winter than ever before. Many of them are very rare, among them, *Achemon, P. satellitia, Smerinthis gemmatus, E. imperalis*, and *Callosama angulitera*.— Percy C. Pyle.

440, *Keene, N. H.* We have several hundred specimens, mostly *lepidoptera* and *coleoptera*. Have found a great many fine beetles lately under the bark of dead trees and stumps where they pass the winter. We always note the place of capture of all specimens, and all other items of interest.— Frank H. Foster, Sec.

448, *Washington, D. C.* We bring to our third anniversary, a gratifying sense of well-being and desert, with promise of continued vigor. Our portfolios hold 343 reports, and every member is there represented. Our fifty books and pamphlets are read with application. We are ambitious for a children's Chapter, and long to make discoveries. Perhaps some of us may some day, and with this thrilling thought we are planning careful summer walks, with thoughtful "observation books."— Sabelle Macfarland.

450, *Fitchburg, Mass.* As we have consolidated all our Fitchburg Chapters into one, now known as No. 48, Fitchburg, A, there is no special report from 450, but I think we now have an earnest society on a solid foundation.— Geo. F. Whittemore.

453, *Oswego, N. Y.* Active. Will soon hold meetings weekly instead of fortnightly. Special study for the year has been archæology and geology. Have been much interested in the *archeopteryx*. On archæology, will send you a more lengthy report.—Will A. Burr, Sec.

[*The promised report came in due time, and it is a masterpiece of patient work,— carefully illustrated with drawings of Indian arrow-heads, axes, pottery, needles, fish-hooks, pipes, and anvils. It covers twelve pages closely written. We value it, and have placed it carefully on file.*]

460, *Washington, D. C.* This Chapter was organized in the spring of 1882 from a small association we then had; it had already existed for two years or more when we heard of the A. A. We concluded this would give us a wider scope for scientific investigations, and so made formal application for admission into the Association, which had already advanced with marvelous rapidity.

Vernon M. Dorsey, an unusually promising mineralogist and chemist, was elected president. When a new member was elected it cost him nothing, so he was elected with the full consent of *all* the members, not one objecting. Passive members were allowed in this Chapter, they paying ten cents a month, which money went into the treasury.

We adopted most of the rules and regulations in the Hand-book, and, after having arranged the executive portion of the Chapter, we commenced to have a regular course of essays or lectures, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, given by the active members, which lectures the passive members could attend if so inclined. After the lectures we generally had debates, and as each member had a different branch of Natural History to which he devoted his attention, the lectures and debates were not monotonous.

We ran on pretty smoothly for about a year and a half, until the money in the treasury commenced to accumulate, when, with the exception of one or two members, the Chapter spontaneously combusted.

We have never been able to rebuild it. We can hold no meetings. *It exists*, really, *only in name*, because the prospects for the future look rather dull.

If you will allow our Chapter to remain on the list, I should much prefer you would do so.

I have carried on investigations in various branches of zoölogy, but, as this is merely a report of the Chapter, I will not enter into details concerning them.

I hope that the other Chapters will meet with better success than ours, though it may yet revive.

Yours respectfully, F. A. Reynolds, Cor. Sec.

[*We are sorry that this excellent Chapter experienced "spontaneous combustion," but we hope and believe that it will ere long also experience voluntary resurrection.*]

465, *Waterville, Maine.* Our president has moved away. The rest of us have been exceedingly busy. We have been obliged to vacate our room, and, as we could not get another, have had to store our specimens. But we are not dead yet! Far from it! It is only a case of suspended animation. We fully expect to take up work again this summer.— Charles W. Spencer, Sec.

[*Not even "suspended animation;" the Chapter is only catching its breath for more vigorous exertion.*]

470, *Nicollet, Wis.* Still prospering. We have a small room nicely fitted up, in our High School building, of which we are quite proud. We have a working membership of twenty-four, and hold regular meetings.

[*A friend of the Chapter adds to this report of Miss Sara Ritchie, the secretary, the following:*]

"I was exceedingly interested in listening to the different members reporting formally the occurrence of our spring birds, with which was associated the arrival of certain insects. Two years ago, such reports were impossible, as the observing faculties of very few of the members had been sufficiently trained. If nothing more has been acquired, this one habit of close observation, developed by our A. A. work, is worth all it may have cost those who have encouraged and carried out the plan of the Association."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The address of Chapter 850 is now simply Chapter 850 A. A., Box 1587, Bangor, Maine.

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence with other family Chapters whose members are beginners in botany or entomology.— Mrs. R. Van Dien, Jr., Box 13, Hohokus, Bergen Co., N. J.

Correspondence desired. Entomology and botany.— Paul L. Smith, 3348 Indiana Av., Chicago, Ill.

Postmarks and fossils *(Lingulipis pinnaformis)* for books on zoölogy. Write first.— Chas. F. Baker, St. Croix Falls, Wis.

Cecropia moths for other *lepidoptera*.—W. B. Greenleaf, Box 311, Normal Park, Ill.

Correspondence with other Chapters earnestly desired.— Stephen R. Wood, Sec. 776, Oakland, Cal.

Florida (east coast) shells, star-fishes, coquina, small live alligators, etc., etc., for anything rare or curious.— J. Earle Bacon, Ormond, Volusia Co., Fla.

Coquina, trap-rock, asphaltum, Skates' egg-case, key-hole shell, and cocoons.— C. R. Sleight, Sec. Ch. 409, Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y.

All kinds of Chinese curiosities for fine Indian relics.— Kurt Kleinschmidt, Box 752, Helena, Montana.

NEW AND REORGANIZED CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
957	Galveston, Texas (B)	9	Emma E. Walden, Cor. 34th and N. ½ streets.
958	Greenup, Ky. (A)	20	Mrs. Geo. Gibbs, Box 104.
959	Hartwick Sem., N. Y. (A)	5	Alfred A. Hiller.
960	Geneva, N. Y. (C)	6	F. H. Bachman, Box 559.
961	Hartford, Conn. (G)	12	Austin H. Pease, 4 Canton street.
962	Kansas City, Mo. (B)	5	R. F. Breeze, 611 E. 17th St.
963	Geddes, N. Y. (A)	4	G. E. Avery, Box 76.
964	Manchester, Iowa (A)	20	Fred Blair.
965	Three Rivers, Mich. (A)	7	G. W. Daniels.
966	Randolph, Ill. (A)	24	Miss Grace Stewart.
863	Hinsdale, Ill. (B)	9	N. H. Webster.
60	Rockport, Mass, (A)	12	Chas. H. Andrews.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
145	Indianapolis, Ind. (A)	8	G. L. Payne, care of T. B. Linn.
352	Amherst, Mass.	4	Miss Edith S. Field.

DISBANDED.

349	Linden, N. J	E. H. Schram. [*Members removed.*]
494	Northfield, Vt.	T. M. Hitt.
535	Chapel Hill, N. J	Miss Clara J. Martin.
371	Granville, O.	Miss Ida M. Sanders.
83	St. Louis (A)	Maud M. Love. [*Members removed.*]
190	Duncannon, Pa.	Miss Annie I. Jackson.

Address all communications for this Department to
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Canada. 2. Arena. 3 Neat. 4. Ant. 5. Da(w). 6. A.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Sloop. 2. Organ. 3. Ergot. 4. Eerie. 5. Sandy.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Blossom.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Fur. 3. Fares. 4. Puritan. 5. Retip. 6. Sap. 7. N. II. 1. N. 2. Fen. 3. Fagin. 4. Negroes. 5. Niobe. 6. Nee. 7. S. III. 1. N. 2. Pen. 3. Puman. 4. Nemesis. 5. Nasal. 6. Nil. 7. S. IV. 1. N. 2. Ben. 3. Baton. 4. Nettles. 5. Nolle. 6. Nee. 7. S. V. 1. S. 2. Let. 3. Livid. 4. Several. 5. Tired. 6. Dad. 7. L.

"DIAMOND" PUZZLE. Across: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Bream. 4. Car. 5. R. Downward: 1. B. 2. Arc. 3. Spear. 4. Ear. 5. M.

BURIED CITIES. 1. Berne. 2. Basle. 3. Bergen. 4. Quito. 5. Herat. 6. Mandalay. 7. Venice. 8. Bremen.

A BERRY PUZZLE. 1. Dogberry. 2. Checkerberry. 3. Strawberry. 4. Shadberry. 5. Barberry. 6. Raspberry. 7. Partridgeberry. 8. Snowberry. 9. Thimbleberry. 10. Gooseberry. 11. Elderberry. 12. Bayberry.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Lea. 3. Larva. 4. Serpent. 5. Avert. 6. Ant. 7. T.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. Primals, Thomas; finals, Arnold. Cross-words: 1. ThaliA 2. HorroR. 3. OberoN. 4. MikadO. 5. AstraL. 6. SinbaD.

PI.

In June 't is good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares.
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last year robin's nest.
James Russell Lowell.

BEHEADINGS. Trinity. 1. T-ape. 2. R-asp. 3. I-con. 4. N-ail. 5. I-man. 6. T-ide. 7. Y-end.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, chaffinch; from 3 to 4, goldfinch. Crosswords: 1. Corroding. 2. Childhood. 3. Gradually. 4. Confident. 5. Chafferer. 6. Exhibited. 7. Penitence. 8. Acoustics. 9. Hair-cloth.—CHARADE. Jack-stones.

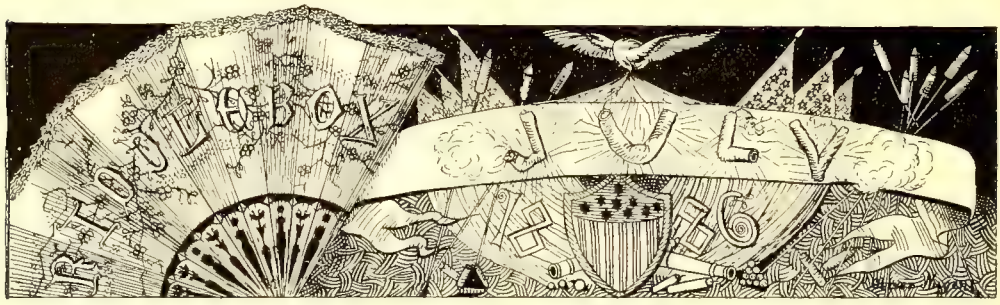
METAMORPHOSES. 1. Ape; ale, all, ail, aim, rim, ram, ran, man. 2. Oars; bars, bard, card, cord, cold, colt, coat, boat. 3. Lead; bead, beat, belt, bolt, bold, gold. 4. Warm; harm, hard, card, cord, cold. 5. One; owe, awe, aye, dye, doe, toe, too, two. 6. Age; aye, dye, die, hie, his, has, gas.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Esther Reid, East Melbourne, Australia, 1 — R. F. Graham, London, England, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1,"— Paul Reese — Emma St. C. Whitney — "The McG's"— May and Julia — Ed, Beth, and Charlie — Maggie T. Turrill — Arthur and Bertie Knox — N. B. Oakford — M. G. Jackson — "Cricket and Cripsy"— Elisabeth, Richard, and Ruth — Pough — etc.—Dorothea E. Kennade — Josie and Lillie — Blanche and Fred — "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 2"—"The Spencers"—C. and S. Andrews — The Stewart Browns — "May and 79"— Effie K. Talboys — Delia, Lou, Ida, and Lillie — "San Anselmo Valley"— Madge and the Dominie — Edith McDonald — Maud E. Palmer — Mary Ludlow — Mamma and Jokie — "Clifford and Coco"— Francesco and Co. — Mamma and the Girls — Shumway Hen and Chickens — "Theo. Ther"— Alice - - M. E. d'A. — Blithedale — "Betsy Trotwood"— Belle and Bertha Murdock — Judith — Randolph and Robert — "Miss M. and the Gals"— W. R. M. — Nellie and Reggie — Fannie and Louise Lockett — Bertha H. — "R. U. Pert"— Francis W. Islip — X. and Y. — Alice and Lizzie Pendleton — Frying-pan — Hallie Couch — S. and B. Rhodes and de Grassy — Savoir et Sagesse — X. Y. Z. and Ulysses — B. Z. G. — Carrie Seaver and Alice Young — Dash.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Foster and Remer, 2 — Clark Holbrook, 3 — "Triangle," 4 — J. M. Moore, 1 — Eleanor B. Ripley, 6 — E. M. Benedict, 1 — "Block and Chip," 9 — H. E. Hanbold, 2 — A. G. Tomay, 2 — E. O. Brownell, 2 — Geo. S. Seymour and Co., 9 — N. Beall, 2 — Philip and Mamma, 4 — N. L. Peacock, 1 — "Yum Yum," 2 — E. Parks, 1 — F. A. and H. C. Hart, 2 — Alice and R. G., 1 — Maud S., 1 — "Egg," 1 — B., H., M., M., and A. Read, 1 — Bub and Bubess, 1 — "Infant," 1 — Pepper and Maria, 9 — A. Ransom and W. Chase, 1 — A. H. Sibley, 1 — Ned L. Mitchell, 4 — Eddie B., 1 — "Lone Star," 7 — A. F. S., 1 — G. E. C. and E. B. F., 5 — M. Kershey and S. Sweet, 9 — G. E. Campbell, 3 — G. F. Cameron, 2 — B. Sudduth, 2 — Kendrick Bros., 9 — R. B. C., 2 — E. and K. Mitchell, 3 — L. D. Shropshire, 1 — "J. McDuffe," 1 — "Doane-uts and Rice," 1 — "Phlimpy," 2 — D. Thomas and Auntie, 2 — "Snags," 2 — F. Althaus, 4 — Daisy Condell, 3 — Me and Be, 2 — N. E. Miner, 4 — Geo. Hawley, 5 — A. B. Smith, 2 — R. K. Allison, 1 — M. Flurscheim, 1 — Mrs. Emma Sloat, 3 — Millie Atkinson, 1 — H. Frost, 1 — E. C. Ketchum. 1 — Billy and Me, 7 — S. R. Manning, 1 — Mamma and Belp, 1 — Rose H. Wedin, 1 — Mary and Jennie Butler, 4 — No name, Fredericksburgh, 4 — "Dixie," 2 — M. S. Bird, 1 — R. L. Foering, 1 — F. Jarman, 3 — E. F. and F. E. Bliss, 1 — L. and C. Kendrickson, 2 — Tessie Gutman, 7 — A. D. C., 2 — Joe and Billy, 1 — L. Wainman, 2 — "Yum Yum," 1 — N. L. Howes, 2 — "B. Rabbit and T. Baby," 4 — H. S. Chalmers, 1 — "Pen and Ink-bottle," 1 — Maginnis, 1 — J. R. F. S., 1 — Christine and Cousin, 5 — I. M. Lebermann, 6 — Albert and Gussie, 1 — C. J. Tully, 2 — Laura W. and Alice M., 2 — Grace E. Keech, 6 — Agnes Converse, 4 — "Head-lights," 1 — C. Gallup, 1 — C. W. Chadwick, 2 — Prof. P. H. Janney, 1 — E. E. Hudson, 1 — "Dixie and Pixie," 1 — "Mr. Pickwick," and "Sam Weller," 8 — M. F. Davenport, 1 — "89 and Chestnuts," 1 — J. A. Keeler, 6 — Edith, Grace, and Jessie, 2 — Bessie Jackson, 4 — H. N. and Nickie Bros., 2 — J. M. B., G. S., and A. Louise W., 8 — K. I. Reeder, 1 — Mamie R., 9 — Walter La Bar, 8 — H. C. Barnes, 1 — Jennie Judge, 3 — E. H. Seward, 3 — "The Lloyds," 8 — A. Wister, 2 — Fred T. Pierce, 6 — Lucia C. Bradley, 8 — Puzzle Club, 9 — Alina and Estelle, 1 — Pearl Colby and Nell Betts, 7 — Eleanor and Maude Peart, 7 — S. B. S. Bissell, 4 — Estelle and Edith, 1 — F. J. and Flip, 2 — "Mohawk Valley," 8 — H. Allen, Jr, 1 — R. Lloyd, 5 — Mamma and Fanny, 9 — Mrs. E. and Grace E., 5 — L. Delano and M. Wilson, 8 — I. and E. Swanwick, 5 — Anonymous, 4 — Herbert Wolfe, 9 — Lulu May, 7 — No name, 7 — "Koko and Pitti-sing," 1 — Sallie Viles, 9 — Tessie and Henri, 3 — Murray and Percy, 9 — S. L. Meeks, 6 — Marjorie Daw, 1 — C. and H. Condit, 8 — "Peggotty," 7 — Katie, 1 — Edith Young, 3 — Two Cousins, 9 — Eva Hamilton, 9 — Chip and Block, 2.

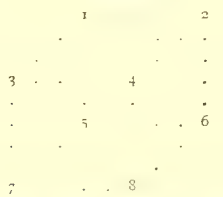


NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-three letters, and am a famous toast given at Norfolk by a distinguished naval officer who was killed in a duel in 1820.

My 89-41-8-49 is a preposition. My 22-73-23 is belonging to us. My 53-15-46-63-29-85 is a specter. My 57-70-1-10 is a float. My 25-59-3 is a term used in addressing a gentleman. My 13-76-48-19 is stockings. My 68-83-26 is to fasten. My 75-5-81 is bashful. My 62-91-6-80 is a division of time. My 69-23-44-55 is restless. My 27-35-37-18-50-90 is the name of a season. My 67-63-92-88-47 is the Christian name of a famous American poet. My 31-28-20-58 is a conflagration. My 30-72-82-24-32-64 is intense dread. My 4-51-17-12-42-60 is a military engine. My 9-34-93-16-45-14-78-86 is a body of men commanded by a colonel My 40-2-74-38-21-87-54-71-56 are renegades. My 36-39-61-79-52-11-7-66 84-77-43 is a machine-gun that can fire two hundred shots a minute.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a parent; from 2 to 6, tranquillity; from 5 to 6, a useful instrument; from 1 to 5, a feminine name; from 3 to 4, consuming; from 4 to 8, voracious; from 7 to 8, actively; from 3 to 7, the flag which distinguishes a company of soldiers; from 1 to 3, a very small fragment; from 2 to 4, resounded; from 6 to 8, not difficult; from 5 to 7, part of the day. DAVID H. D.

CHARADE.

My *first* is that happy position
The holders of stock love to see;
'T is the point above which the aspiring
Are evermore hoping to be.

My *second* made haste for the doctor;
His mother was ailing, he heard;
And that mother ever had taught him
To revere and be kind to my *third*.

Then he went to my *whole* and requested
Its master his mother would see,
For he knew that my *first* and my *second*
To his mother most welcome would be.

W. H. A.

ANAGRAMS.

THE letters of each of the following anagrams may be transposed so as to spell the name of a well-known novel.

1. Nod, quiet ox. 2. Wilt sit over? 3. Visiting near H. 4. Earning my gun. 5. Lord Poicy is south. 6. But no nice clams. 7. I hem when I want to. 8. Is it of papa's homely Ted? 9. If we have lifted a cork. 10. We quit Dr., and run. E. L. G. M.

METAMORPHOSES.

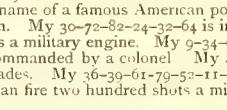
THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change COW to RAT in three moves. 2. Change HARD to SOFT in six moves. 3. Change LEFT to EAST in four moves. 4. Change HIT to LOW in four moves. 5. Change LONG to WEST in five moves.

"D. I. VERSITY."

RHOMBOIDS.



I. ACROSS: 1. Poison. 2. An ancient philosopher memorable for his friendship with Pythias. 3. Large bundles. 4. A substance obtained from certain trees. 5. A strip of leather.

DOWNWARD: 1. In prove. 2. A nickname. 3. To seize by a sudden grasp. 4. A famous mosque. 5. Certain burrowing animals. 6. A cosy place. 7. A title of respect. 8. A word of denial. 9. In prove.

II. ACROSS: 1. A very wealthy man. 2. A bricklayer. 3. Inhabitants of a certain European country. 4. To send back. 5. A benefactor.

DOWNWARD: 1. In Rhine. 2. A verb. 3. Vicious. 4. A low ridge of stone or gravel. 5. Freed from osseous substance. 6. The name of a captain in one of Jules Verne's stories. 7. Iniquity. 8. A preposition. 9. In Rhine. NORA L. WINSLOW.

PI.

NILGANG yam eb dais ot eb os kile eth hatemcatsim atth ti nac veern eb fylul ratlen

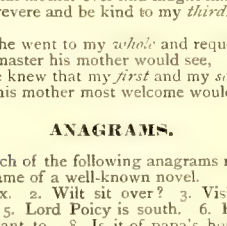
ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a day famous in history.

1. A creeping vine. 2. A common insect. 3. A cover. 4. Nourished. 5. Placed. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. A kitchen utensil. 8. To augment 9 An extremity. 10 A conjunction. 11 A fabulous bird. 12 Conducted 13. To delve. 14. A month. 15. A song.

HENRY C. ROBERTS.

HOUR-GLASS.



ACROSS: 1. Unmarried women. 2. With quick beating or palpitation. 3. A musical term meaning "slowly." 4. A gentle blow. 5. In water. 6. An exclamation. 7. A marked feature. 8. A French coin. 9. More comely.

The central letters spell articles much worn during the summer. The letters from 1 to 2 name the delight of invalids during the summer months; from 3 to 4, an instrument used for timing races.

"L. LOS REGNI."



THE CAPTAIN AND THE CAPTAIN'S MATE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIII. AUGUST, 1886. NO. 10.

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A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERMIT.

BY ALFRED TERRY BACON.

A FEW days ago as I was coming out of the dark mouth of a cañon, glad to be once again in the low afternoon sunshine and the free air, there rang out from the blooming plum-thicket beside me a clear, low whistle, repeated often. It was only a curlew hidden down by the brook, under the sweet-scented canopy of flowers; but the whistle came again so sweetly and boyishly that my thoughts flew far away; the tired horse fell into a walk; the reins dropped from my hand over the high Mexican saddle-horn; the mountains and the flower-covered valley seemed blotted out of sight, and instead there came up a vision of a little brown-eyed boy, who lives two thousand miles away — he seemed to be standing before me and looking up, whistling just as the curlew whistles.

But there was no one near. I was alone among the mountains, twenty miles away from any man, and twice as far from any whistling lad. It was only a little vision that the curlew's note called up for me, but I was grateful to the hidden bird; for that clear remembrance was like sight, and it was long since I had seen a human face or heard a voice. The curlew calling by the brook never knew that it was doing a kindness for a boy far away on the other side of the continent; but in jogging my memory it reminded me of a letter, lying tucked away, which had cost its writer a great deal of hard work — a letter from the brown-eyed lad who thinks the life of a backwoodsman almost as interesting as the life of Robinson Crusoe and the other wonderful men in the story-books. Perhaps there are some other boys who would like to hear how a man lives all alone in the Rocky Mountains.

Near the central part of the Territory of Wyoming there is a group of mountains which belong to the Rocky Mountain system, though they are far separated from the highest range. All the mountains are higher than any of our Eastern ranges; but standing in the midst of plains that are many thousand feet above the sea, their general height does not seem great. They are very beautiful in their covering of heavy pine forests with countless tall crags and towers and sharp obelisks of natural rock rising from their summits; and in the center of the group there stands one lofty peak rising far above all its fellows. While all the mountains around were gay with spring flowers, its high head was still wrapped in snow; and now as midsummer approaches, it is still crowned with a white wreath which will only melt away in the late summer, to return in the early autumn.

The Rocky Mountains are unlike the other great ranges of the world, in having broad, smooth, grassy valleys scattered everywhere among them. Some of these valleys are of very great size, even among the highest mountains, and they are so different from other mountain valleys that they have received a different name; they are generally called parks. This lower group of mountains also, like the great main range, has these lovely natural parks of smaller size. The largest and most beautiful of them all, a mile in width and many miles in length, lies along the eastern side of the great

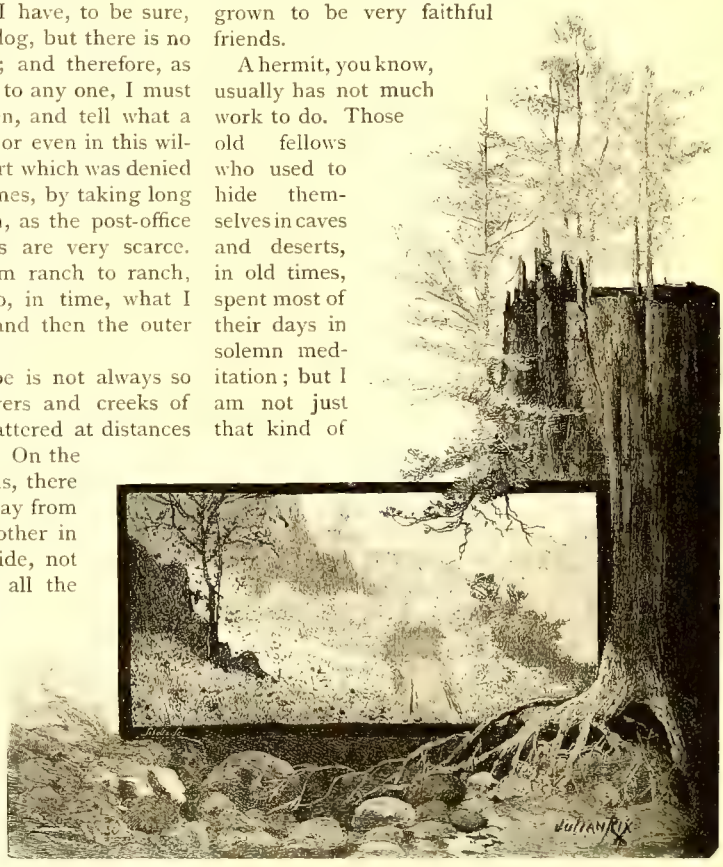


peak; and just where the evening shadow of the mountain falls across the park, shutting off an hour or two of late sunshine, there stands a little lonely log cabin, which is my hermitage. There I am spending a month or two, far away from men, like Robinson Crusoe. I have, to be sure, the company of a horse and a dog, but there is no man — not even a Man Friday; and therefore, as it is not possible for me to talk to any one, I must do a little talking with my pen, and tell what a queer sort of a life I lead. For even in this wilderness I have one great comfort which was denied to poor old Robinson — sometimes, by taking long rides, I can get letters; though, as the post-office is fifty miles away, mail days are very scarce. Still, slowly passed along from ranch to ranch, letters come and go; and so, in time, what I write will reach the railroad and then the outer world.

Life in this part of the globe is not always so lonely. On nearly all the rivers and creeks of Wyoming there are ranches scattered at distances of ten or twenty miles apart. On the eastern edge of these mountains, there is a ranch only eight miles away from my hermitage, and there is another in the foot-hills on the western side, not twenty miles away. But now all the ranches are deserted, for the only business in all this region is the raising of cattle, and through the early summer all hands are hard at work on the "round-ups," which run over the whole breadth of the territory, searching for cattle scattered by the storms of the last winter. Through the cold and the darkness and the deep snows of winter Crusoe-life would, indeed, be rather too hard to bear. Then, there were three of us together in the little cabin, and there were sometimes friendly visits between the men on the distant ranches. But now, alone in the wilderness, twenty miles from any human being, I feel the loneliness less than did we three together in the still, dead winter; for the whole world is alive and beautiful.

No one knows, moreover, how much pleasure there is in the friendship of an affectionate dog and an intelligent horse, until he is shut off from all other company, and is obliged to make them his intimate friends. Gip and Monkey, my dog and my horse, spend so many hours of every day exploring the mountains with me, that we have grown to be very faithful friends.

A hermit, you know, usually has not much work to do. Those old fellows who used to hide themselves in caves and deserts, in old times, spent most of their days in solemn meditation; but I am not just that kind of



a hermit. To sit still and think all the time would be the hardest work in the world for me. The only necessary work that falls to my lot at present is keeping the camp, preparing food and looking after a small band of horses that are running at large in the park. My first task is to ride a few miles up the park and see that the horses are on their proper range; and after that, all the day is free for reading or writing or hunting or wandering about through the mountains, finding fresh varieties of flowers or exploring unknown cañons or climbing the tall crags to look across the mountains to the vast plains that stretch away as far as the eye can reach, like a blue sea. In these daily rides through the wild mountains there is so much that is new and strange to Eastern eyes, so much that is beautiful and grand, so many kinds of curious wild animals, such quantities of gay flowers never seen in the States, that there is enough pleasure in them to make up for all the loneliness of these few weeks.



SOME OF THE UNSOCIABLE NEIGHBORS.

We seem to be alone most of the time — Monkey, Gip, and I — and that is why we are such friends; but we are not alone so much as we seem to be. There are plenty of neighbors upon the mountain-sides, and some that wander through the park; but they are so very unsociable that when they see us coming they walk the other way. But then it is true, to be sure, that some of them are not always very kindly treated by us when we meet them, so perhaps we are to blame. There are two families of neighbors, who live in caves on the mountain, for whom I have a great respect. I would not give them offense on any account, for they are very powerful, and usually have things all their own way in the neighborhood. They are the brown bears and the gray bears. Often I see their great fresh foot-prints in the mud along the creeks when I go out in the early morning. The tracks look as if a man with very large, broad feet had been running barefooted through the mire. I never follow their trail very far to see where they have gone, for I prefer to have a friend or two with me when I go to make the acquaintance of these mighty gentlemen or the members of their families.

At the nearest ranch on the western side of the mountains, there lives a German who was the first pioneer to bring cattle in among these valleys. The encounters that he has had with all the various animals that live in the forest are very interesting. Not long ago, this old fellow built a new cabin for himself at the foot of a mountain. Before his house was finished, he went out one day and killed a fine fat deer. Bringing the carcass home at night, he hung it up against the back of

his house, and then hanging a blanket over the doorway which was still without a door, he went to bed. He slept soundly, but there dimly seemed to him to be some disturbance about the house during the night; and when he went out in the morning, every bit of his fine deer was gone, and the bear tracks up and down the mountain-side showed what had become of it. But game was plentiful, and it was not long before his deer was replaced by a big-horned sheep, which is the most tender and juicy meat that ever was eaten. This time he was more careful, and lay awake half the night, fearing that he should lose his stock of fresh meat. When it was very late and he was about to give up watching, he at last heard a sound at the back of the house. Something was at work on his wild mutton. There was a noise of scratching and tearing. It seemed as if several bears were making short work with his meat. He seized his loaded rifle and jumped out of bed with very scanty clothing on. Going to the doorway and drawing aside the blanket, he saw that the night was cloudy and as dark as Egypt. He stopped and thought for a moment that it would be impossible to kill a bear in such darkness, even if he should be able to hit it, for these beasts are so tough that they will carry a dozen bullets about in their bodies without much inconvenience, if they are not wounded in the heart or the brain. So our friend laid down his rifle and took instead a loaded shot-gun. "This is the thing for them," he said to himself; "it will pepper them all over and scare them so they never will come again." Then, with gun in hand he silently climbed the projecting logs at the nearest corner of the cabin, and creeping across the roof, peeped over the edge above the place where the sheep was hung. Something appeared to be moving below in the darkness. Taking a random aim, he blazed away. The shot scattered and evidently took effect; for there arose a chorus of growls and howls and yells that would have made the bravest man's hair stand on end; there was a scampering and shuffling of many feet up and down, and around the cabin; even in the thick darkness he could see many great fat creatures running and sniffing angrily about to find who had attacked them. He saw that he was besieged on his own roof by at least a dozen furious, hungry bears. "They did n't scare worth a cent," he said. It was not long before they discovered whence the shot had come, and knowing very well that there is strength in numbers, they determined to have that man for supper, even if they had to put off their supper till breakfast-time. So while some sat down here and there, the others walked about, grunting and growling over their injuries. Bears can climb quite as well as men, and old Frank stood with fear and trembling in the middle of the roof, ready to receive with the butt of his gun the first nose that should rise above the edge. If two had happened to mount the roof on opposite sides, there would have been a small chance of life for the poor man. But the bears thought that solid ground was the safer place for them, so there they staid; and up above sat old Frank shivering, how long he never knew. It seemed centuries. It was a sharp, frosty autumn night, and, as he had on very little clothing, Frank was soon chilled almost to his bones. But the bears' coats were warm enough. They were more hungry than they were cold, so there they sat and growled and waited for their prey to come down and be eaten. Soon a bitterly cold wind began to blow. Every joint in the poor man's body stiffened; but it seemed pleasanter to freeze to death than to be eaten up by those ugly beasts, so he bore his discomfort as best he could. The hours of that night seemed to be endless, and the chill grew terrible; but at last a dull gray streak appeared in the East. No man was ever more glad to see the first sign of dawn than was that chilly watcher. Bears are very shy by daylight, and as the twilight little by little grew into broad day, Frank's visitors trotted away disappointed and sulky up to their dens on the mountain. Their victim, more dead than alive, was able at last to climb down, and kindle a fire to warm himself. He still lives to tell the story in the same log cabin; but it has a good stout door now, and he will never again go bear-hunting with a shot-gun.

So you see it is quite as pleasant not to have the bear families too neighborly. They rarely come out of the woods by daylight, except in late summer and autumn when the plum-thickets are hanging full of fruit; and so, fortunately, we do not often see them.

The most sociable of all our wild neighbors is the prong-horned antelope, of which there are several bands running up and down the park. Every day as I ride out to the horse range I meet some of them; often, in suddenly mounting the crest of a ridge, I surprise a little herd grazing just beyond. Then it is beautiful to watch them as they bound gracefully away down the slope with the speed of a bird, seeming hardly to touch their slender limbs to the ground as they fly along. Gip likes nothing better than to go tearing after them as long as his breath holds out; though that small dog always finds it a hopeless chase, for only greyhounds and the swiftest horses can overtake the antelope when it is strong and fat from feeding freely on the fresh June grass.

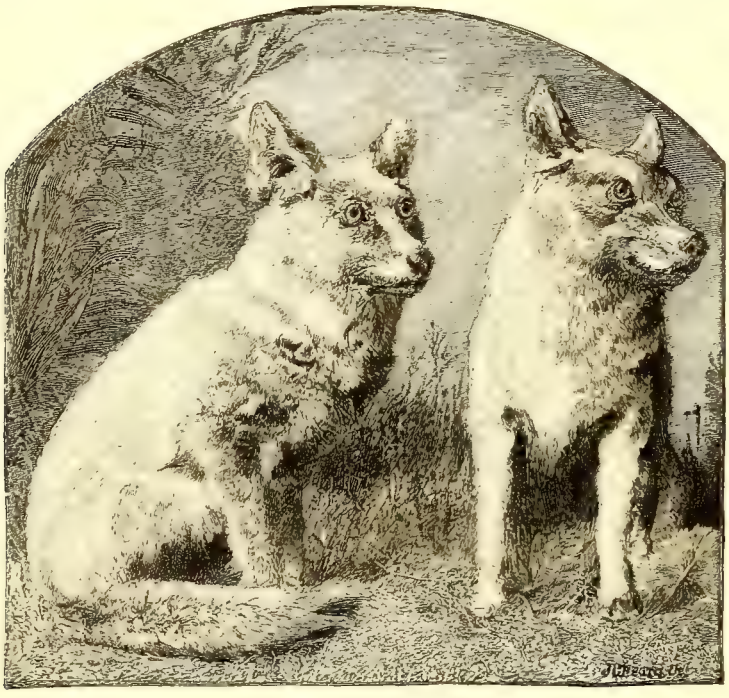
Returning a little while ago, after many weeks of civilized life in a Colorado town, I found the



HEAD OF THE PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE.

old cabin deserted; for those who had been my companions there had gone far out on the plains to look after our wandering cattle. In the late afternoon, when the peak's shadow fell across the valley, while I was busy making ready the simple supper, Gip stood in the doorway on guard, and I heard him give a long, low growl of suspicion. Looking out, I saw two pretty antelopes standing before the door, not a stone's throw away, peering about in a timid, curious way to see what change had come over the little house which before had been so quiet. It is not common to see them so very near, and they were so pretty and graceful that I could only stand and admire them for a moment, forgetting my need of fresh meat. Their little hook-shaped horns and dainty hoofs are as black as polished jet; their eyes are very large and soft and dark; their bodies are a bright tawny color, but the throat and breast and limbs are snowy white. There are few animals in the world that

are more elegant both in shape and in their movements than the prong-horned antelope. They came tripping down the slope with all the airs and graces of two little dandies; now trotting easily forward; now clearing a fallen tree with a beautiful flying leap; now stopping a moment to gaze and sniff about for possible danger. It was quite flattering to a lonely hermit to receive a visit from neighbors as handsome and stylish as these. But, though a friendly visit would be very pleasant, a full larder would be still pleasanter. Fortunately for my shy visitors, all the arms and ammunition had been stowed away while the house was closed, and could not be procured before the wary creatures had trotted on out of easy rifle range.



COYOTES, OR PRAIRIE WOLVES.

Once in two weeks comes the principal event of my backwoods life,—a horseback ride of about forty miles to carry letters to the nearest ranch, and to get those that have collected there. After riding a few miles along the valley and through a pass, I come out upon the open rolling country that stretches away for hundreds of miles without any covering of trees or bushes except along the streams; for this western prairie land is so dry that only grass and cactus and low herbs can grow upon it. The rolling land is green, and spangled with flowers through May and June; but after midsummer it becomes as dry as a desert, and in that way kind Providence changes the standing grass into hay which will feed the thousands of cattle and horses and wild creatures through the winter.

As I ride out of the pass on these regular journeys for the mail, a coyote, or prairie wolf, that lives close by among the rocks, often comes rushing out with a doleful howl, and acts as if wishing to make acquaintance with Gip. Both the wolf and Gip seem to understand that they are blood relations. They are nearly of equal size, and they run up to each other as if they would like to be friends; but when they are close together, the courage of one or the other always fails. Either Gip turns tail, allowing the wolf to chase him within a dozen steps of the horse's heels,—or the wolf takes alarm, and Gip runs madly after it until it disappears over a ridge. So the wild dog and the tame one make little progress in their friendship. Yet it is not a very uncommon thing in the Far West even for gentle and intelligent dogs to form a friendship with a pack of wolves, and to go off and live with them, returning now and then to pay short visits to their old masters. But more often if a dog falls in with a pack of wolves, he is quickly torn in pieces by them.

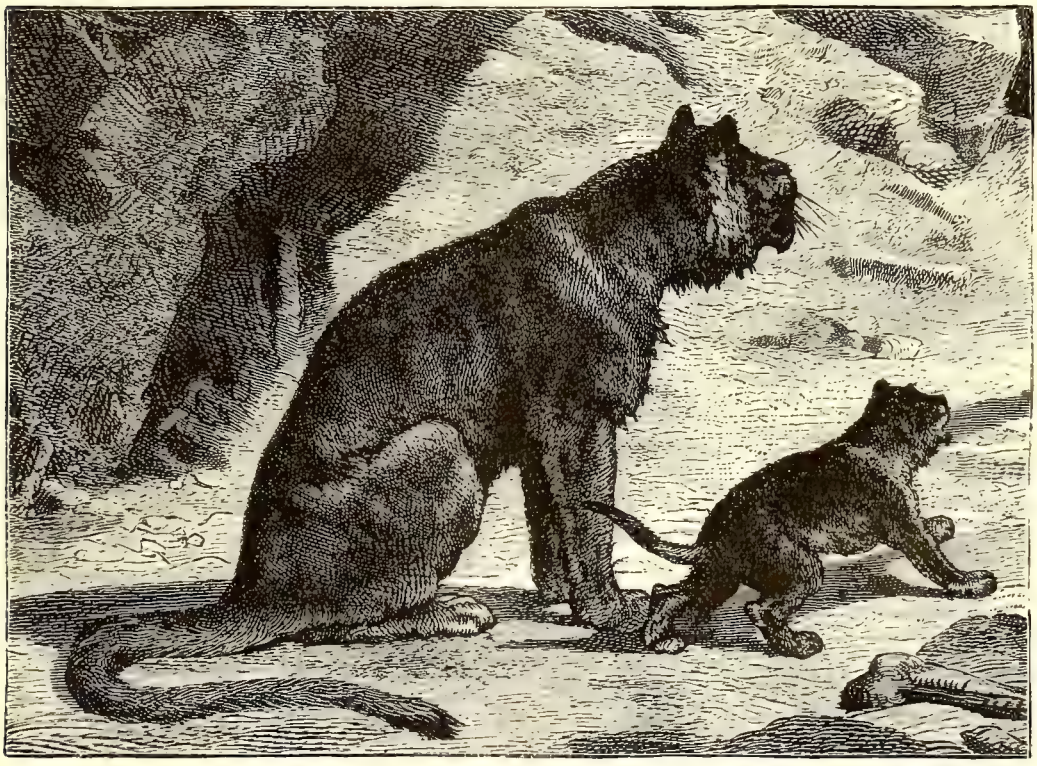


PRAIRIE DOGS.



THE MOUNTAIN LION.

Early in the morning, before the peak has begun to gather its cap of thunder clouds which break in showers every afternoon, and while the air through the whole valley is cool and very sweet with the perfume of a million flowers, I start out for my daily ride. First there is a mile over the rich grassland along the creek where the gay flowers grow in far greater variety and beauty than in any Eastern fields; then there is a long stretch of dry, rolling land which is all one great city of prairie-dogs. At the approach of strangers there is great excitement through this town of little yellow pigmies. Those which are looking out from the highest point give a few warning calls. Then there is a tremendous scattering and scampering in all directions of the fat, short-legged



THE HOME OF THE BIG CAT.

little bodies in so hot haste that they look like balls of yellow fur rolling across the gravel. Some have been out feeding, and more have been about gossiping with their neighbors and making morning calls, for they are famous little busybodies: but when they hear the warning, all fly at full speed to their own homes. Then when every one is sitting at the mouth of its hole, they are ready to defy the world. For a man and a horse they care little, but at the sight of a dog, the city is in an uproar; and, feeling perfectly safe by their own homes, they delight to tease him. There is such a Babel of shrill little voices chattering, scolding, squealing, and yelping from hundreds of gravel-heaps, that Gip stands for a minute perplexed, not knowing on which one to spring first; then like a flash he darts away to the nearest hole where a jolly little tormentor is chattering its defiance. The prairie-dog stands still in the doorway of its house, scolding and twitching its tail as its enemy comes charging down, until Gip's nose seems almost upon it; then as quick as a wink, the little tail flies up and Mr. Prairie-Dog is far away into the earth by the time Gip has fairly reached the door of his house. Then every dog in the town redoubles its chattering, and it seems as if a ripple of low laughter ran through the company at the disappointment of their enemy. But Gip, after ramming his head as far as it can be forced into the burrow, draws it out with a sniff of regret and then is off again, full tilt, after the next little saucy rascal that sits on a neighboring sandheap, making merry over his perplexity. Again he almost has one; the prairie-dog sits unmoved until Gip comes within a yard of the hole, and then it vanishes. It seems a very narrow escape for it; but it is always just so narrow, and yet they always escape. As long as man and dog are in sight they keep up their shrill din, like the chattering of a thousand monkeys; and as long as we are in their village, Gip flies madly from hole to hole, always just so eager and hopeful, though he has been chasing them all his life and has never yet caught one.



HEAD OF THE WAPITI.

The town of the prairie-dogs is in a beautiful situation. It lies in the broadest part of the park, surrounded by the highest and grandest of the mountains. A few days ago, as I was riding through it in the early morning, I saw an animal some distance ahead running hard toward the woods. Thinking it was a wolf or coyote, I paid little attention at first, but looking closer, I saw plainly that I was mistaken, for its legs were short, and its body long and heavy. It went springing over the grass with long bounds, and its coat of fur was grayish, shading to yellow brown; and I knew it must be one of the great panthers which are generally called mountain lions. I had never before met one, though their great, round footprints, as large as tea-plates, had often been seen in the soft snow the last winter. Like other cats, they like to sleep in the day and to prowl at night. Gip took a long, wistful look at the lion; but he is a small dog, and a very wise one, and he knew his life would be short if he should approach very near to that great creature, so he went back to his hard work with the prairie-dogs, and left me to go galloping off alone for a nearer view of the

lion. But Monkey dislikes wild beasts quite as much as Gip, and would never willingly have carried me very near to a beast of prey, even if the lion had not run up into the rocks on the mountain-side before I had seen it very clearly.

Beside the rough confusion of rocks into which the panther ran, there was a gentle grassy slope which seemed to extend to the top of the mountain.

I wanted to have one more look at the big cat, so Monkey had to climb the long ascent, much against his will, keeping as near to the rocks as possible; and very soon Gip plucked up courage to follow; but that was the last we ever saw of the mountain lion. However, in wandering up near the top of the mountain, I came on tracks that were quite as interesting to me as was the lion. They were the marks of a cloven hoof, nearly as large as the tracks of an ox, but longer and more pointed. As there were no cattle so high on the mountain, it was plain, at a glance, that they were footprints of the great wapiti, which, in the West, is always called an elk. Hurrying on in hope of catching sight of this great king of the forest, the footprints grew fresher, and soon I came to a glade where the grass, crushed down in spots, showed that a startled band of elk had just risen from their rest, and run away; and so, like a will-o'-the-wisp, they led me on through the forest, always letting me know that they were near, by their fresh tracks, but never quite near enough to be seen. The elk and the big-horned sheep are the shyest of all these wild animals; and the elk have the senses of sight and smell and hearing so very keen, that they will see a hunter, and will run from him, a dozen times for every time that he gets a first sight of them. Their great branching antlers, so large and heavy that a small boy could hardly lift them from the ground, lie scattered everywhere through the grass in the park, for they shed them every spring; and everywhere on the mountain-sides we find their footprints; and yet it is quite a rare event to meet them, and still more uncommon to kill them.

So all day long, with my pony and my dog, I



THE AMERICAN ELK.

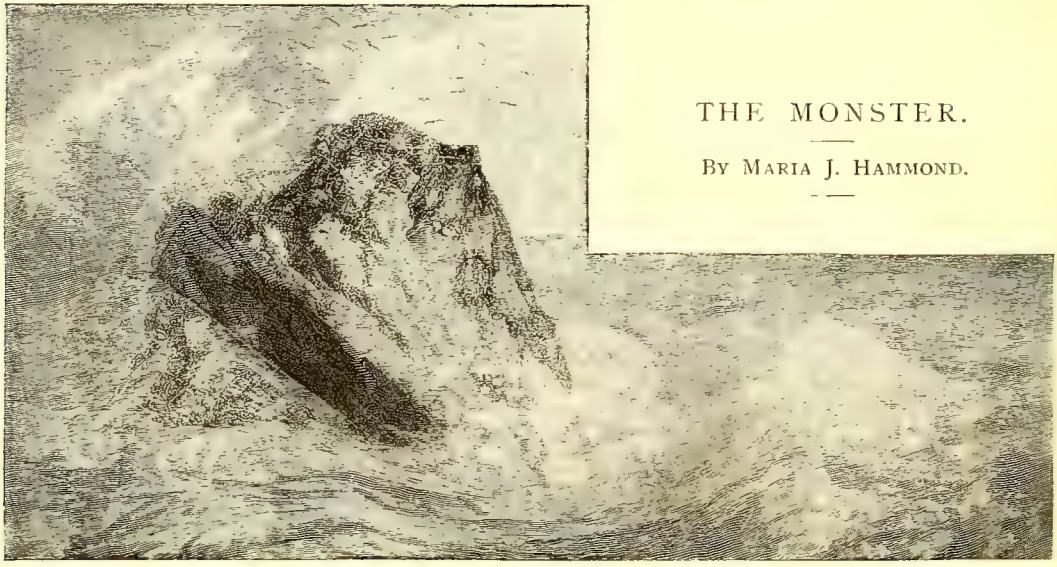
wandered contentedly along the mountain-side, resting often under cool over-arching rocks or beside the snow-fed brooks, the banks of which are streaked with the crimson of the wild cyclamen; and all day long we tried to pay visits to our shy neighbors; but wherever we called, they were not at home. And, when the late afternoon began to drop blue, gauzy veils of shadows over the eastward slope of the opposite mountain, we turned back toward the lonely, silent home, which now never hears the sweet sound of human speech.

I can not now tell you of all the queer inhabitants of these mountains; but next time I shall have something to say to you about the beaver, the wild sheep, the buffalo, and some other interesting neighbors of mine.

THE BABY'S DIMPLE.

By William H. Hayne.

A south wind sought the baby's cheek,
Fresh from a laughing billow,
And blew in elfish glee against
The small face on the pillow.



THE MONSTER.

BY MARIA J. HAMMOND.

I.

HO! THE great monster, the Sea!
  Rushing and raging about,
Lashing his tail,—he must be
  Hungry and frantic, no doubt!
Oh, should he open his lips,—
Woe to the beautiful ships!
Beautiful ships, keep away
From the great monster to-day!
Ho! the wild creature—the Sea!
Hungry and fierce he must be!

II.

Lo! the great monster, asleep,
  Lying so quietly there!
Hear his low breathings so deep!
  See the wind waving his hair!
Ho, little children, come near—
Come now and see him!—Don't fear.
Touch his soft mane in your play,—
He will not harm you to-day.
Lo! the huge creature asleep—
Breathing so low and so deep!



A SAD CASE.

By Margaret Vandegrift.

Miss Dorothea Dimpleton, whenever she went out,
Held in her neatly mittened hand a silken reticule;
When she went to shop, to market, or to visit all about,
She carried it, as if upon her way to sewing-school.
'T was always full, and yet her dearest friends had never heard
What 't was full of, so they all agreed her conduct was absurd.

Miss Dorothea Dimpleton had early learned to sew;
She could hem, and fell, and overseam, could gather and could gore;
And she said, "This is an art that every woman ought to know,
But, alas! my sex disdains to learn the useful any more!
Yet I will not be discouraged; I will do my small endeavor,
And perchance I may prevent the art from being lost forever!"

So she filled with pretty "hussifs"* her ample reticule,
Each stocked with thimble, needlecase, and scissors, all complete,
And she stopped the little maidens on their way from morning school,
And to each of them she kindly gave a "hussif" fresh and neat.
And the little maids said, "Thank you, Ma'am!" and curtseyed to the ground,
And then went and hid the "hussifs" where they seldom could be found.

Miss Dorothea Dimpleton felt very sure, at last,
That every little girl in town was sewing with a will;
And it was not till at least a year of feeling sure was past,
That she heard a truth so dreadful that it really made her ill:



Of all those lovely "hussifs" she had given in the place,
There had not been a needle in one single needlecase!

But that, you know, was years ago, before it had been said,
"Be sure you 're right, and" (please observe the "then") "*then* go ahead!"

A LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

She sat in her little rocking-chair, a-sighing and twirling her thumbs:
"Oh, everything for my doll is done, and never to mending comes!
I have n't a morsel of sewing! — Dear Mother, in all the town,
Can't you find me one doll, no matter how small, who will wear out her gown?"

* "Hussif" (a contracted form of the word "house-wife") was formerly used as a name for a little bag or case for holding sewing materials.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Chapter XI.

When Mr. Hobbs's young friend left him to go to Dorincourt Castle and become Lord Fauntleroy, and the grocery-man had time to realize that the Atlantic Ocean lay between himself and the small companion who had spent so many agreeable hours in his society, he really began to feel very lonely indeed. The fact was, Mr. Hobbs was not a clever man nor even a bright one; he was, indeed, rather a slow and heavy person, and he had never made many acquaintances. He was not mentally energetic enough to know how to amuse himself, and in truth he never did anything of an entertaining nature but read the newspapers and add up his accounts. It was not very easy for him to add up his accounts, and sometimes it took him a long time to bring them out right; and in the old days, little Lord Fauntleroy, who had learned how to add up quite nicely with his fingers and a slate and pencil, had sometimes even gone to the length of trying to help him; and, then too, he had been so good a listener and had taken such an interest in what the newspaper said, and he and Mr. Hobbs had held such long conversations about the Revolution and the British and the elections and the Republican party, that it was no wonder his going left a blank in the grocery store. At first it seemed to Mr. Hobbs that Cedric was not really far away, and would come back again; that some day he would look up from his paper and see the lad standing in the doorway, in his white suit and red stockings, and with his straw hat on the back of his head, and would hear him say in his cheerful little voice: "Hello, Mr. Hobbs! This is a hot day — is n't it?" But as the days passed on and this did not happen, Mr. Hobbs felt very dull and uneasy. He did not even enjoy his newspaper as much as he used to. He would put the paper down on his knee after reading it, and sit and stare at the high stool for a long time. There were some marks on the long legs which made him feel quite dejected and melancholy. They were marks made by the heels of the next Earl of Dorincourt, when he kicked and talked at the same time. It seems that even youthful earls kick the legs of things they sit on; — noble blood and lofty lineage do not prevent it. After looking at those marks, Mr. Hobbs would take out his gold watch and open it and stare at the inscription: "From his oldest friend, Lord Fauntleroy, to Mr. Hobbs. When this you see, remember me." And after staring at it awhile, he would shut it up with a loud snap, and sigh and get up and go and stand in the doorway — between the box of potatoes and the barrel of apples — and look up the street. At night, when the store was closed, he would light his pipe and walk slowly along the pavement until he reached the house where Cedric had lived, on which there was a sign that read, "This House to Let"; and he would stop near it and look up and shake his head, and puff at his pipe very hard, and after a while walk mournfully back again.

This went on for two or three weeks before any new idea came to him. Being slow and ponderous, it always took him a long time to reach a new idea. As a rule he did not like new ideas, but preferred old ones. After two or three weeks, however, during which, instead of getting better, matters really grew worse, a novel plan slowly and deliberately dawned upon him. He would go to see Dick. He smoked a great many pipes before he arrived at the conclusion, but finally he did arrive at it. He would go to see Dick. He knew all about Dick. Cedric had told him, and his idea was that perhaps Dick might be some comfort to him in the way of talking things over.

So one day when Dick was very hard at work blacking a customer's boots, a short, stout man with a heavy face and a bald head, stopped on the pavement and stared for two or three minutes at the bootblack's sign, which read:

"Professor Dick Tipton
Can't be beat."

He stared at it so long that Dick began to take a lively interest in him, and when he had put the finishing touch to his customer's boots, he said:

"Want a shine, sir?"

The stout man came forward deliberately and put his foot on the rest.

"Yes," he said.

Then when Dick fell to work, the stout man looked from Dick to the sign and from the sign to Dick.

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

"From a friend o' mine," said Dick,—"a little feller. He guv' me the whole outfit. He was the best little feller ye ever saw. He 's in England now. Gone to be one o' those lords."

"Lord — Lord —" asked Mr. Hobbs, with ponderous slowness, "Lord Fauntleroy — Goin' to be Earl of Dorincourt?"

Dick almost dropped his brush.

"Why, boss!" he exclaimed, "d'ye know him yerself?"

"I 've known him," answered Mr. Hobbs, wiping his warm forehead, "ever since he was born. We were lifetime acquaintances — that 's what *we* were."

It really made him feel quite agitated to speak of it. He pulled the splendid gold watch out of his pocket and opened it, and showed the inside of the case to Dick.

"'When this you see, remember me,'" he read. "That was his parting keepsake to me. 'I don't want you to forget me' — those were his words — I 'd ha' remembered him," he went on, shaking his head, "if he had n't given me a thing, an' I had n't seen hide nor hair on him again. He was a companion as *any* man would remember."

"He was the nicest little feller I ever see," said Dick. "An' as to sand — I never ha' seen so much sand to a little feller. I thought a heap o' him, I did, — an' we was friends, too — we was sort o' chums from the fust, that little young un an' me. I grabbed his ball from under a stage fur him, an' he never forgot it; an' he 'd come down here, he would, with his mother or his nuss an' he' d holler: 'Hello, Dick!' at me, as friendly as if he was six feet high, when he war n't knee high to a grasshopper, and was dressed in gal's clo'es. He was a gay little chap, and when you was down on your luck, it did you good to talk to him."

"That 's so," said Mr. Hobbs. "It was a pity to make an earl out of *him*. He would have *shone* in the grocery business — or dry goods either; he would have *shone!*" And he shook his head with deeper regret than ever.

It proved that they had so much to say to each other that it was not possible to say it all at one time, and so it was agreed that the next night Dick should make a visit to the store and keep Mr. Hobbs company. The plan pleased Dick well enough. He had been a street waif nearly all his life, but he had never been a bad boy, and he had always had a private yearning for a more respectable kind of existence. Since he had been in business for himself, he had made enough money to enable him to sleep under a roof instead of out in the streets, and he had begun to hope he might reach even a higher plane, in time. So, to be invited to call on a stout, respectable man who owned a corner store, and even had a horse and wagon, seemed to him quite an event.

"Do you know anything about earls and castles?" Mr. Hobbs inquired. "I 'd like to know more of the particklars."

"There 's a story about some on 'em in the *Penny Story Gazette*," said Dick. "It 's called the 'Crime of a Coronet; or, the Revenge of the Countess May.' It 's a boss thing, too. Some of us boys 're takin' it to read."

"Bring it up when you come," said Mr. Hobbs, "an' I 'll pay for it. Bring all you can find that have any earls in 'em. If there are n't earls, markises 'll do, or dooks — though *he* never made mention of any dooks or markises. We did go over coronets a little, but I never happened to see any. I guess they don't keep 'em 'round here."

"Tiffany 'd have 'em if anybody did," said Dick, "but I don't know as I 'd know one if I saw it."

Mr. Hobbs did not explain that he would not have known one if he saw it. He merely shook his head ponderously.

"I s'pose there is very little call for 'em," he said, and that ended the matter.

This was the beginning of quite a substantial friendship. When Dick went up to the store, Mr. Hobbs received him with great hospitality. He gave him a chair tilted against the door, near a barrel of apples, and after his young visitor was seated, he made a jerk at them with the hand in which he held his pipe, saying:

"Help yerself."

Then he looked at the story papers, and after that they read, and discussed the British aristocracy; and Mr. Hobbs smoked his pipe very hard and shook his head a great deal. He shook it most when he pointed out the high stool with the marks on its legs.

"There 's his very kicks," he said impressively; "his very kicks. I sit and look at 'em by the hour. This is a world of ups an' it 's a world of downs. Why, he 'd set there, an' eat crackers out of a box, an' apples out of a barrel, an' pitch his cores into the street; an' now he 's a lord a-livin' in a castle. Those are a lord's kicks; they 'll be an earl's kicks some day. Sometimes I says to myself, says I, 'Well, I 'll be jiggered!'"

He seemed to derive a great deal of comfort from his reflections and Dick's visit. Before Dick went home, they had a supper in the small back-room; they had crackers and cheese and sardines, and other canned things out of the store, and Mr. Hobbs solemnly opened two bottles of ginger ale, and pouring out two glasses, proposed a toast.

"Here 's to *him!*" he said, lifting his glass, "an' may he teach 'em a lesson — earls an' markises an' dooks an' all!"

After that night, the two saw each other often, and Mr. Hobbs was much more comfortable and less desolate. They read the *Penny Story Gazette*, and many other interesting things, and gained a knowledge of the habits of the nobility and gentry

which would have surprised those despised classes if they had realized it. One day Mr. Hobbs made a pilgrimage to a book store down town, for the express purpose of adding to their library. He went to a clerk and leaned over the counter to speak to him.

"I want," he said, "a book about earls."

"What!" exclaimed the clerk.

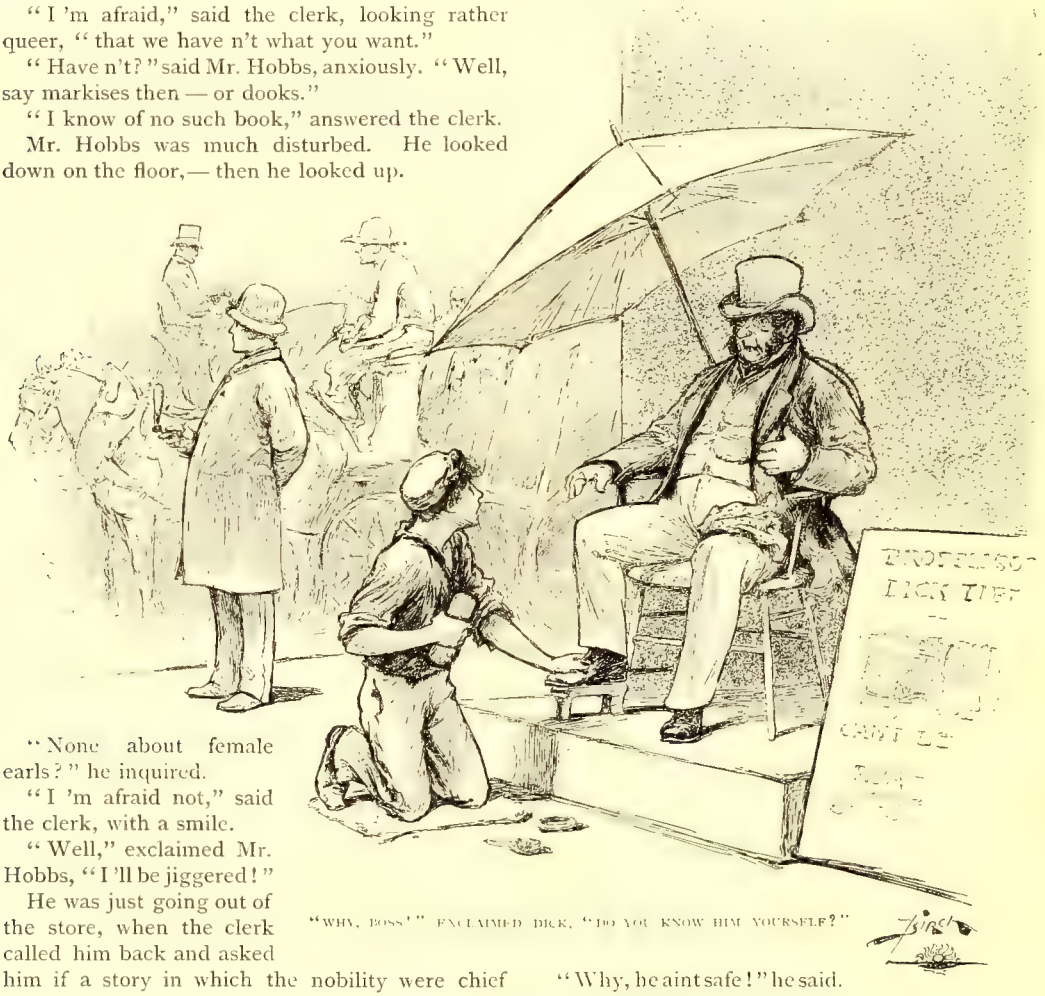
"A book," repeated the grocery-man, "about earls."

"I 'm afraid," said the clerk, looking rather queer, "that we have n't what you want."

"Have n't?" said Mr. Hobbs, anxiously. "Well, say markises then — or dooks."

"I know of no such book," answered the clerk.

Mr. Hobbs was much disturbed. He looked down on the floor,— then he looked up.



"WHY, BOSS!" EXCLAIMED DICK, "DO YOU KNOW HIM YOURSELF?"

"None about female earls?" he inquired.

"I 'm afraid not," said the clerk, with a smile.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Hobbs, "I 'll be jiggered!"

He was just going out of the store, when the clerk called him back and asked him if a story in which the nobility were chief characters would do. Mr. Hobbs said it would— if he could not get an entire volume devoted to earls. So the clerk sold him a book called "The Tower of London," written by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and he carried it home.

When Dick came they began to read it. It was a very wonderful and exciting book, and the scene was laid in the reign of the famous English queen who is called by some people Bloody Mary. And as Mr. Hobbs heard of Queen Mary's deeds and the habit she had of chopping people's heads off, putting them to the torture, and burning them alive, he became very much excited. He took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at Dick, and at last he was obliged to mop the perspiration from his brow with his red pocket handkerchief.

"Why, he aint safe!" he said. He aint safe! If the women folks can sit up on their thrones an' give the word for things like that to be done, who 's to know what 's happening to him this very minute? He 's no more safe than nothing? Just let a woman like that get mad, an' no one 's safe!"

"Well," said Dick, though he looked rather anxious himself; "ye see this 'ere un is n't the one that 's bossin' things now. I know her name 's

Victohry, an' this un here in the book,— her name 's Mary."

"So it is," said Mr. Hobbs, still mopping his forehead; "so it is. An' the newspapers are not sayin' anything about any racks, thumbscrews, or stake-burnin's,— but still it does n't seem as if 't was safe for him over there with those queer folks. Why, they tell me they don't keep the Fourth o' July!"

He was privately uneasy for several days; and it was not until he received Fauntleroy's letter and had read it several times, both to himself and to Dick, and had also read the letter Dick got about the same time, that he became composed again.

But they both found great pleasure in their letters. They read and re-read them, and talked them over and enjoyed every word of them. And they spent days over the answers they sent, and read them over almost as often as the letters they had received.

It was rather a labor for Dick to write his. All his knowledge of reading and writing he had gained during a few months when he had lived with his elder brother, and had gone to a night-school; but, being a sharp boy, he had made the most of that brief education, and had spelled out things in newspapers since then, and practiced writing with bits of chalk on pavements or walls or fences. He told Mr. Hobbs all about his life and about his elder brother, who had been rather good to him after their mother died, when Dick was quite a little fellow. Their father had died some time before. The brother's name was Ben, and he had taken care of Dick as well as he could, until the boy was old enough to sell newspapers and run errands. They had lived together, and as he grew older Ben had managed to get along until he had quite a decent place in a store.

"And then," exclaimed Dick with disgust, "blest if he did n't go an' marry a gal! Just went and got spoony, an' had n't any more sense left! Married her, an' set up housekeepin' in two back rooms. An' a hefty un she was,— a regular tiger-cat. She 'd tear things to pieces when she got mad,— and she was mad *all* the time. Had a baby just like her,— yell day 'n' night! An' if I did n't have to 'tend it! an' when it screamed, she 'd fire things at me. She fired a plate at me one day, an' hit the baby — cut its chin. Doctor said he 'd carry the mark till he died. A nice mother she was! Crackey! but did n't we have a time — Ben 'n' mehself 'n' the young un. She was mad at Ben because he did n't make money faster; 'n' at last he went out West with a man to set up a cattle ranch. An' he had n't been gone a week 'fore, one night, I got home from sellin' my papers, 'n' the rooms wus locked up 'n' empty, 'n' the woman o' the house, she told me Minna 'd gone — shown a clean pair o' heels. Some un else said she 'd gone across the water to be nuss to a lady as had a little baby, too. Never heard a word of her since — nuther has Ben. If I 'd ha' bin him, I would n't ha' fretted a bit — 'n' I guess he did n't. But he thought a heap o' her at the start. Tell you, he was spoons on her. She was a daisy-lookin' gal, too, when she was dressed up, 'n' not mad. She 'd big black eyes 'n' black hair down to her knees; she 'd make it into a rope as big as your arm, and twist it 'round 'n' 'round her head; 'n' I tell you her eyes 'd snap! Folks used to say she was part *Itali-un* — said her mother or father 'd come from there, 'n' it made her queer. I tell ye, she was one of 'em — she was!"

He often told Mr. Hobbs stories of her and of his brother Ben, who, since his going out West, had written once or twice to Dick. Ben's luck had not been good, and he had wandered from place to place; but at last he had settled on a ranch in California, where he was at work at the time when Dick became acquainted with Mr. Hobbs.

"That gal," said Dick one day, "she took all the grit out o' him. I could n't help feelin' sorry for him sometimes."

They were sitting in the store door-way together, and Mr. Hobbs was filling his pipe.

"He ought n't to 've married," he said solemnly, as he rose to get a match. "Women — I never could see any use in 'em, myself."

As he took the match from its box, he stopped and looked down on the counter.

"Why!" he said, "if here is n't a letter! I did n't see it before. The postman must have laid it down when I was n't noticin', or the newspaper slipped over it."

He picked it up and looked at it carefully.

"It 's from *him!*" he exclaimed. "That 's the very one it 's from!"

He forgot his pipe altogether. He went back to his chair quite excited and took his pocket-knife and opened the envelope.

"I wonder what news there is this time," he said.

And then he unfolded the letter and read as follows:

"Dorincourt Castle

"My dear Mr Hobbs

"i write this in a great hury becaus i have something curous to tell you i know you will be very mutch suprised my dear frend when i tel you. It is all a mistake and i am not a lord and i shall not have to be an earl there is a lady which was marid to my uncle bevis who is dead and she has a little boy and he is Lord fauntleroy becaus that is the way it is in England the earls eldest sons little boy is the earl if every body else is dead i mean if his farther and grandfarther are dead my grandfarther is not dead but my uncle bevis is and so his boy is lord Fauntleroy and I am not becaus my papa was the

youngest son and my name is Cedric Errol like it was when I was in New York and all the things will belong to the other boy i thought at first i should have to give him my pony and cart but my grandfarther says i need not my grandfrther is very sorry and i think he does not like the lady but preaps he thinks dearest and i are sorry becaus i shall not be an earl i would like to be an earl now better than i thout i would at first becaus this is a beautifle castle and i like every body so and when you are rich you can do so many things i am not rich now becaus when your papa is only the youngest son he is not very rich i am going to learn to work so that I can take care of dearest i have been asking Wilkins about grooming horses preaps i might be a groom or a coachman. the lady brought her little boy to the castle and my grandfarther and Mr. Havisham talked to her i think she was angry she talked loud and my grandfarther was angry too i never saw him angry before i wish it did not make them all mad i thort i would tell you and Dick right away becaus you would be intrusted so no more at present with love from

" your old frend " CEDRIC ERROL (Not lord Fauntleroy)."

Mr. Hobbs fell back in his chair, the letter dropped on his knee, his penknife slipped to the floor, and so did the envelope.

"Well!" he ejaculated, "I am jiggered!"

He was so dumbfounded that he actually changed his exclamation. It had always been his habit to say, "I *will* be jiggered," but this time he said, "I *am* jiggered." Perhaps he really *was* jiggered. There is no knowing.

"Well," said Dick, "the whole thing 's bust up, has n't it?"

"Bust!" said Mr. Hobbs. "It 's my opinion it 's all a put-up job o' the British 'ristycrats to rob him of his rights because he 's an American. They 've had a spite agin us ever since the Revolution, an' they 're takin' it out on him. I told you he was n't safe, an' see what 's happened! Like as not, the whole gover'ment 's got together to rob him of his lawful ownin's."

He was very much agitated. He had not approved of the change in his young friend's circumstances at first, but lately he had become more reconciled to it, and after the receipt of Cedric's letter he had perhaps even felt some secret pride in his young friend's magnificence. He might not have a good opinion of earls, but he knew that even in America money was considered rather an agreeable thing, and if all the wealth and grandeur were to go with the title, it must be rather hard to lose it.

"They 're trying to rob him!" he said, "that 's what they 're doing, and folks that have money ought to look after him."

And he kept Dick with him until quite a late hour to talk it over, and when that young man left, he went with him to the corner of the street; and on his way back he stopped opposite the empty house for some time, staring at the "To Let," and smoking his pipe, in much disturbance of mind.

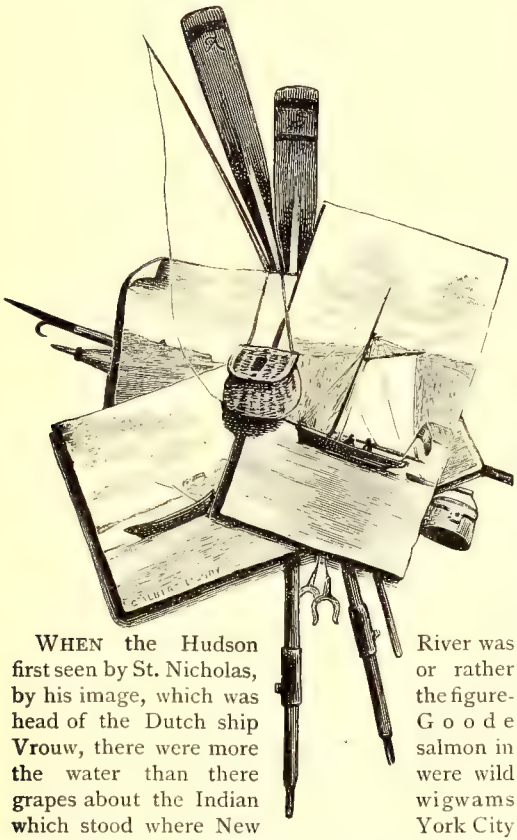
(To be continued.)



WAITING FOR A COLD WAVE.

A ROYAL FISH.

By Ripley Hitchcock.



When the Hudson River was first seen by St. Nicholas, or rather by his image, which was the figure-head of the Dutch ship Goode Vrouw, there were more salmon in the water than there were wild grapes about the Indian wigwams which stood where New York City stands to-day. That was a few years after the rediscovery of the river by Henry Hudson in 1609.* But, in course of time, the salmon went the way of the Indians. The last native Hudson River salmon was caught in a net in New York bay about 1844; but, more recently, attempts have been made artificially to stock that river and others with this fish, and within two years a few have been caught, the only salmon taken from the Hudson in forty years.† When St. Nicholas made his first visit to our shores, there were salmon in every river along the Atlantic coast, north of the Delaware. But, as fishermen became numerous, as dams were built across the rivers, and as the water was made impure by town and city drainage, the salmon were driven northward, just as the Indians were driven westward. The salmon were forced to leave the Connecticut — another river into which there has been hope of introducing them again; they left the Merrimac when it was given over to manufactories; and now few salmon are to be found south of the rivers of eastern Maine. Beyond, they visit the rivers of the British Provinces, Labrador, the Hudson Bay country, and even Greenland, — for one variety of salmon is a fearless Arctic explorer, and penetrates the Arctic Circle. The salmon is as much at home in Iceland and Norway as in England, Scotland, and Ireland. On the north-western American coast, from northern California, Oregon, and Washington, to Alaska and beyond, there have always been vast numbers of this wonderful fish.

I say wonderful, because the salmon is the king of all game fishes, and because he goes under so many names, and has habits so curious that he has puzzled naturalists for hundreds of years. And his pink flesh is so prized that the salmon fisheries on this continent alone yield millions of dollars every year.

The gamy qualities of the salmon, which cause the fly-fisherman to rate him above all other fishes, are his enduring strength and his great activity. The salmon and the blue-fish are the strongest game fishes known, and the former reaches a far larger size than the latter. According to one writer, "the salmon and the sword-fish are the fastest swimmers of all the forked-tail fishes." Only a fast running-horse could outstrip a salmon; for it is estimated that the salmon swims a mile in less than two minutes. But the horse would be left behind in a long race, for the fish can cover thirty miles in an hour. When leisurely ascending rivers, with frequent rests in

* Verrazani, a Florentine navigator, is now believed to have been the original discoverer of the Hudson, about 1525.

† About three hundred thousand salmon fry have been planted in the upper waters of the Hudson each year, since 1882. In 1884, a salmon weighing four pounds was taken near Hudson, New York, and several yearling salmon were caught, a year ago, in a stream tributary to the Hudson. Last spring, a salmon weighing ten pounds was taken in Gravesend Bay, and there have been other similar results from the work done by Mr. Fred Mather, Superintendent of the New York Fish Commission, in charge of the station at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. It is thought that the Hudson was never much frequented by salmon for the purpose of spawning, on account of Cohoes' and Miller's Falls. But the fish were formerly taken near the mouth of the river, and it is hoped that the entire river may be made a salmon stream, if it will "grow salmon," by the construction of fish-ways which will enable the salmon to ascend the falls. Professor Baird, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, restocked the Connecticut, where no salmon had been for twenty-five years, with such success that "Connecticut River salmon" were regularly quoted in the markets. But the fishermen caught out the spawning fish and foolishly depopulated the river so that the work was stopped, although I understand that another effort has been made recently. In the Penobscot River, in Maine, salmon have been hatched and cared for, until, this very season, there has been excellent salmon fishing in the neighborhood of the city of Bangor. — R. H.



attractive pools, the salmon averages from fifteen to twenty-five miles a day. In leaping, the salmon can easily beat the horse, for salmon have leaped up waterfalls twelve feet high. It was formerly supposed that the salmon, when about to jump, bent himself double, and took his tail in his mouth, so that he was like an elastic bow drawn tight. Then it was thought that he suddenly let go, his tail striking the water with great force, and away he went through the air. But now we know that the salmon prepares for a leap just as a boy does, with a short, sharp run. If the water at the foot of the dam or fall is not deep enough to allow this preparatory run, the salmon can not jump. If there is water enough, he starts from the bottom, his powerful tail working as rapidly as the propeller-screw of a steamship. Aided by the pectoral fins, the upward movement grows quicker and quicker, until with a last muscular effort the salmon shoots from the water, his tail still vibrating for an instant, then becoming motionless, as the fish curves through the air and comes down above the obstacle. If a dam be built so high as to be impassable, the salmon will leave the river altogether, for instinct always leads them to the head-waters, where they lay their eggs. So fish-ladders and fish-ways of various kinds have been invented to help salmon and other fishes to surmount natural or artificial barriers. Fish-ladders have been constructed by the aid of which salmon ascend falls over thirty feet high. As soon as salmon enter rivers on their way from the sea they begin to jump, like a crowd of boys just let out of school. Standing on the shore of a salmon river in June or July, you will every now and then see the fish leap four or five feet out of water, glistening like polished silver, then curving over and falling with a heavy splash. Or sometimes their back fins will roll lazily out of the water, and you will be reminded of a school of porpoises. But there is nothing lazy about the salmon when once he is hooked. If there is a twenty-five pound salmon at the end of your line, jumping nearly as high as your head in his struggles to rid himself of the hook, you will be sure to think of nothing except that fish.

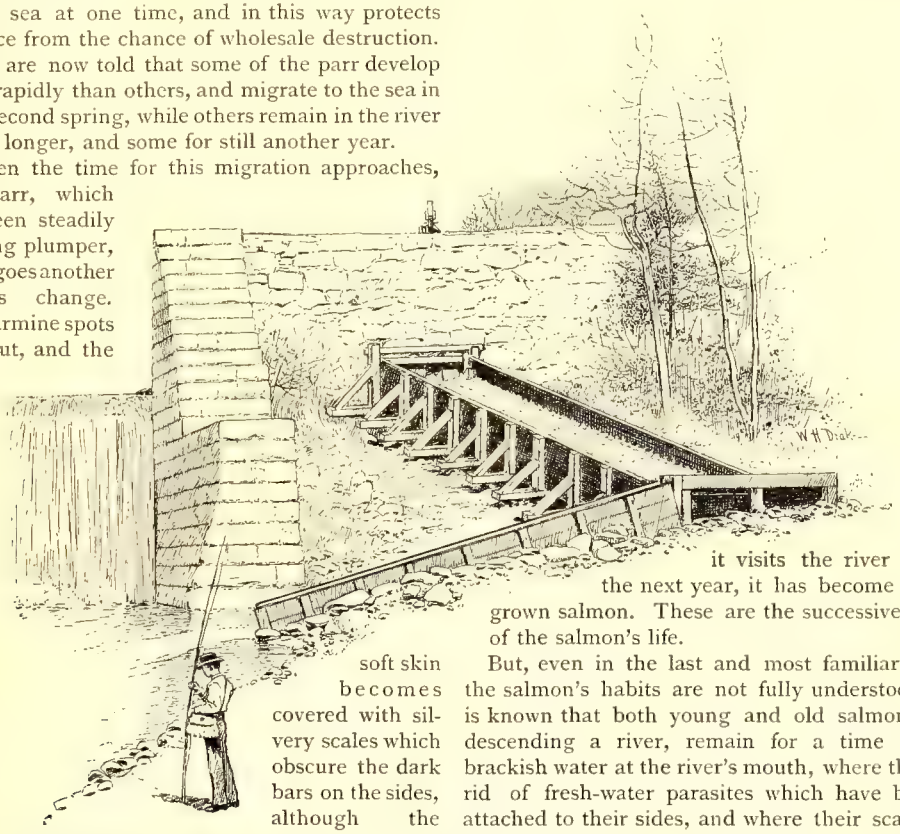
But before the salmon reaches a weight of twenty-five pounds, he appears in so many and so different forms that very wise men have been unable to recognize him. When the salmon is just hatched, he is known as fry, or fingerling. Then he becomes a parr, or samlet, also called pink, or brandling, on some foreign rivers. The parr changes to a smolt, the smolt to a grilse, and the grilse finally develops into the salmon. The latter, when running fresh from the sea, are called white salmon, and when they are descending rivers after spawning, they are termed kelts, or black salmon. Other names given to salmon after spawning-time are kippers and baggits, or shedders. So the salmon, like the royal fish that he is, has as many names as a prince of one of the royal families of Europe. The alevin, or baby salmon, is hatched in from thirty to one hundred days after the eggs are laid in furrows in gravelly beds which are scooped out by the parent fish, near the head-waters of cold, clear rivers. Presently the alevin grows into the fry, or pink, which is an absurd little fish about an inch long, goggle-eyed, and with dark bars on its sides. When some three months old, the fry makes a change like that of a chrysalis into a butterfly. It becomes a shapely little fish with a forked tail, and brilliant carmine spots shine out on its sides. Its back is of a dark slaty color, and the bars are less strongly marked as the parr grows older. The greediest of trout is not more hungry and active. I have often seen a dozen tiny parr jump from the water at my flies. Once, when coming down the Restigouche in a canoe, with our rods laid aside, and the flies dangling just over the water, two parr leaped together and hooked themselves, although they were hardly four inches long. These pretty little fishes, which



SALMON FLIES.

one might readily mistake for trout, were once supposed to belong to a species entirely distinct from the salmon. Naturalists were also puzzled by finding that some parr remain for nearly three years in fresh water. So they concluded that these latter parr never went to sea at all, and considered them a species by themselves, which they called *Salmo samulus*. But nature was finally seen to be wiser than the naturalists. Nature has decreed that only half the parr hatched in a given winter shall go down to the sea at one time, and in this way protects the race from the chance of wholesale destruction. So we are now told that some of the parr develop more rapidly than others, and migrate to the sea in their second spring, while others remain in the river a year longer, and some for still another year.

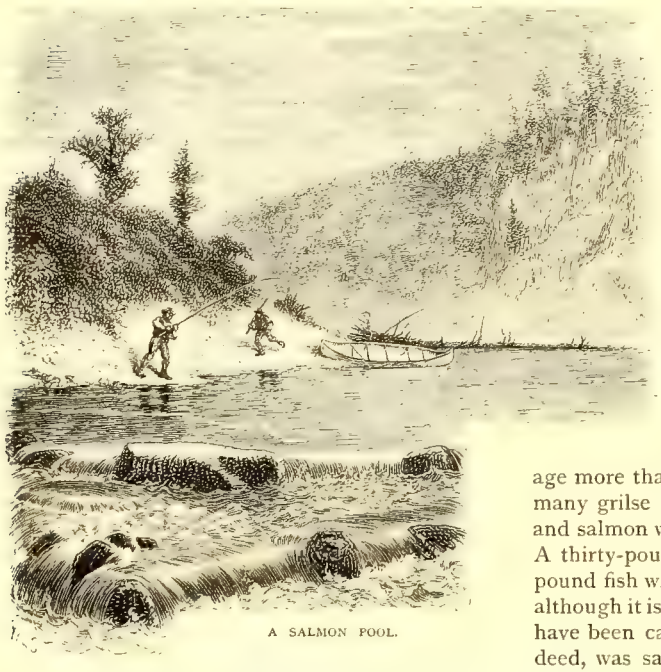
When the time for this migration approaches, the parr, which has been steadily growing plumper, undergoes another curious change. The carmine spots fade out, and the soft skin becomes covered with silvery scales which obscure the dark bars on the sides, although the scales can easily be rubbed away.



A FISH-LADDER AROUND A DAM.

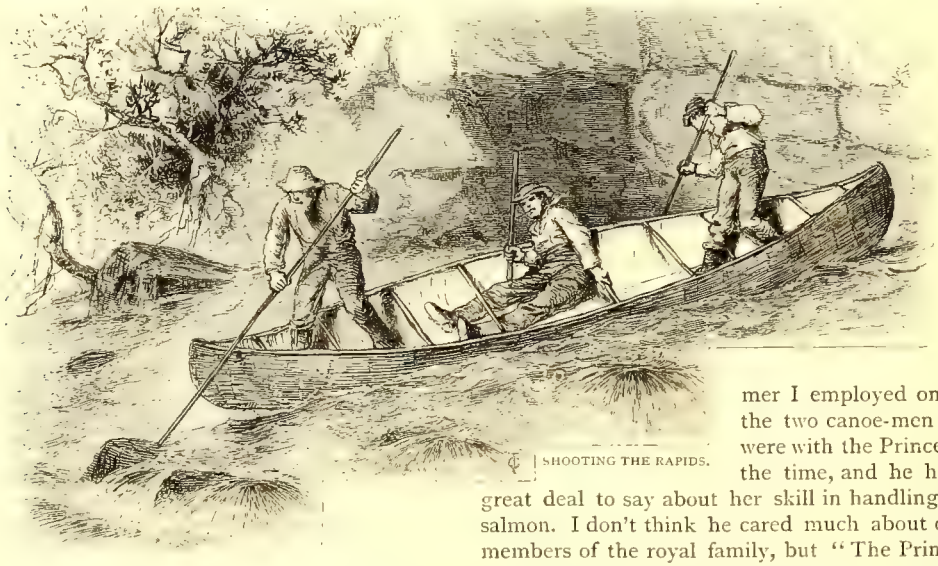
At this period the young salmon is called a smolt, and the smolt was also a riddle to wise men, for a long time. It was thought that smolts which went down to the sea weighing three or four ounces, returned to the rivers in three months weighing six or eight pounds. Of course, such a gain as this was a very wonderful, indeed an unequaled performance, like the "swellin' wisibly" of the Fat Boy in the "Pickwick Papers." It is now believed, however, that the smolt requires a year or fifteen months at sea for this great gain in weight. Then he returns to his native river, no longer an insignificant smolt, but a vigorous, beautiful grilse. The grilse is more slender than the salmon, the tail more forked, the scales more easily removed, and the top of the head and of the fins is not quite so black. But the grilse's sheeny, satiny sides are even more brilliant than the salmon's, and it is more playful and active, although its strength is less enduring. After the grilse has frolicked its way to the head of the river and spawned, it returns to the sea. When it visits the river again, the next year, it has become a full-grown salmon. These are the successive stages of the salmon's life.

But, even in the last and most familiar stage, the salmon's habits are not fully understood. It is known that both young and old salmon, after descending a river, remain for a time in the brackish water at the river's mouth, where they get rid of fresh-water parasites which have become attached to their sides, and where their scales are hardened by a diet of small fish; but where in the sea salmon go, no one knows. After leaving the coast, they disappear. They have been found in very deep water hundreds of miles from any salmon river; but their marine feeding-grounds are still undiscovered. In the spring they suddenly re-appear at the mouths of rivers, where they linger to free themselves from marine parasites. While in salt water, they will never jump at a fly; but as soon as they enter the fresh water of the Canadian rivers, in June, the waiting Indians and fishermen see them rising freely out of the water. Yet much of this leaping is plainly only for sport, and many people claim that salmon actually eat nothing at all during the time that they are going



A SALMON POOL.

up rivers. These rivers offer a succession of pools and rapids. In almost every pool, during the daytime in summer, there are salmon resting from the labor of stemming the current. It is said that at night they are often to be found on the bars in the shallow rapids above the pools. If the water is low they ascend very slowly, but any rise in the river stimulates them into a rapid movement upward. When they descend rivers, they fall back much of the way tail foremost, although the distance may be over a hundred miles. Even a salmon can be drowned in swiftly running water. Often they make short runs down river, but they quickly wheel about and usually lie with their heads to the current. When they are descending, they are thin and ravenous; but they rapidly gain in plumpness after reaching the sea. In weight the salmon of the Canadian rivers average between twenty and twenty-five pounds. I suppose a season's catch would hardly average more than twenty pounds, for it would include many grilse of from eight to ten pounds weight, and salmon weighing only five or six pounds more. A thirty-pound salmon is very large, and a forty-pound fish will be talked of throughout the season, although it is said that salmon weighing fifty pounds have been caught in the Restigouche,— one, indeed, was said to weigh fifty-four pounds. The Princess Louise, the daughter of the Queen of England and the wife of the Marquis of Lorne, the former Governor-general of Canada, caught a forty-pound salmon in the Causapscal river, in the province of Quebec, a few years ago. Last summer I employed one of the two canoe-men who were with the Princess at the time, and he had a great deal to say about her skill in handling that salmon. I don't think he cared much about other members of the royal family, but "The Princess, sir, she was a good un with the rod." Salmon weighing sixty pounds are taken now and then in Scotch rivers, and a few rivers in England still



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

yield large fish. Sir John Hawkins speaks of a salmon caught in an English river in April, 1789, which was four feet long, three feet around the body, and weighed seventy pounds. There is a story told of a Highlander who hooked a salmon in the River Awe, and played the fish for hours, until night came on without his being able to tire it out. Then, as the fish was sulking quietly at the bottom, he lay down, took the line in his teeth, that any motion might waken him, and went to sleep. The Highlander slept and the salmon sulked until three o'clock in the morning, when some friends of the former came to look for him. With their help he managed to land the fish about daybreak, and it weighed seventy-three pounds. That was certainly a giant, but a salmon weighing eighty-three pounds is reported once to have been sent to the London market. It would be a serious matter for any of ST. NICHOLAS'S readers to make fast to a salmon as large as that. But it will not happen on this side of the ocean.



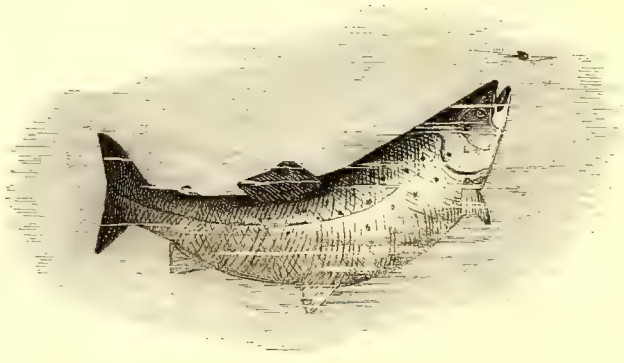
JUNCTION OF THE METAPEDIA AND RESTIGOUCHE RIVERS,—A FAMOUS SALMON POOL.

There is only one way in which a true sportsman will catch a salmon, and that is by fly-fishing. But there are a great many other ways, some of which, although unfair, are rather curious. Salmon have been caught with an ax, with a pitchfork, with a wheel, with many forms of nets and spears, by trolling, and by still-bait fishing. Captain Charles Kendall, an old Boston sailor, used to say that he once explored a Canadian salmon river nearly to its head and met a multitude of salmon coming down in water so shallow that their backs were exposed, and he killed scores with an ax, as they tried to rush between his legs. The poor fishes were also attacked by birds of prey. This is the only instance recorded of killing salmon with an ax, but when I visited the valley of the Puyallup River, in Washington Territory, three years ago, I was assured that salmon sometimes crowded that shallow stream so thickly that farmers lifted them out with pitchforks and used them as fertilizers on the field. These, however, were an inferior kind of salmon. One of the most cruel and destructive methods of catching salmon was by water-wheels, at the cascades of the Columbia River. In former times, the Indians gathered at the cascades at certain seasons, picketed their ponies, built wigwams, and remained for days, and often weeks, spearing and netting the ascending salmon all along the shores. But white men found a way of destroying a far larger number of these noble fish. Salmon when coming up the rapids swim near shore. Wheels were built, and suspended partly in the water so that the paddles were rapidly turned by the swift current. The salmon swimming against these paddles were struck with great force, lifted clear of the water, and thrown into tanks arranged near by. The murderous wheels kept on revolving, throwing up every fish within reach, and there was nothing for the owners to do but to gather the quantities of salmon out of the tanks and use them in their salmon-canning establishment. It is not strange that a strong popular feeling soon grew up against this wholesale slaughter.

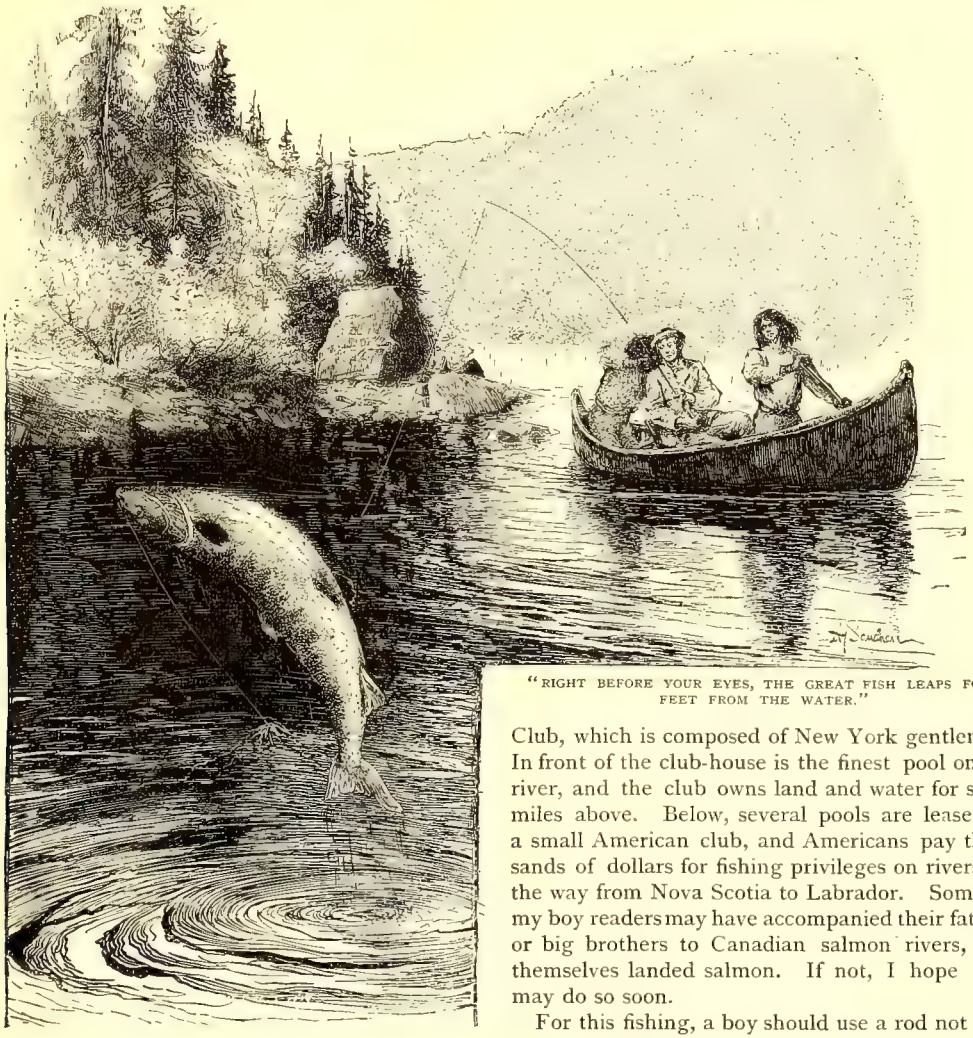
At the mouth of the same river, the Columbia, net-fishing for salmon is carried on in a larger way than anywhere else on this continent. In the fisheries and canneries nearly seven thousand men are employed — Swedes, Russians, Norwegians, Finns, Italians, Portuguese, Greeks, and Chinamen, a curious mingling of races. Much of this net-fishing is done at night, the sail boats starting from

Astoria toward evening and returning in the morning. Sometimes the capsized boats drift ashore alone, for the breakers where the currents of river and ocean meet frequently swamp them, and each season many men are drowned. Between three and four million dollars' worth of salmon have been sent from the Columbia in a year. In the North-east a great many salmon are caught in nets at the mouths of the St. Lawrence and other Canadian rivers, many more indeed than anglers would allow if they could control the net-fishing. Most of these salmon are artificially frozen and sent to our Eastern markets, where they now have to compete with Oregon salmon. Spearing salmon is very properly forbidden by law in Canada. I have read an account of an odd method of harpooning salmon, which was practiced on a river in the Inverness district in Scotland. At one spot the river falls in a cascade through a narrow cleft in the rocks. Sitting beside this, the fisherman, who had a line attached to his spear, struck a salmon as it tried to leap up, let go his spear, keeping hold of the line, and then, climbing down to the pool below, drew in the exhausted fish at his leisure. This reminded me of an Indian on the Restigouche, who, I was told, used to throw his short spruce pole into the water after hooking a salmon, and paddle after it in his canoe, until the fish was so wearied by dragging the pole about, that the fisherman could easily land it. Still more curious is Sir Walter Scott's account in his novel, "Red Gauntlet," of salmon-spearing on the Solway Frith, an arm of the sea between England and Scotland. He describes a company of horsemen riding over the sands and striking with their spears at the salmon which darted about in the pools, where they had been left by the ebbing tide. This kind of salmon-fishing on horseback must have been very like "pig-sticking" in India.

On this side of the ocean, trolling for salmon is unknown; there is very little, if any, bait-fishing, and a salmon-spear, in the North-east at least, is only to be found in the hands of a red or white poacher. Poaching on Canadian rivers has diminished, but the law is still broken on the sly; and many odd stories are told of poachers' tricks. Nearly all these rivers are watched by two sets of wardens. There are the Government wardens appointed to prevent illegal fishing with nets or spears, or out of season, and there are wardens employed by private persons to watch the water which they lease; for every pool in a salmon river is valuable property. Once the Government claimed the fishing privileges, but it was decided that the owners of lands along the rivers controlled the water; and now the farmer's income from his water is sometimes larger than that from his land; and the limits of each ownership are as carefully marked off as are limits of farms or of town lots. The unlawful act which the wardens most carefully guard against is "drifting." One or two poachers will steal out at night carrying a peculiarly made net in their canoes. They stretch this across the head of a pool; and it is so weighted and buoyed that it stands upright, reaching nearly to the bottom. As the current causes the net to drift down stream, one canoe stays at each end to keep it straight. There is usually a white rope at the bottom of the net. Seeing this, the salmon raise themselves a little, only to be caught by the gills in the meshes. When the shaking of the net shows that one is caught, the poacher quickly paddles to the spot, raises the net, kills the fish with a blow on its head, and throws it into the canoe. In this sneaking way, nearly all the salmon in a pool may be netted out in a night. If the wardens happen to come along in their dug-outs, they try to seize the net and identify the poachers. Then there may be a fight, and perhaps a canoe will be sunk, and a poacher or a warden will get a cold bath. On one river, the poachers used to station a boy on an island below them, with a horn which he blew whenever the wardens approached. One of the latter was so active that the poachers resolved to punish him. They took an old worthless net and stretched it out into the river from a rock on the bank. A rope was rove through the net and the shore end made fast over a pulley to the traces of a horse. A boy stood beside the horse, and two poachers in a canoe held the outer end of the net. Down came the warden, poling along in his dug-out, and pulled the end of the



A SALMON RISING TO THE FLY.



"RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES, THE GREAT FISH LEAPS FOUR FEET FROM THE WATER."

net away from the seemingly unwilling poachers. He began taking it into his dug-out, congratulating himself on his prize, and had hauled it halfway in, when the boy on shore struck the horse, which started on a full gallop up the bank, jerking the net after it. In a flash the net was pulled out of the dug-out, the latter upset, and the astonished warden pitched into the river. But I hope the poachers were punished in their turn. For if these lawless men had their way, there would be no salmon left in the rivers, and no such glorious sport as fly-fishing.

It is for this that hundreds of Americans go away down East every summer. At the junction of the Metapedia and Restigouche rivers are the comfortable buildings of the Restigouche Salmon Club, which is composed of New York gentlemen. In front of the club-house is the finest pool on the river, and the club owns land and water for some miles above. Below, several pools are leased by a small American club, and Americans pay thousands of dollars for fishing privileges on rivers all the way from Nova Scotia to Labrador. Some of my boy readers may have accompanied their fathers or big brothers to Canadian salmon rivers, and themselves landed salmon. If not, I hope they may do so soon.

For this fishing, a boy should use a rod not over sixteen feet long, and weighing about twenty-seven ounces. Split bamboo is the finest material, but satisfactory rods are made of ash and lancewood or greenheart. The heavy reel holds a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards of braided silk line. Usually a gut leader, also called a casting-line, which is about nine feet long, is fastened directly to the silk line. Only one of the large gaudy salmon flies is used on the leader at one time. Suppose yourself thus equipped, sitting in the middle of a cranky birch-bark canoe, on the Restigouche, with an Indian at the bow and another at the stern, paddling to the head of a salmon pool, as the morning mists rise from the mountains. Just below the rapids, the Indians turn the canoe into midstream and drop the anchor, which clinks musically upon the stones of the bottom. You take up the rod, which will

seem awkward if you have been using a seven or eight ounce trout-rod, and holding it in both hands, one above and one below the reel, begin to make short casts in front and on either side. It is always well to whip the water near the canoe, for there is no telling where a salmon may be. Once I looked down over the side of my canoe into the very eyes of a large salmon. He lay at the bottom, looking up at me for a moment, then flirted his tail scornfully and disappeared. I should like to have seen more of him. You will lengthen out the line a few feet at a time, as you continue casting, and you will always keep the point of your rod moving a little up and down, so that your fly shall be in motion in the water. Possibly the longed-for salmon will jump out of water at the fly. If so, he will probably miss it. More likely, you will suddenly see a mighty swirl in the water, catch a glimpse of a head, perhaps, and feel a tug — at least you are likely to, if you "strike" when you see the swirl.

Then all in the same instant the reel begins to scream and your heart to beat like a trip-hammer. Up comes the anchor, the Indians paddle over to one side of the river, and you manfully keep the rod pointing upward, clutching it with your left hand above the reel, the end of the butt pressed against your waistcoat buttons, and your right hand ready to reel in line if the fish comes toward you or sulks at the bottom.

All at once something happens which takes away your breath. Right before your eyes the great fish leaps four feet from the water, his writhing body curved like a silver bow, and glistening in the sunlight until he falls back with a splash that almost makes your heart stop beating, for fear he has broken loose. But no! You instinctively lowered the tip of your rod when he jumped, and he did not fall upon a taut line, as he hoped, and break away. The reel screams again as the salmon darts off down river; and as the canoe-men paddle after, you think of the Indian who lassoed the locomotive. Perhaps he will rush through the lower rapids into the pool below. Never fear! He is well hooked, and the strain of the rod is telling. Backward and forward he darts, while the line cuts the water, now sulking quietly, again startling you by a wild leap. At last he begins to yield. The canoe-men paddle you to a beach where you cautiously step out, keeping your face to the foe. Slowly, carefully you reel in line, straining the fish toward you. The Indians wait with the gaff, a large steel hook in the end of a stout pole. Now the salmon makes a despairing run, then, growing weaker, he obeys your strain. You can see him plainly as he comes into shallow water. What if you should lose him now! The Indians, bent double, ankle-deep in water, watch his every motion. One strikes at him, but misses, and the gallant fish makes another fight for life. But now he is within reach. The gaff is raised carefully, you hold your breath, and this time the steel pierces that silvery side, and out of the foaming water the gaff draws a noble salmon, your first — and let me hope a forty-pounder. Perhaps twenty minutes have passed since you hooked him, — perhaps an hour; but you have lived an age.

May all the boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS some time know such thrilling sport as this! And the girls, too, may emulate their brothers, and each some time land a salmon. At least they can have the sport without holding the rod. One of the prettiest sights which I saw on the Restigouche was the eager face of a little girl in a canoe, with her father, who was fighting a twenty-five-pound salmon. Looking at her parted lips and wide-open eyes, I felt sure that girls as well as boys could feel the fascination of that most exciting of all forms of angling, salmon-fishing.





THE OWL, THE BAT, AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

(A Nonsense Rhyme.)

By Laura E. Richards.

The brown owl sat on the caraway tree,
A ruffed-up, great big owl.
Who so learnéd and wise as he?
A puffed-up, eminent fowl.
The black bat hung by a twig of the tree,
A blinking, blind old bat.
And buzzing anear was the bumble-bee,
Crinkling, yellow, and fat.

"Ho!" said the owl, "but the sun is so bright,
So torrid, blazing away!"
"Oh," said the bat, "for the shades of night,
This horrid dazzling day!"
"Psho!" said the bee.
"If that is all,
Blundery, blind old bat,
Yonder 's a cloud coming up at your call,—
Thundery,— black as a hat."

"Ah!" cried the bat and the owl together,
"Tumbling great black Cloud,
Bring us some fine dark thundery weather,
Rumbling fierce and loud!"

Up came the cloud, flying far and wide,
Wizardly weird and strong,—
Brisk little hurricane sitting inside,
Blizzardly bowling along.

Off went the owl like a thistle-down puff,
Ruffled-up, rolled in a ball!
Off went the bat like a candle-snuff,
Shuffled-up, toes and all!
Off went the twig and off went the tree,
Scurrying down to the ground!
Nothing was left, save the bumble-bee,
Worrying thus to be found;
Yet snug as a bug in the roots of the tree,
Where he grumbled; "What a catastrophe!
I was simply thunder-struck!" said he.
"And I 'm very sure I prefer the glare
Of the hottest day to that whirling air!
Such a draught! I hope I have not caught cold!
But I know I was over and over rolled.
Am I really safe and sound?"





THE NOTIONAL NIGHTINGALE.

By A. R. Wells.



KING HUBERT, he went to the forest in state,
In glitter and gold, on a sun-shiny day,
And commanded his train in the shadow to wait,
While a herald proclaimed in the following way:

"His Imperial Majesty, Hubert the Second,
Since the nightingale's voice is quite musical reckoned,
Is graciously pleased, as the day seems too long,
To command that the nightingale sing him a song!"

The court all stood waiting for what might befall;
But somehow, no nightingale answered the call.

NAN'S REVOLT.

By Rose Lattimore Alling.

Chapter III.

For two days following that bright morning in September, the skies dropped discouragement on all enthusiasms, and dampened any ardor for aggressive change. What feminine heart has the courage to go forth gloriously to conquer or to die — in overshoes and a gossamer?

In the meantime, the girls had not met again, but new thoughts sprouted in their brains, while feeble plans budded and dropped unfruitful from the bough.

Nan lighted a fire in the grate in her room, and re-read and burned package upon package of old letters, tossing away with special vigor all those tied with that badge of sentimental girlhood — a blue ribbon. Why always blue?

"There!" she exclaimed, as the last mouse-colored fragment fluttered up the chimney; "there is nothing like beginning again at the foundation, in every way."

This heroic sacrifice completed, she sewed on some loose shoe-buttons with as much vigor as though she contemplated setting out on foot to seek her fortune. After that, she pressed her forehead against the window-pane, and wished drearily that it would stop raining.

Evelyn, after an hour's interview with her mother, began to rip up an old dress, though she was evidently busied also with serious thoughts.

Cathy, left to herself, and without the stimulating influence of her friends, decided with placid regret that there was no way to improve her existence; she felt like the man who tried to lift himself over the fence by pulling at his boot-straps.

Bert shut herself up and wrestled with a long column of very symmetrical figures. The result of the addition seemed to dismay her. She clutched her bang with one hand, while she carefully went over the list again.

Bert had lain awake hours and hours the night before, rehearsing the various parts she might assume as a lady-like peddler of different wares to a paying public; but she surveyed her small pack of accomplishments with the sad conviction that she "had n't a faculty that anybody would give two cents for." "If some one would kindly hire me to read all the new novels, or should desire my services as assistant hostess at endless dinners and luncheons, I think I might command quite a salary," sighed she, knowing well her own self-poise and general success in those unremunerative employments.

"Or, there is my other little stock-in-trade," she continued with disconsolate amusement — "writing letters! I do think I can write a letter."

And she could, because she always wrote with the keen mental enjoyment of exercising her own fluent powers of expression. "But," she reflected, "who is going to pay my dress-maker for the intense pleasure of being allowed to receive my epistles? No, letter-writing has n't any market value — But — but *has n't* it?"

Ah, now she was really thinking! For she sat motionless, with raised eyebrows and parted lips; then she started to her feet, walked excitedly up and down her room a few times, surveyed herself in the glass, and laughed and chuckled in a mysterious way as she put on her overshoes and hoisted her umbrella.

Mr. Mitchell was a very busy man — too busy to know his daughter very well; and, as is far too common with busy men, he regarded a girl as an entirely useless, rather expensive but withal pleasant factor of his establishment. So, as may be imagined, he was somewhat surprised as he sat in his private office on that particular drizzly day, hurriedly writing a business letter, when Bert, bright and emphatic, suddenly appeared.

Her father, without stopping his rapid pen, looked up, between sentences, long enough to say with good-natured bewilderment, "Why, Bert, what has brought you *here?* Do you need some more money?"

Bert flushed at that question. Some thoughts with which she had been exercising her mind had made it a trifle sore; and in the mood occasioned by those thoughts, her father's evident surprise at her appearance, his slight emphasis on "here," and his seemingly natural conclusion as to the cause of the phenomenon, rather hurt her feelings.

"Money?" she said, with some heat, "No, sir! Do you regard me as only a creature with an all-devouring greed for gold?"

Then, laughing pleasantly as she deposited her umbrella in the rack, she added, "No, Papa dear, not *just* now. I thought you would be going home soon and I 'd like to walk up with you."

Mr. Mitchell paused a moment, in the act of clapping on another stamp, to survey his tall daughter through his eye-glasses.

"Eh! That's good. I can't go for half an hour though — six or seven more letters to write."

He said this a little wearily, and proceeded to date another sheet of paper, running his left hand through his thin hair, as though he had already forgotten his daughter's presence in the absorbing nature of his relations with "Messrs. Hutton, Wells & Co."

Bert sat down in an office chair and looked about her. Not that she had never been in her father's office before, but never before had she looked at it with the same mental vision that now surveyed the dingy windows, dusty writing-desk, and generally unkempt and dismal aspect of the place where her father spent so much of his life.

"Dear me," she thought, "how soon I could brighten up things! I wonder if he would like it if I should try?"

Presently Mr. Mitchell collected a heap of letters, shut up his inkstand, and wheeled his chair slowly about, as he carefully counted them over.

Bert, who had been contemplating in her mind's eye the effect of a rug on the floor, looked up and remarked, "What a lot of letters!"

"Yes," answered her father with a sigh, "since Nelson went I have had my hands full. It is hard to fill his place."

"Why?" asked Bert, with interest.

"Because," said Mr. Mitchell slowly, "good stenographers do not grow on every bush; and it is difficult to find any one to whom I can intrust my private correspondence."

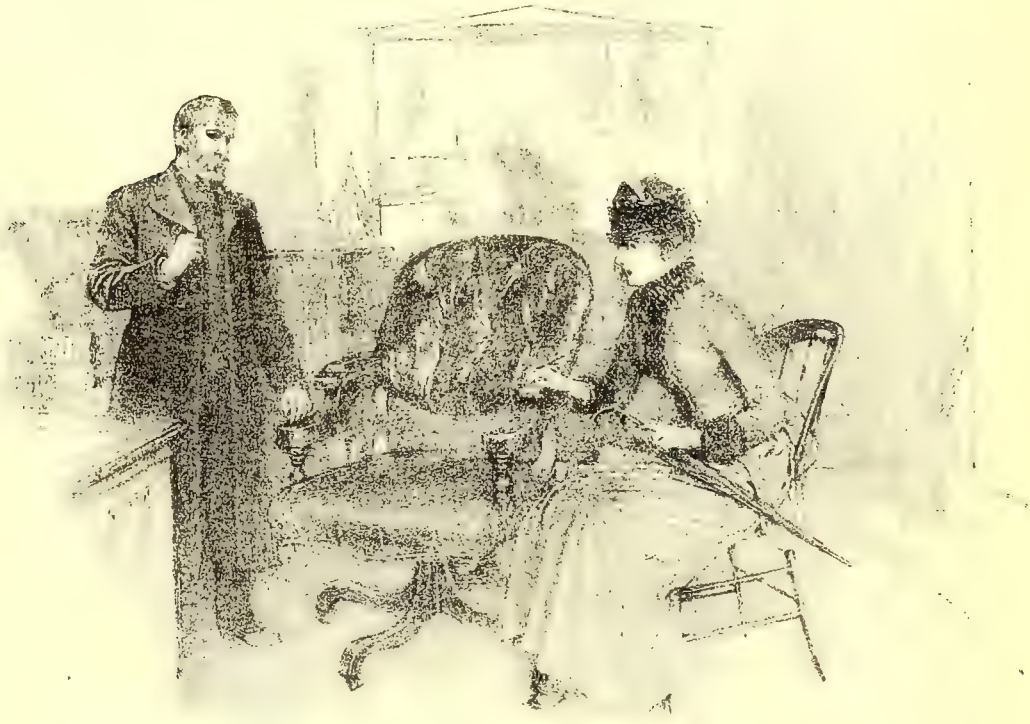
He took his coat from the hook and slowly put it on his shoulders, while Bert sat still, looking very lugubrious.

"Oh," she said slowly, "would your amanuensis have to know short-hand?"

"Of course," her father replied, looking somewhat surprised at the unusual interest in such affairs exhibited by his brilliant daughter, of whom he had perhaps been rather more proud than fond.

"You see," he continued, "I might as well write them myself as wait for him to write out my dictation in long hand."

Mr. Mitchell stepped into the general office to



BERT AND HER FATHER HAVE A BUSINESS INTERVIEW.

give a direction to one of the many clerks, all of whom were getting their hats with great promptness as the minute-hand neared six.

Bert sat looking thoughtfully at a fantastic cobweb in the corner.

When her father returned and asked her if she were ready to start, she still did not offer to stir; but, planting her umbrella firmly on the floor, she said in a very serious voice, but with a gleam in her eyes:

"Sir, I called strictly on business. Hearing that your confidential clerk had gone South because of weak lungs, I came to apply — pray take a seat, sir; you seem about to faint — to apply for the place."

Mr. Mitchell sat down.

"To be frank, sir, I must own that I am not *thoroughly* conversant with short-hand, but I should immediately go to work to perfect my knowledge, and in the meantime I should endeavor to be of valuable assistance to you."

By this time, the senior member of the firm looked so helplessly confused that Bert began to laugh, breaking down utterly in her commercial tone of voice. Then she added in a rush of words, as she made a dash at her father and clasped her hands behind his neck: "Oh, *do* let me, Papa! — I 'd be *very* confidential, and I 'm just wild to earn some money!"

At this last remark, the astounded man probably would have gasped, had not his daughter prevented such an expression by a kiss.

"You poor dazed man!" she laughed. "Now please sit down, and it will take me just two minutes to explain my strange conduct; you will accept me as your helper in one second more; and then I shall commit my first act of indiscretion as your clerk, by walking home arm-in-arm with my employer."

By this time Mr. Mitchell had risen equal to the joke, as he still considered the entire comedy, and demanded references as to her epistolary ability. Bert at once deafened him with an avalanche of names; but she immediately grew serious again, and began to explain frankly her new thoughts and desires.

Of course she was met by the usual discouragements with which the masculine mind teems, but she silenced them all by an earnest request for the privilege of a trial, like any other applicant for a clerkship.

At last, after much talking and earnest arguments, it was finally settled as they walked home under one umbrella, with a strange new sense of comradeship, that Bert should present herself at her father's office next morning in time for the opening of the mail.

Chapter IV.

"'So LET the wide world wag as it will,
I 'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy,
Gay and hap —— '"

"No doubt of it, Nan!" called Bert from the foot of the Ferrises' stairs, early next morning.

Nan suddenly ceased expressing her intentions in song, and appeared leaning over the balustrade, with a blue veil tied over her head, waving a dust-cloth. When she saw that it was Bert, who had interrupted her strain of melody, she proceeded to finish the verse, ignoring the break, and singing:

"'—— py,
I 'll be gay and happy still!'"

Then she cried: "Why, Bert! what brought you over at such an unearthly hour in the morning?" But, without waiting for an explanation of so startling an event, she went on, "Oh, come upstairs — I 've changed my room all about, and it is very much prettier."

Bert looked fresh and alert as she took out her watch and said laughing:

"I can't, thank you; have n't time; besides, I 'm afraid my enthusiasm would n't come up to your expectations, as I think I 've missed one or two of your Friday revolutions, and probably all your things are back again where I last saw them."

"Oh, no!" Nan retorted; "this combination has never before been offered to an American public!"

"What! Have you turned your mirror to the wall and your bed up-side-down?"

"Bert, you 're saucy!" cried Nan. "But why are you in such a hurry?"

"Because," Bert began sententiously, "a business woman can't waste mornings at this rate. *My* oysters and salad are earned by the labor of my hands, and depend upon a faithful discharge of my duties. Good-morning, idle worms! I am off; my employer will be expecting me," and the lofty confidential clerk stalked tragically toward the door.

"Your *what?*" cried Nan, while Evelyn flew out of her room and demanded, "What under the sun are you talking about, Bert?"

Bert was now leaning against the newel-post in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Girls," she said with great impressiveness, "I mean exactly what I say — I 'm ahead of you all! Aha, my precious Nan! I am due this morning at the office of 'N. F. Mitchell & Company, wholesale and retail seed house,' in the capacity of private secretary!"

"Oh, Bert," commented Evelyn with sympathetic pride in her friend. "Oh, you dear, brave Bert!"

Nan was silent for a moment, but her shining eyes were eloquent with surprise and delight; finally she said slowly, with returning incredulity:

"No, Bert—you don't really mean it—you are jesting."

"Jesting! Please come and see me perched on a stool six feet high, with an inky streak across my nose, and my fingers a sight to behold! Well," glancing again with a business-like air at her watch, "call at the office, since you have nothing else to do, and look in, but don't dare to speak to me. Good-bye!" she said as she opened the door; "good-bye!" she shouted from the front steps, and "good-bye!" again at the gate; while Nan and Evelyn gazed after her and then at each other.

"'I 'm struck spachless,' as the Irishman said," murmured Nan, sinking upon the top step.

"I think it 's grand news," asserted Evelyn, with a deep sigh of gratification; "let 's hurry up with our work, and go to Cathy's this afternoon! Wont she be astonished!"

And away they sped to their own rooms and their own plans.

Not that these two sisters led lives apart, for they were the best of friends, and had already discussed their respective hopes and fears. The fears were usually monopolized by Evelyn, who was of a timid, self-distrustful nature and hesitated to attempt many things where Nan rushed boldly in. But if she was not made to lead, she was well adapted to follow, if only she were encouraged by a more dauntless spirit. Nan was such a spirit; yet Evelyn, in her quiet way, often held her impulsive sister to a purpose when the dull reaction from high enthusiasms set in with Nan.

And so it came about that when Nan flattened her nose against the window-pane on that rainy day, she also flattened her spirits by a deliberate survey of her available accomplishments; and when, half an hour later, Evelyn came in, it was to find her younger sister, the stalwart ex-champion of independence and fun, with a shiny nose and moist-looking eyes!

"Why, my dear Nannie," said Evelyn, tenderly, hastening to her sister's side and putting her arms about her, "what troubles you?"

This sympathy caused a fresh sniffle, to be duly smothered in the damp handkerchief, while the meek sufferer moaned, "Oh, I 'm *mad!*"

Evelyn smiled, for she knew that when Nan thought how "mad" she was, she would stop crying.



THE CHAMPION NEEDS ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Yes," she resumed brokenly, though her voice gained strength as she went on, "I am about as disgusted and angry as I can be!"

"For what reason?" asked her sister.

"Because," replied Nan, with a catch in her breath, "because I 'm not a *man*—if you must know! Here only yesterday I had enough courage and determination to start two boys in a good lucrative business, and now to-day I face the fact

that nobody has expected me to do or to be anything in particular, and that all my expensive education has n't provided me with a single weapon to fight my way with, if I had to fight. Why, even if I were reduced to begging," she added, with a sniff, "I should n't know enough to warm over the cold pieces I received! Don't you think it is just too bad to be a girl?"

"I used to think so," Evelyn answered slowly, turning her head away to arrange the draping of a curtain. But in a moment she resumed her elderly-sister fashion of speech — she was three years Nan's senior — "No, Nannie, if you really wish to be brave and self-reliant, you have full opportunity to be so, as you are."

"But what can I *do?*" broke in Nan, stormily; "boys always have some occupation ready and waiting for them."

"Oh, no, they have n't!" answered Evelyn. "Just think how many college students we have known who have n't decided on a profession until their senior year. They study the various branches and callings until they find in which line they have the most ability."

"Oh, dear! there it is again!" sighed Nan hopelessly "they always do develop a taste for something, and then everything is all right. But I don't long to do *anything* except to be miserable about it," she again sighed. "But, to return to the point at issue, my dear sister, will you have the kindness to mention *what* I do well?"

"You are capable in many ways and at many tasks; whatever you do succeeds."

"What?" wildly demanded Nan.

"Why, your hats are more Parisian than Paris; you draw well, paint well, and you are certainly very ingenious. Look at this room!"

They both looked and saw a very quaint and dainty room, made pretty, moreover, not by money, but by taste and skill. Even the owner's troubled countenance relaxed as she contemplated the effect of some yellow cushions she had recently added to an old chair that she had reclaimed from the shades of the attic, and had thus adorned.

"Yes," she assented reluctantly, "my room is rather satisfactory; but who is going to pay me for making oriental divans out of old piano-boxes, I 'd like to know?"

As Evelyn did n't immediately order one, Nan went on, dejectedly dropping her chin into her palm. "But I should like to be artistic — even for money's sake, you know. I want to have a studio, with queer bits of drapery that you don't have to mend or hem. I 'd like to be a decorative artist, and go into people's houses and sweep out all the hideous steamboat furniture one sees. And I wish to know artists, and to have them come to my studio and eat sardines and crackers, and play Spanish airs on a banjo while I paint things to astonish the world. No, on second thought, I 'd rather design, and if I could play the banjo myself while I thought up new ideas — would n't that be lovely!" she shouted gleefully.

She was quite cheerful now, with her little imaginary exploits.

"Then an artist is what you are fitted to be, Nan, dear," announced her sister with conviction; "for what any one wishes to be, that he *may* be."

Nan received this scrap of philosophy with a shrug.

"Yes, if he is a long-headed old fellow and wishes within his limits!" she said.

"But I think some sort of artistic achievement is within your limits," urged Evelyn.

Nan bestowed a grateful look at her sister, but immediately voiced another objection: "Where am I going to begin? People are always talking about the 'avenues now freely opened to our emancipated sisters,' but no one ever tells a poor girl exactly how to begin — what to do first. Men have chances and opportunities."

"Yes," Evelyn quickly rejoined; "and do you know how they happen to fill them? By being equal to their demands. If I were you, I should go to work and perfect some incomplete accomplishment. But I hear Mother calling. Come, cheer up, sister mine! 'We miss the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt,' you know."

This saying was a truth that had often been urged by Nan upon Evelyn's own attention during seasons of self-abasement; so there was a touch of sarcasm in the elder sister's smile, as she glanced back from the door.

By that time, however, Nan's nose was assuming its natural hue, and life began to look more hopeful, for she had a strong spirit that liked to conquer obstacles.

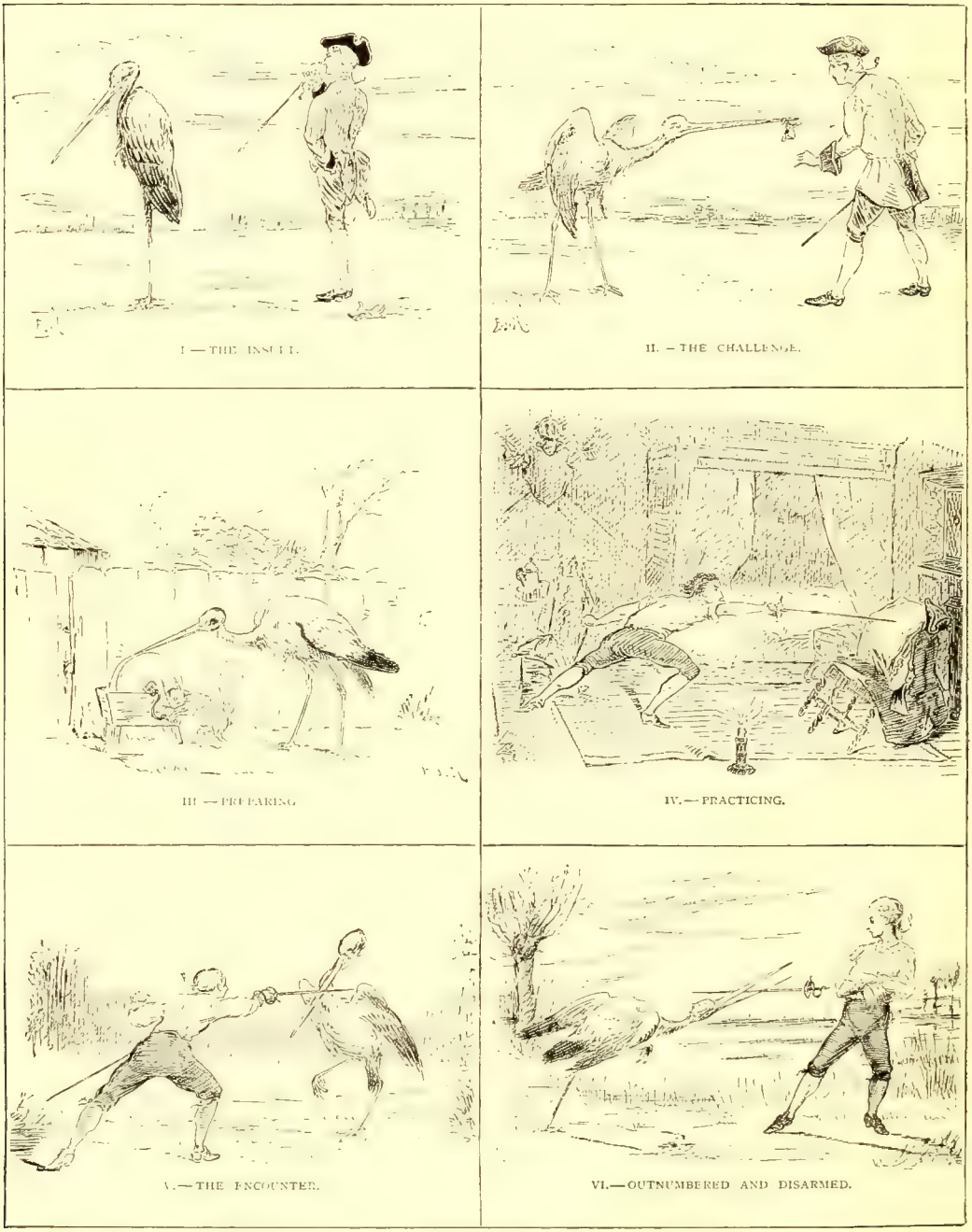
"Yes, Nan Ferris," she thought, "it is about as that wise old Evelyn says; you have as good a chance as anybody without respect to sex, and you *shall* be something worthy of existence! You shall do some one thing so well that somebody will be frantic to pay you a fabulous price for it. And what will you do with this wealth?" she went on, addressing herself. "Are you so base that you yearn for filthy lucre for its own sake? No, Nan Ferris, you are not. First you will pay your own little bills, and lighten your father's cares instead of his pocket; and then, may be, you can go on lovely little sketching tours in the summer; and, perhaps — oh, Nan! — perhaps, if you are a great success, you can go to Europe some time and study art!"

This climax of prospective bliss was so top-heavy that the whole delightful pile came crashing down, laying bare to this architect of her own fortunes the uncertain foundation on which she had built.

(To be continued.)

A DUEL WITH A STORK.

By Frederick J. Hibbert.



I.—THE INSULT.

II.—THE CHALLENGE.

III.—PREPARING.

IV.—PRACTICING.

V.—THE ENCOUNTER.

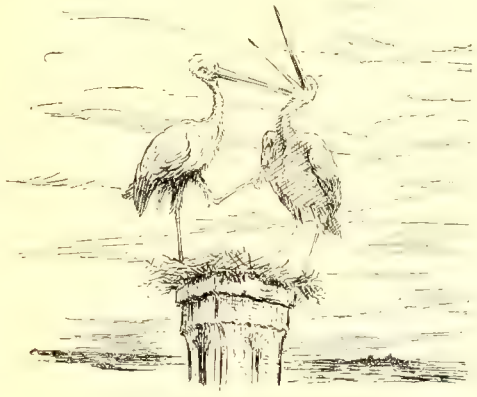
VI.—OUTNUMBERED AND DISARMED.



VII.—ALLOWED TO RECOVER ARMS.



VIII.—IN FULL RETREAT.



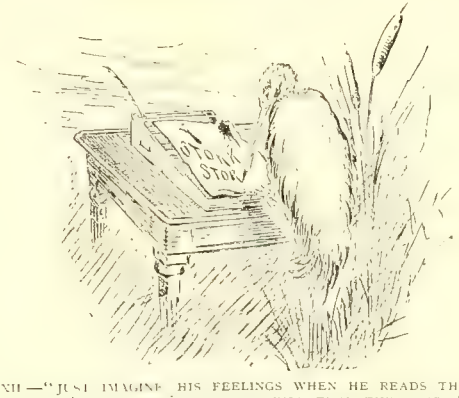
IX.—"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM RUN! HA, HA!"



X.—"YOU NOTICE THAT WE ARE NOT INSULTED ANY MORE!"



XI.—"IT WAS TOO GOOD AN ADVENTURE TO BE LOST. I MUST WRITE AN ACCOUNT OF IT."



XII.—"JUST IMAGINE HIS FEELINGS WHEN HE READS THIS IN PRINT! THE PEN *is* EVEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD!"

BOPEEP.

By Sydney Dayre.

We have been playing bopeep to-day,
Out on the sand-dunes along the bay.
Who was our playmate, do you think?
You could n't guess who gave us a wink
And hid his face in the funniest place,—
Behind a bit of a soft white cloud!
And Polly and I we laughed aloud
To see how the sun enjoyed the fun.
And then he gave us another peep
Before we could hide in the sedges deep.

Many a little cloud went by,
Floating up in the blue, blue sky—
Oh, it was jolly for me and Polly
To watch the sun look slyly out
To see what we were laughing about!
We kept as quiet as mice, we two,
While he was sailing along the blue,
Till he hid behind a patch of white,
And then we hurried with all our might
To hide again for a little while,
Before he came with his beaming smile
And seemed to try whether Polly and I
Or he could beat, as he went to find
Another white cloud to hide behind.

At last he was tired, and hid his head
In clouds of purple and gold and red;
And we were tired, so in we came
To tell what a merry, lively game
We had in the meadow—just we three
The good old sun with Polly and me.



"AT LAST HE WAS TIRED AND HID HIS HEAD."

AN ARMY.

By A. C.

An army of children encamped by the sea!
What a muster of warriors 't is getting to be!
They are coming in clans, with their mothers and maids;
They come in battalions, with buckets and spades;
They are coming to make a descent on our coast,—
They will alter the shape of it, sure!—such a host!
Intrenching and digging from morning till night!
What foe would dare scale such redoubts in a fight?

Could any invader such parapets take
As these forts that the sturdy young champions make?
See them shoulder their shovels and march to the fray—
See them merrily join the long battle array!
Here 's a wave! On their works it begins its attacks!
Oh! Alas!—Our brave soldiers are turning their backs!
Ah, they rally,—they charge! No more flight, nor affright!
They recapture the forts, and they 'll fight until night!



"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR"?
—*(Ask this little girl.)*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

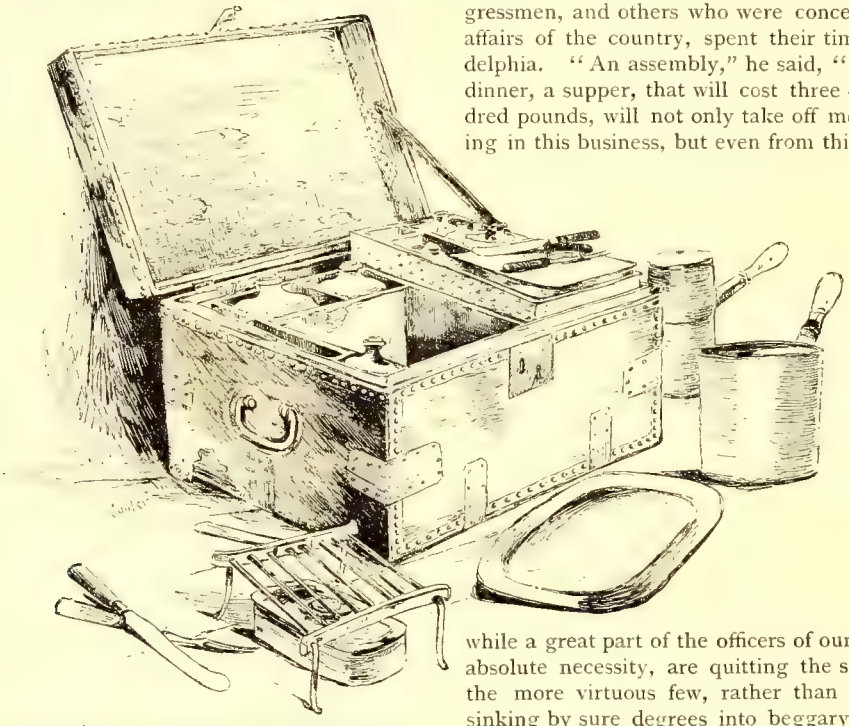
[*An Historical Biography.*]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

THE battle of Monmouth was the last great battle before the final victory at Yorktown. The three and a half years which intervened, however,



WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST AND COOKING UTENSILS.
[NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON, D. C.]

were busy years for Washington. He was obliged to settle disputes between the French and American officers, to order the disposition of the forces, and to give his attention to all the suggestions of plans for action. He was greatly concerned that Congress should be growing weak and inefficient. Here was a man, whom some had foolishly supposed to be aiming at supreme power, only anxious that the civil government should be strengthened. He saw very clearly that while the separate States were looking after their several affairs, the Congress which represented the whole country was losing its influence and power. "I think our political system," he wrote, "may be compared to the mechanism of a clock, and that we should derive a lesson from it; for it answers no good purpose to keep the smaller wheels in order, if the greater one, which is the support and prime mover of the whole, is neglected."

He was indignant at the manner in which Congressmen, and others who were concerned in the affairs of the country, spent their time in Philadelphia. "An assembly," he said, "a concert, a dinner, a supper, that will cost three or four hundred pounds, will not only take off men from acting in this business, but even from thinking of it; while a great part of the officers of our army, from absolute necessity, are quitting the service; and the more virtuous few, rather than do this, are sinking by sure degrees into beggary and want." How simply he himself lived may be seen by the jocose letter which he wrote to a friend, inviting him to dine with him at headquarters. The letter is addressed to Dr. Cochran, Surgeon-General in the army:

"DEAR DOCTOR: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprize them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish, to about six feet, which,

without them, would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours."

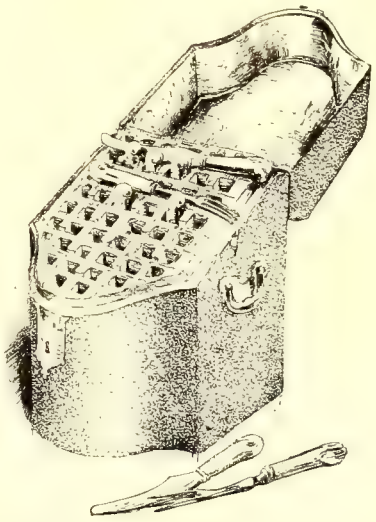
The main activity of the two armies in the last years of the war was in the South, where General Gates, and after him General Greene, were engaged in a contest with Lord Cornwallis. Washington, meanwhile, kept his position on the Hudson, where he could watch the movements of the enemy still in strong force in New York. The care of the whole country was on his shoulders, for, except by his personal endeavors, it was impossible for the armies to secure even what support they did receive from Congress and the State governments. The letters written by Washington during this period disclose the numberless difficulties which he was obliged to meet and overcome. He was the one man to whom all turned, and he gave freely of himself. How completely he ignored his own personal interests may be seen by an incident which occurred at Mount Vernon.

Several British vessels had sailed up the Chesapeake and Potomac, and had pillaged the country roundabout. When these vessels lay off Mount Vernon, the manager of Washington's estate, anxious to save the property under his charge, went out and bought off the marauders by a liberal gift. Washington wrote at once, rebuking him for his conduct. In the letter, he used these words:

"I am very sorry to hear of your loss: I am a little sorry to hear of my own; but that which gives me most concern is, that you should go on board the enemy's vessel and furnish them with refreshments. It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them with a view to prevent a conflagration. It was not in your power, I acknowledge, to prevent them from sending a flag on shore, and you did right to meet it; but you should, in the same instant that the business of it was unfolded, have declared explicitly that it was improper for you to yield to their request; after which, if they had proceeded to help themselves by force, you could but have submitted; and being unprovided for defense, this was to be preferred to a feeble opposition, which only serves as a pretext to burn and destroy."

In July, 1781, Washington's army, which was watching Sir Henry Clinton in New York, was reenforced by the French troops, and at the same time a French squadron cruised off the coast ready to co-operate. General Greene was crowding Lord Cornwallis in the South and edging him up into Virginia, and the design was to keep the two British armies apart, and defeat each. But the siege of New York was likely to be a long one, and the French admiral had orders to repair to the West Indies in the fall. So time was precious.

Accordingly, Washington determined to mass his troops in Virginia, unite the northern and southern armies, and, in conjunction with the French fleet, completely crush Cornwallis. It was necessary, however, that Clinton, in New York, should suspect nothing of this scheme, or else he, too, would join Cornwallis. The change of plan was carried out with great skill. Letters were written detailing



KNIFE-AND-FORK-CASE USED BY WASHINGTON.

imaginary movements, and these letters fell into the hands of the British general, who supposed that great preparations were making to attack him in New York. Meanwhile, a few troops only were left in camp at White Plains, while the rest of the army crossed the Hudson and moved rapidly to Virginia. It was not until the two armies were within reach of each other that Clinton learned what had really been going on.

Washington took this opportunity to make a flying visit to Mount Vernon. It was the first time he had been there since he left it to attend that meeting of the Continental Congress at which he had been chosen Commander-in-Chief. He had never lost sight of his home, however. Thither his thoughts often turned, and many a time, amid the anxieties and cares of his burdensome life, he looked with longing toward the quiet haven of Mount Vernon. He wrote weekly to the manager of his estate, and he gave him one general rule of conduct in this wise: "Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go away hungry. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness."

He staid but a couple of days at Mount Vernon, where he was joined by Count Rochambeau, and then he hastened to the headquarters of the army at Williamsburg. It was now the middle of September. Cornwallis was at Yorktown, and everything depended on the ability of the combined French and American forces to capture his army before he could be re-enforced by Clinton. The leading generals of the American army were there eagerly directing operations, and Washington was at the front superintending the works, for the men were fighting Cornwallis with the spade as well as with cannon. Washington put the match to the first gun that was fired. One who was in the army at the time relates an incident that came under his notice:

"A considerable cannonading from the enemy; one shot killed three men, and mortally wounded another. While the Rev. Mr. Evans, our chaplain, was standing near the Commander-in-Chief, a shot struck the ground so near as to cover his hat with sand. Being much agitated, he took off his hat, and said, 'See here, General!' 'Mr. Evans,' replied his excellency, with his usual composure, 'you 'd better carry that home and show it to your wife and children.'"



"PRESENTLY A BALL DID STRIKE THE CANNON, AND, ROLLING OFF, FELL AT WASHINGTON'S FEET."

Indeed it seemed to many that Washington bore a charmed life, and it was often said that he was under the special protection of God. He was fearless, and constantly exposed to danger, but his constant escapes made him cool and self-possessed, and the admiration of his men. He was excited by the events which were hurrying the war to the close, and he watched with intense earnestness the several assaults which were made on the works. Once he had dismounted and was standing by Generals Knox and Lincoln at the grand battery. It was not a safe place, for, though they were behind a fortification, it was quite possible for shot to enter the opening through which they were looking. One of his aids, growing nervous, begged him to leave, for the place was very much exposed.

"If you think so," said Washington, "you are at liberty to step back." Presently a ball did strike the cannon, and, rolling off, fell at Washington's feet. General Knox seized him by the arm.

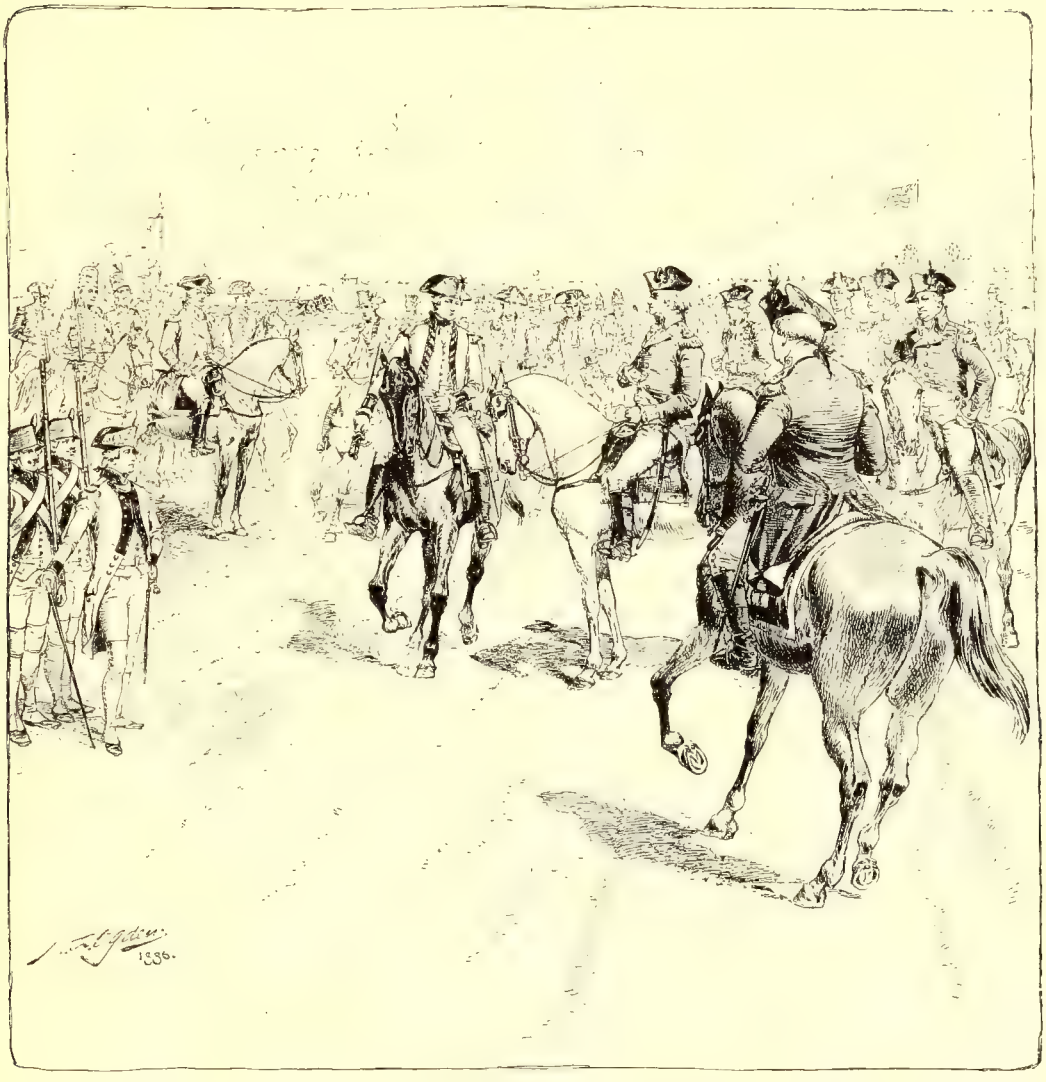
"My dear General," said he, "we can't spare you yet."

"It 's a spent ball," replied Washington, coolly. "No harm is done." He watched the action until the redoubts which his men had been assaulting were taken; then he drew a long breath of relief and turned to Knox.

"The work is done," he said emphatically; "and well done."

The siege was short, the work was sharp, for it was full of enthusiasm and hope, and when, on October 19, the army of Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington, there was a tumult of rejoicing in camp which was long remembered. Washington issued orders that the army should give thanks to God. "Divine service," he said, "is to be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The Commander-in-Chief earnestly recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us."

The officers of the combined armies spent some time in the neighborhood, and there was a great ball given at Fredericksburg by the citizens of the place. The most distinguished guest was the mother of Washington, then seventy-four years old, who came into the room leaning on the arm of her son. She was quiet and dignified, as one after another of the French officers made his bow and his complimentary speech; but I think there must have been a great deal of motherly pride in her heart, though it is said that when her George came to see her alone after the victory at Yorktown, she spoke to him of his health, marked the lines of care in his face, spoke of his early days, and gave him a mother's caution, but said nothing of the glory he had won. To the last he was her boy, and not America's hero.



SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

Chapter XXI.

WASHINGTON RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION.

After the surrender of Yorktown and the departure of the French, Washington established his headquarters at Newburgh on the Hudson. There he remained with the army until it was disbanded; and the house in which he lived is carefully preserved and shown as an historical museum.

There is a pleasant story of La Fayette's affectionate remembrance of the life there. Just before his death, which occurred in 1834, he gave a dinner party in Paris to the American Minister and some friends who had been old associates. Later in the evening, when it came time for supper, the guests were ushered into a room which was in strange contrast with the elegance of the apartments they had been in. The ceiling was low, with large beams crossing it; there was a single small, uncurtained window, and several small doors. It looked more like an old-fashioned Dutch kitchen than a room in a French house. A long, rough table was meagerly set. A dish of meat stood on it, some uncouth-looking pastry,

and wine in decanters and bottles, ready to be poured out into glasses and camp-mugs.

"Do you know where we are now?" asked La Fayette as his companions looked about puzzled, and as if in a dream. "Ah! the seven doors and one window! and the silver camp-goblets! We are at Washington's headquarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!" He had reproduced the room as a surprise to his friends.

Peace did not come at once after Yorktown; there was still fighting in a desultory way, but all knew that the end was not far off. Yet the soldiers could not go back to their homes, and Congress was shamefully remiss about paying them. Murmurs deep and loud arose, and Washington suffered keenly from the neglect shown to the army. It required all his patience and tact to keep the murmurs from breaking out into violent action. With no military duty to perform, and with the impatience of men who were suffering injustice, the officers and men began to form all sorts of plans.

One of the officers — and how many agreed with him is not known, but the sentiment easily took this form — one of the officers wrote to Washington that it was clear that Congress was a failure. The army had won independence, but no reliance could be placed on the Government. How much more stable was the Government of England! Would not such a government be after all the best for America? It might not be necessary to call the head of the government a king, though even that title many would prefer, but the head ought to have the power of a king. There was much more to the same effect, and the letter was really a feeler to see how Washington would look upon such a movement, which, of course, aimed to make him the monarch of the new nation. Washington did not hesitate a moment, but wrote a letter which must have made the officer's ears tingle, however honest he may have been in his opinion. Washington said:

"With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which, to me, seems big with the greatest mischief that can befall any country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my powers and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."

A graver peril arose, and Washington redeemed his promise to stand by the army. In spite of the united effort of the army and its friends in Congress, no satisfactory arrangement was made for paying the long-delayed wages due to the soldiers. On March 10, 1783, a notice was issued in the camp at Newburgh, calling a meeting of the officers. The notice was not signed by any name, and with it was sent out an address which rehearsed the wrongs suffered by the army and hinted that the time had come when the soldiers must take matters into their own hands and compel Congress to attend to their demands. It was an appeal to which the officers were ready to listen, and every one was in so excited a condition that it was impossible to say what might not be done.

Washington, at any rate, saw there was great danger, and he at once seized the occasion. He issued an order calling attention to the address, and asking that the meeting should be postponed four days and then should convene at his invitation. This was to give the men time to cool off. When the day came, Washington, as soon as the meeting was called to order, made a long and powerful speech. He was not a ready speaker, and so, feeling the importance of the occasion, he had written out what he had to say, and he began to read it to the officers. He had read only a sentence, when he stopped, took out his spectacles, and said, as he put them on:

"Gentlemen, you will pardon me for putting on my glasses. I have grown gray in your service, and I now find myself growing blind."

It was a simple thing to say, and simply said, but it touched the soldiers, and made them very tender to their commander, and more ready even than before to listen to his counsel. Washington went on to say:

"If my conduct heretofore has not evinced to you that I have been a faithful friend to the army, my declaration of it at this time would be equally unavailing and improper. But, as I was among the first who embarked in the cause of our common country; as I have never left your side one moment, save when called from you on public duty; as I have been the constant companion and witness of your distresses, and not among the last to feel and acknowledge your merits; as I have considered my own military reputation as inseparably connected with that of the army: as my heart has ever expanded with joy, when I have heard its praises, and my indignation has arisen, when the mouth of detraction has been opened against it; it can scarcely be supposed, at this late stage of the war, that I am indifferent to its interests."

He used all his personal influence to heal the breach between the army and Congress, and he brought the officers back to a more reasonable mind. All the while he was writing to members of Congress and doing his utmost to bring about a just treatment of the army.

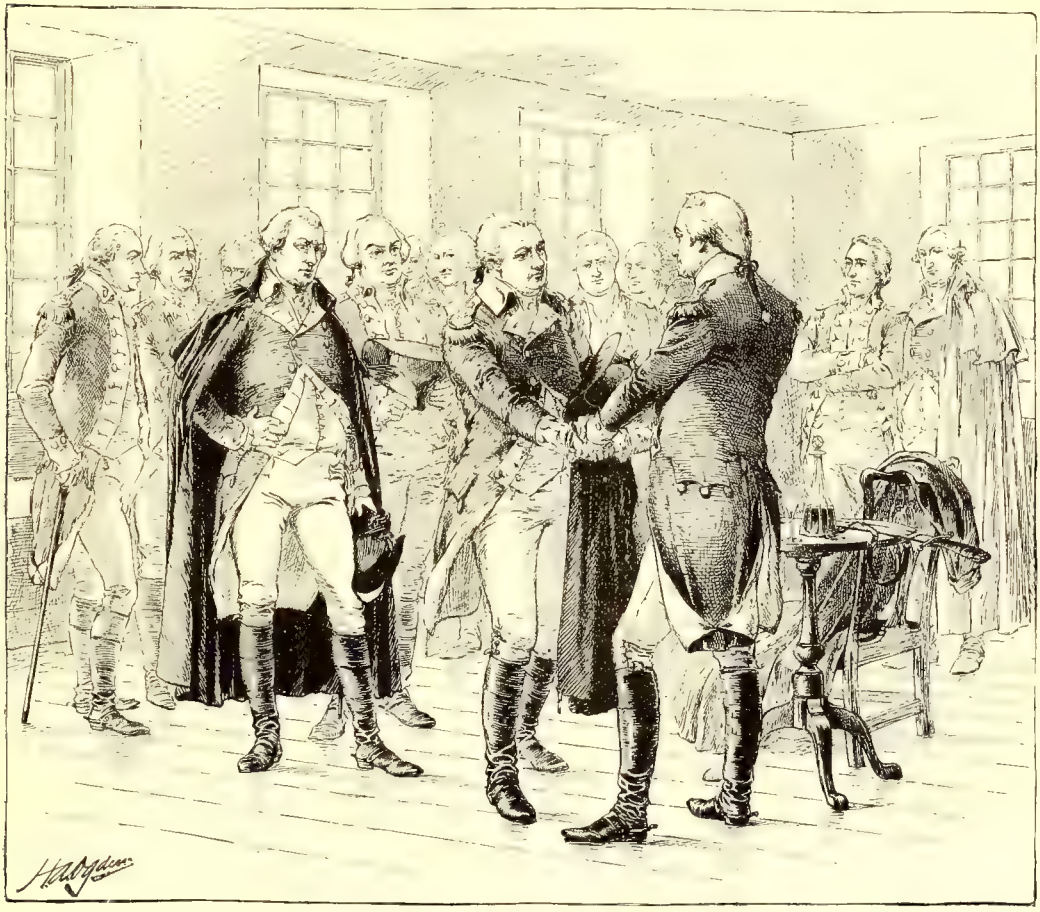
When the time came to disband the army, Washington, ready as he was to go back to his home, could not forget that the work of the past seven years would not be completed until the people which had become independent was united under a strong government. He was the foremost man in the country; he was also profoundly aware of the difficulties through which they were yet to pass, and he addressed a long letter to the governors of the several States. Congress was weak and unable to take the lead. The States were each provided with governments, and were the real powers, but Washington saw clearly that it would not do to have thirteen independent governments in the country, each looking only after its own interests. So in this letter he tried to show the States the importance of four things:

1. An indissoluble union of the States under one head.

2. The payment of all the debts contracted by the country in the war.

3. The establishment of a uniform militia system throughout the country.—He did not advise having a standing army, but he thought all the men should be drilled in their neighborhoods, formed into companies, and be ready in any peril to take up arms again.

4. The cultivation of a spirit of confidence between different parts of the country. He had seen so much jealousy and prejudice that he knew how dangerous these were to the peace of the country.



WASHINGTON BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS GENERALS.

At last the time came when the army was disbanded. A few of the troops only and their officers went with Washington to New York when the British left the city. There was rejoicing everywhere; but it was a sorrowful moment when Washington took leave in person of the officers

who had stood by him through the long, dreary years of the war. He was about to leave the city to be ferried across the North River to the Jersey shore, and his old friends gathered to say good-bye at Fraunces' Tavern, in Broad street. When he entered the room he could scarcely command his voice. He said a word or two, and they all drank a farewell toast, as the custom was in those days. Then Washington said: "I can not come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

General Knox stood nearest, and he held out his hand. The tears were in Washington's eyes as he turned to his old comrade and grasped his hand. He drew the strong man to him — Knox was nearly twenty years younger than Washington, and very dear to him — and kissed him. Not a word could either of them speak. Another general followed and another, each greeted with the same affection; and then Washington left the room, passed through the corps of infantry which stood on guard, and walked to Whitehall, followed by the whole company, a silent procession. He entered the barge, turned as the boat pushed off, and waved his hat in silent adieu. The officers returned the salute in the same way, and then turned and in silence marched back to Fraunces'.

Washington went to Philadelphia. Congress was in session at Annapolis, but the Treasury was in Philadelphia. On receiving his commission as Commander-in-Chief, Washington had announced that he would receive no money for services, but would keep an exact account of all his expenses. That account he had kept as carefully and scrupulously as any book-keeper in a bank, and he now rendered it to the Comptroller of the Treasury. It was in his own handwriting, every item set down and explained. I know of few incidents in Washington's career which show the character of the man better than this. He held that a sacred trust had been reposed in him, and he meant to be faithful in the least particular.

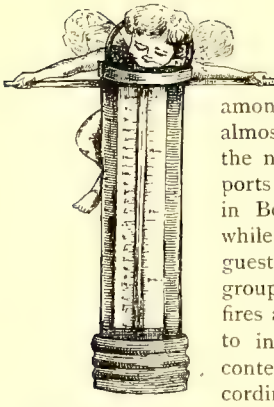
On December 23, 1783, Congress was assembled at Annapolis. The gallery was filled with ladies. The Governor, Council, and Legislature of Maryland, several officers, and the Consul-General of France were on the floor. The Members of Congress were seated and wore their hats to signify that they represented the Government. The spectators stood with bare heads. General Washington entered and was conducted by the Secretary of Congress to a seat. When all was quiet, General Mifflin, who was then President of Congress, turned to Washington and said: "The United States, in Congress assembled, is prepared to receive the communications of the Commander-in-Chief."

Washington rose and read a short address, in which he resigned his commission. He delivered the paper into the hands of the President, who replied with a little speech; and Washington was now a private citizen. The next day he left Annapolis, and made all haste to return to his beloved Mount Vernon.

To be continued.

ON THE WILLEY-BROOK TRESTLE.

By Willis Boyd Allen.



THERE had been rain among the mountains for almost a week. Every day the newspapers brought reports of clear, warm weather in Boston and New York, while the Crawford House guests gathered in shivering groups around their open fires and applied themselves to indoor occupations, discontentedly or cheerily, according to their various dispositions. Among the most impatient in the hotel was a group of young people, who, as the season drew to its close, were more eager than ever to improve each shining hour. The hours, however, refusing to shine on any terms, that gloomy September week, the bees were left "to hum," as Lou Elwin plaintively remarked.

When, therefore, the sun at last looked over the mountain-tops one cool, delicious morning, and with his shining fingers gently drew aside the misty draperies that had so long overhung the little valley of the Notch, great was the delight of old and young at Crawford's, and it was an eager company of boys and girls that assembled about the big parlor fireplace after breakfast. As soon as they were fairly together, half a dozen were chattering at once.

"Is n't it glorious?"

"What shall we do——?"

"Where shall——?"

"Fabyan's!"

"Tennis!"

"Bugle Cliff!"

"A walk down the track."

A shout of laughter greeted this last proposal, which was offered by a delicate-looking youth of about eighteen.

"Fred is afraid that he 'll rub the shine off his boots!" cried one of his companions, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Or tear that tennis suit on the rocks," suggested Lou Elwin, with a toss of her pretty head, as she leaned back in her chair and planted her own stout little boots emphatically on the hearth. Lou was the acknowledged leader among her set at Crawford's, that season, in all the jaunts and good times that were planned. She was a Boston girl, and she had her full share of the independent spirit that characterized her ancestors. Whenever the party set out on a scramble over the rough mountain-paths, her joyous laugh was sure to be heard far in advance of the rest; it was always her tennis-racket that met and returned the ball when the play was apparently lost; it was Lou Elwin whose name zigzagged all over the cards of the best partners an hour before dancing began.

Fred Seacomb did not quail, however, before her little broadside of irony, but just looked straight into her eyes for a moment, and said quietly, "You know better, Lou." And then he proceeded to argue his proposal, with such effect that in five minutes more the whole party of young folks were racing down the plank walk toward the railroad.

At the little rustic shop beyond the station, the girls stopped for caramels, packages of which the sterner element dutifully tucked into their coat-pockets, ready for instant use. Thus provisioned, they all struck off in the direction of the Notch, walking in twos and threes, on the railroad ties, or balancing with little shrieks and a great deal of laughter on the narrow rails. Lou, as usual, was ahead, but Fred soon caught up and took his place at her side.

For several minutes, nothing was said by either. Then Lou exclaimed, almost pettishly:

"Why do you try to be so quiet, and exact, and — and *different?*"

"You know, Lou, I can't stand quite so much as some of the other fellows. The doctor——"

"Oh, yes, I know. You 're up here for your health, and all that; but you might 'fly around' a little more, get a little bit — just the least little bit — rumpled, once in a while, like the rest of us!"

Fred laughed now, merrily enough, and perhaps would have defended himself, had not another boy of about his own age joined them at that moment, having caught the import of the girl's words.

"If you think Seacomb *can't* 'fly around,' Miss Elwin, you ought to see him in the gymnasium, at Harvard! He 's the best man on the bars in the Freshman class, and he can——"

"There, there, Arthur!" interrupted Fred, "girls don't care about such affairs as that. My blackest sin, just now, is the shine on my boots, is n't it, Lou?"

Fred had known her long, and as an intimate friend, and so he used her first name easily — a liberty rather envied by some of the later comers.

At the end of the Crawford plateau, they all turned away from the track for a few moments, to visit "The House that Jack Built." Of the mysterious "Jack," who was popularly believed to subsist on toads and snakes, the girls stood rather in awe, and so they left the boys to do the talking. Somewhat to Lou's surprise, Fred Seacomb seemed to be on excellent terms with the bluff Jack, who had been an English sailor. The party soon chorused good-bye, and ran back down the path to the track, to resume their excursion. They now entered the Notch itself, and for a few minutes even their gay laughter was hushed in the presence of those gray cliffs towering high, high above their heads. It seemed as if they were leaving the land of sunshine behind them, and were entering the very home of storm and avalanche. The iron track, clinging to the crumbling slope, gave no sense of security or conquest over the terrible forces of nature; rather, it was a frightened thing, like each one of themselves, at the mercy of the stern, granite-browed hills overhanging it.

They emerged from the dark ravine, and gazed on the fair valley opening before them, with a keen sense of relief which showed itself in a renewed chorus of happy, thoughtless talk and laughter. Once they sprang aside, and stood in a gay-colored group against the embankment, to let the nine o'clock Portland train pass. Then they went on, more merrily than ever, the girls gathering clusters of brilliant golden-rod and purple asters for their hats and belts. It was Fred who discovered a single blue violet blossoming serenely and cheerfully at that late day directly between the iron rails, and with all the desolateness of Mount Willard stretching up into the sky above it.

Lou took the offered flower without a word, and — wished it had been golden-rod.

"Is n't there *any* manliness about him?" she thought fretfully. "That was just like a girl. I believe I 'm more a boy than he is, now!"

She saved the violet, however, and tucked it away carefully, where it could not be injured or lost.

About a mile below the Notch, a small house stood beside the track, occupied by a young married couple and their two children, who were held up to the open window to look at the strangers. Fred handed in a spray of asters to the baby, and the bashful little mother took them with a nod and a pleased expression in her face. Lou had started to do the same thing, but drew back sharply, vexed again, when she saw Fred step forward with his flowers. The woman, however, had noticed her movement, and after a moment's hesitation beckoned to the girl. Lou was by this time some distance down the track, and shook her head, pleasantly enough; for, however much out of sorts, she rarely forgot herself so far as to be really rude to any one. The woman seemed anxious, as Lou was about to join her party, and leaned out of the window, pointing up the track and making gestures which were quite incomprehensible. But Lou was in no mood for trifling or lingering. She gave the baby a parting wave of her hand, and ran off after the rest, who had not noticed this little episode. Fred Seacomb was just in front, provokingly unconscious of her unfavorable opinion, and — what? yes, actually racing with one of the girls! Well, the morning was so bright, and Lou's own nature so like it, that the clouds soon blew away, and she was one of the merriest of the party as they drew near the agreed limit of their excursion.

The sun was well up over the mountains when they reached the upper end of the trestle-bridge which spans the deep chasm of Willey Brook. It was an uncanny sort of place, and as the girls crept up to the edge and looked down at the jagged bowlders eighty feet below, they shuddered and shrank back, with their hands over their eyes. One or two proposed starting for home at once, and the whole party probably would have begun the homeward march, had not one of the boys in an unlucky moment remarked in a loud whisper to his neighbor:

"'T would be just like Lou Elwin to propose to go across."

"I think she 's scared, though, this time," replied his companion with a laugh.

Lou stopped short, and the others with her. She had caught a part of the foolish words, and guessed the rest. Turning squarely about, she surveyed the yawning gulf, and the slender road across it, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. Her breath came quickly. She *was* afraid, but should the others know it — especially Fred Seacomb, whom she had been taunting with weakness?

Without otherwise announcing her intention, she walked deliberately toward the trestle, and stepped upon the narrow line of boards which were placed across the ties for a foot-way. Fred sprang forward and laid his hand on her arm.

"Lou! Surely you 'll not attempt ——"

"Fred Seacomb, I 'm going across this bridge. If you don't wish to go," she added, in a tone which implied more contempt than she meant, — she was so excited, — "you can sit down here and wait till we come back. Who 's going to follow?" she cried, raising her voice and glancing over her shoulder. She looked very pretty, standing there with a great cluster of asters in her belt, her eyes sparkling, and little wisps of hair blowing about her face. Two or three stout fellows came forward eagerly enough, and one of the girls. Fred had not moved. Lou could feel his fingers tremble on her arm. Now he tried to speak again, but she shook off his hand impatiently, and turned away.

"But, Miss Elwin — Lou ——" No, she would not listen. Already she was well out upon the trestle, and the wind, drawing down through the ravine, had begun to buffet her slender figure.

"Lou — you 've forgotten — *the train!*"

She could not hear now, if she would. The wind caught the words and hurled them away down the valley after the brook.

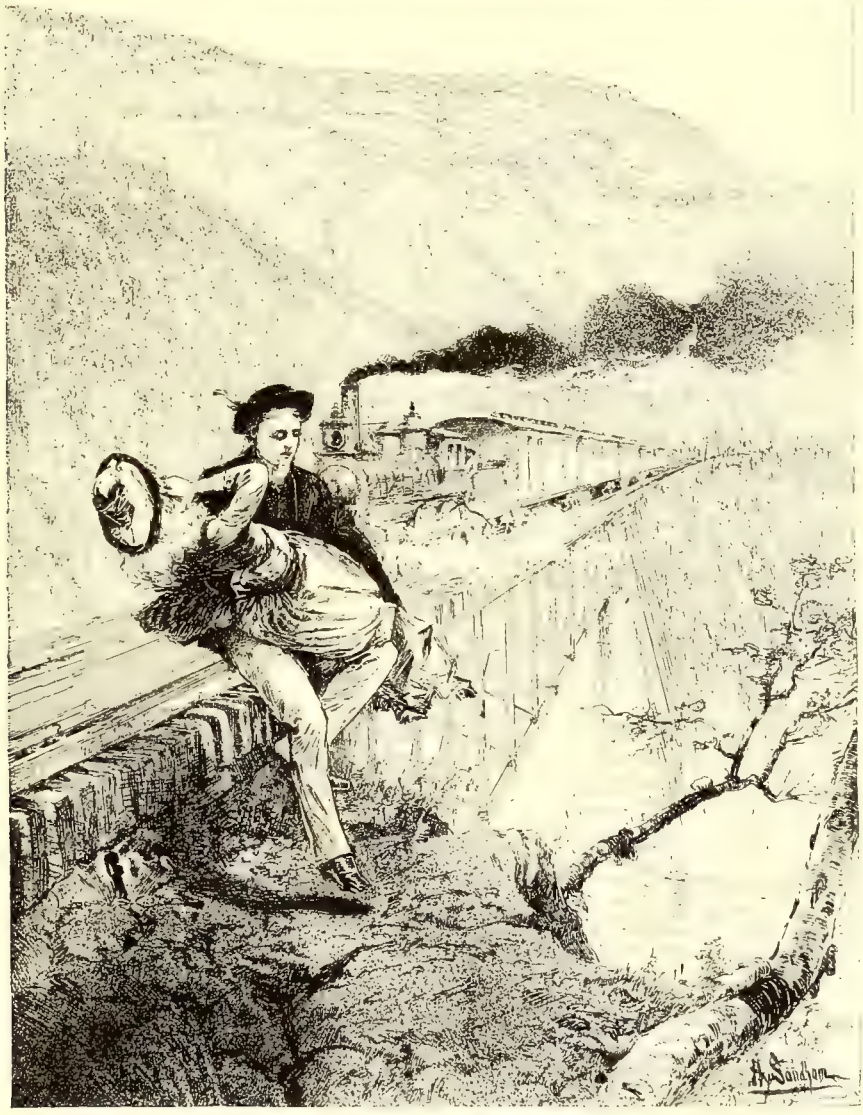
The boards were wet from the recent rains, and to her dismay she began to find it difficult to keep a steady footing. One moment, the wind would howl in her ears, and seize upon her fluttering dress with its powerful grasp until she was obliged to lean against it with her whole force; the next, the gust would die away, withdrawing its support so suddenly that she nearly fell. She could not turn, but she knew that those who had foolishly started after her must be some distance in the rear, for she heard nothing from them. She did not know that they had given up the perilous task and gone back at Fred's first warning.

Once, and only once, she ventured to look down through the trestle work. Far, oh! so far below, she could see the waters of the little stream as it lay among the rocks with no sound, but moving on its white way silently. At the same moment, a blast of wind grasped and shook her so fiercely that she well-nigh lost her balance on the uneven boards. There was no rail or support of any kind on either side or overhead; only space, space, whirling in the wind, and below, the rocks and the white brook.

Giddy, half fainting, she paused irresolutely, attempted, perhaps, to turn back, and sank upon the bridge with a sob of genuine terror, clinging to the smooth iron track and hiding her face in her hands.

As she did so, she heard a peculiar, vibrating hum in the rail that sent the blood to her heart. Behind her, in their safe position on the embank-

ment, the rest heard it, too, and, looking up, saw what was coming. The Boston express, with a long and heavily loaded train, was at that very moment rounding a curve not a mile above the trestle, and rushing upon them, a roaring, resistless avalanche of iron.



"THE TRAIN, TOO, WAS ON THE BRIDGE"

Lou felt as if she were in a nightmare. She tried to move, but was as motionless as if she were lashed to the bridge. As if in a bewildering dream, she faintly caught the sound of her companions' cries of terror and warning; in a bewildering dream, she heard two shrill notes echoing and re-echoing from the mountains far and near, and knew it was the agonized shriek of the great, laboring locomotive, powerless to prevent what the rocks below were waiting for. She had read in books of people who, in extreme peril, saw the details of their past life like a flash; with the wet iron rails quivering and twanging more and more loudly under her hands, she knew what it meant.

But even while the last accents of the whistle were sobbing themselves away in the distance, there came a sound of footsteps, light and swift. Two strong arms seized the girl about the waist, and, still, as if in a strange dream, she knew it was the languid, delicate Fred who was running with her in his arms along that fearful height.

A few moments later, a hollow roar and tremulous movement under his feet told that the train, too, was on the bridge.

When Fred leaped from the track, upon the farther side, the locomotive was not forty feet behind them. The engineer's pale face stared at them an instant from the cab; then the train, with groaning brakes, smoking axles, and a shower of cinders, thundered past and was gone. Not one of the passengers knew of the escape, or even of the danger.

It was afterward learned, however, that the appliances of the air-brake on the engine would not work that day, and the train, with its tremendous acquired momentum, ran to Bemis station, nine miles below, before it could be brought to a standstill.

With half-closed eyes, Lou lay helplessly on the mossy plot where Fred had placed her, and, in the slow waking from her dream, she watched him as he went to and fro, at first beckoning and making motions for the rest to join him by crossing the bed of the brook, and then confining his attention entirely to her.

His face was almost as white as her own, as he approached, but she gave him a smile and a grateful look that seemed to reassure him; and, after seeing that her position was as comfortable as circumstances would permit, he took off his thick jacket and laid it over her, in spite of a feeble protest,— for the September morning was still cool, and the wind whistled sharply through the ravine.

Next, Fred busied himself in gathering sticks, and, wet as they were, he succeeded, with the aid of several matches, in coaxing a blaze out of them, almost at her feet. By the time the rest of the company came panting up the steep slope, she had so far recovered as to sit up and hold out her cold hands to the cheery little fire which crackled and snapped merrily against a big bowlder.

Many were the clumsy inquiries of the boys, and the caresses of the girls as they came upon her sitting there, with Fred standing silently at one side — no longer jacketless, for she had pleaded so hard that he had put it on again.

There was some discussion as to what action should now be taken, some favoring a slow return to Crawford's by the road, some by the track, and some, a short walk further down the valley to the Willey House, where they could obtain rest and refreshment. After many sober arguments, quite different from the eager propositions in the parlor that morning, they decided to return at once to the hotel, and *not* by the track.

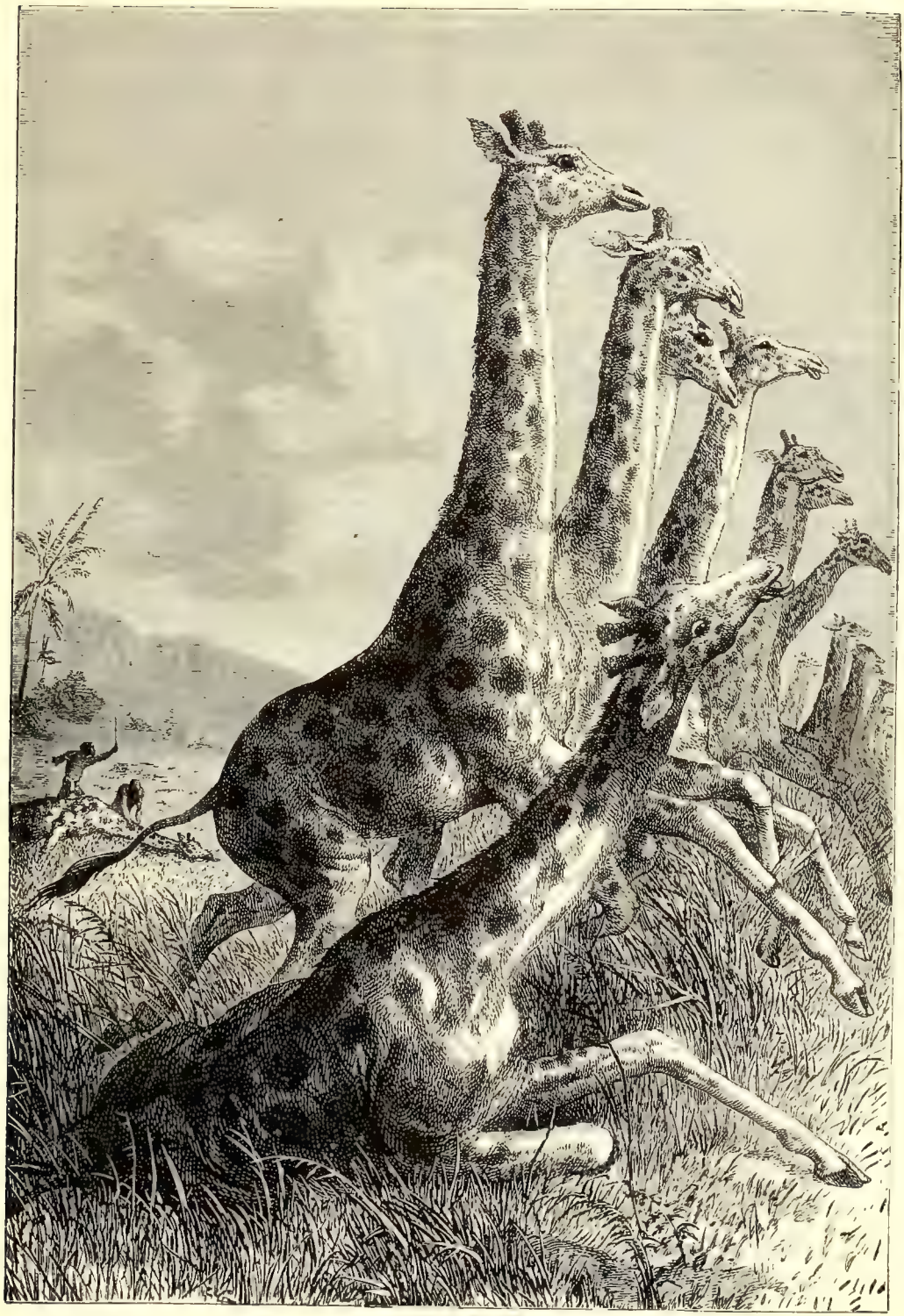
It was a very silent and nervous little group of young people that made its way down to the wagon road at the bottom of the valley. Fred had been nearly exhausted, after all, by his efforts, and Lou was so prostrated that they feared she could not get home at all. But the spirits and strength of the young are elastic, and by the time they repassed the Notch, one would hardly know, to look at them, that anything unusual had happened. It was agreed that all should say as little about the affair as possible. Accordingly, nearly all the party were in the parlor that night, dancing, chatting, and laughing as usual.

For the next few days, it was observed that Fred Seacomb did not play tennis, and that Lou Elwin never again chid him for his mild ways and moderate excursions. Report says that she told him, in her own frank way, that she was ashamed of her former treatment of him; at any rate, she will not hear a word said against him, among her friends; and not once since that day has she been known to accuse him of unmanliness.

THE GIRAFFE.

MANY years ago, a young Italian lad named Gordian, who had been proclaimed, when but fifteen years old, Emperor of Rome, gave the people of his native city a splendid entertainment or "triumph." And among the many strange and terrible beasts that passed in procession around his amphitheater, were ten curious animals — long-necked, long-legged, and small-headed, with tufted tails and queer little horns. They were of a tawny orange color, beautifully spotted and marked. They were driven around the arena in gilded chariots by their Ethiopian drivers, and were such an odd combination of the body of a camel and the spots of a leopard that the people, who gazed upon them in wonder and surprise, gave to the strange beasts the name of "Camelopardus," or camel-leopard.

This singular animal, however, had long been known to the Arabians, under the name of "Xirapha," or "the long-necked." And from this title



A HERD OF GIRAFFES.

comes our word "giraffe," the popular name now given to the odd-looking beast that the boy-emperor exhibited in his circus sixteen centuries ago.

It is indeed a curious animal. Its chief characteristics are its length of neck and its high fore-quarters. The head is sometimes seventeen feet from the ground, and specimens have been found measuring over twenty feet from hoof to nose. The apparent height of the fore-quarters is not due, as is supposed, to a greater length of the fore-legs, but to the extraordinary height of the withers or shoulder-bones. The tongue of the giraffe is long and prehensile — that is, it is adapted to seize and entwine; it can be tapered so small as to enter the ring of a small key. This long neck and prehensile tongue, which are found in no other animal, enable this giant browser to feed with ease upon the foliage and tender branches of trees.

The eyes of the giraffe are very large, soft, and beautiful, and one would suppose that their mild, imploring expression would restrain the hunters from shooting down so attractive-looking and inoffensive a creature. But the same willful and cruel desire for what is wrongly called "sport," that has exterminated the buffalo of our Western plains, is killing off the giraffe of Africa. Its strong-tasting flesh is not enjoyable eating, and its hide is of little use; its capture alive is of no value to man, save as a gratification of curiosity; it can not, like the camel, be used as a beast of burden; nor does it, like the ostrich or the elephant, provide either feather or ivory for commerce. In fact, this curious animal is of no practical use to man, and should be left free to roam the plains and forests of its African home, unmolested and unharmed, save for the occasional capture of such living specimens as may help boys and girls to study and admire one of the most singular and graceful of the creatures of the earth.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

BY ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON.



A SUNFLOWER tall, by the garden wall,
Scornfully nodded his head
To a brilliant poppy, whose cheeks below
Were all aflame with a crimson glow.

"I am the child of the sun," he smiled;
"His color is mine, you see,
While you are drinking his warm rays in,
You never once try his tints to win."

But the poppy gay, still blushing away
(And laughing a little too),
Quietly answered, "The sun has told
Me to be red and you to be gold.

"The morning's hush and the poppy's blush
Are dear to the heart of day
As the noontide hour, with its triumphs won,
And the flower that rivals the glowing sun.

"Heaven is large, and its chiefest charge
Is that life shall be broad and free,
And it bids the children of sun and storm
Ne'er to a single type conform."

The sunflower wise looked down in surprise
At the bold little flower below,
But he learned a lesson there and then
That needs to be learned by many men.



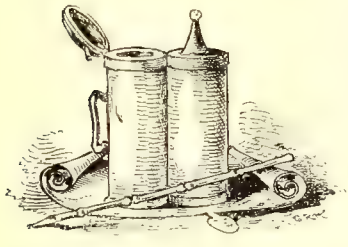
WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

By Henry Eckford.

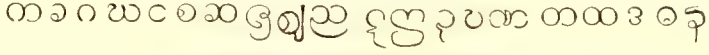
Sixth Paper.

You must have noticed the difference in your own handwriting, when you are using a pen that does not suit you, and when you have one to which you are accustomed. Similarly, when you are writing on a slate — a sharp slate-pencil makes a clear, thin mark, a blunt pencil makes a broad mark with uneven edges. When the pencil is worn down on one side, if you turn it over, it makes another sort of a mark. The writing done with a quill differs from that made with a steel pen. And the differences between the writings of certain nations of the Old World — which at one time puzzled people very much — were often caused by their use of different writing materials, such as: paper and pencils; paper and brushes; bricks and metal pens; wax and metal nails; wood and knife-blades.

The Egyptians, you remember, had two kinds of writing: one called hieroglyphs, used mainly on monuments, for sentences of sacred history, names of kings, and short prayers; the other called hieratic, used on papyrus paper, chiefly for general and quicker writing. Both these terms signify that writing was sacred and connected with the priests. Religion entered very largely into the life of the people of Egypt, and the priests, who formed the most powerful class, held all the learning, and, before the Greeks flourished, were the wisest men in the world. The differences between the rough little sketches that formed the letters of the hieratic or swift hand and the laborious pictures called hieroglyphs, arose originally, and kept growing greater and greater, because of the different materials used in making them. It was natural to work very slowly and carefully on the hieroglyphs which were carved on royal monuments; while the scribes who wrote the hieratic characters on smooth papyrus with a reed pen and thick ink were obliged to disregard the smaller angles and finer outlines, and were satisfied if their work conveyed the meaning they intended. There is a fantastic and not inelegant writing used by the Burmese, a people to the north-east of India, and south of China. This script is very rounded and is made up of fine lines. The letters have been found to belong to an alphabet that looks entirely different; and the difference arose from the custom of writing on palm-leaves with a fine needle. It was difficult to make the plain up-and-down strokes without splitting the leaf, so these strokes were made in curves in circles and half circles.



REED AND PEN-CASE OF ANCIENT EGYPT.



PORTION OF THE BURMESE ALPHABET.

The alphabet of the Goths, before and about the time they embraced Christianity, was formed on a contrary system. All the strokes were straight, either up and down, or crosswise, or slanting. Many persons have thought this arose because the Goths lacked a feeling for grace and beauty. But that was not the reason. When these forefathers of ours invented or borrowed their runes, and later when they borrowed a true alphabet from the Greeks, they cut their letters on sticks of wood or on smooth lengths of bark. Most boys know by experience how difficult it is to cut a round O on a smooth stick on account of the grain of the wood. This led to peculiar shapes in the letters.

In the earliest known Runic alphabet, the letters do not stand in the order of our letters; and they differ so greatly in other ways from the ordinary Greek alphabet, that it is probable they were borrowed long before the Christian era, and afterward became greatly changed. This Runic alphabet was called the "Futhorc," from the first six letters, — F, U, TH, O, R, C. The third rune, ᚦ (TH), which came from the Greek Δ, *delta*, or D, survived in English literature until the last century, and is occasionally used to-day when people wish to write in an old-fashioned style. And they are apt to make a curious mistake in its pronunciation. The rune ᚦ remained in Irish and Anglo-Saxon for the sound TH, and in English it was preserved longest in the word "THE," because that word occurs very often, and it was easier to write one letter than two. But

ᚠ ᚢ ᚦ ᚩ ᚱ ᚳ

in the course of time it came to be mistaken for Y; and although our ancestors knew better than to pronounce it like Y, their descendants do not, but usually give this apparent Y the sound of the real Y, making YE's out of all the THE's. They do not know



THE BUZEO TORQUE.*

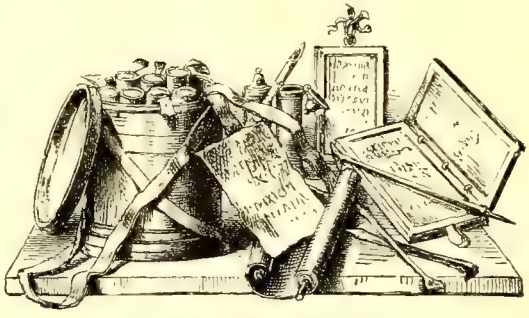
that this is a survival of a rune almost to the present generation. The fifth rune of the "futhorc" is our R, and the sixth is our K without the tail. The Goths, Angles, and Scandinavians used twenty-four such runes or closely similar letters. You will notice that the Goth, like an unskillful schoolboy who carves his initials on wood, and is bothered by the circle of the O, has solved the difficulty by the bold move of cutting one downward and two cross strokes. Sometimes, however, the O was made by four strokes forming a lozenge ◇. They usually cut their down strokes across the grain; and they gave all their cross lines a slant, in order not to bury the point of the knife too deep, and splinter the wood, in cutting with the grain. That is the reason that the cross lines of the letters are rarely horizontal.

Some of our words that are in constant use can be traced back to this period. The word book was originally the same as the word beech, and reminds us of the time when our forefathers carved their records on beech-wood or beech-bark. The similarity of the two words has remained much closer in German; *Buch* (book) being almost exactly the same as *Buche* (beech). To sing from a stave is the same as to sing from a staff, because in runic writing the old chants were noted down with a knife on sticks or pieces of bark, and read from these by the singers. The Ojibway Indians, though they had not an alphabet like the runes, until recently had similar staves which they brought out when they chanted their songs; certain marks on the wood served to remind them of what they were to sing.

You may remember my telling you how hard it is to distinguish some of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet from one another, and how the same difficulty is experienced in the case of the Arabic and Persian alphabets. This is due to various reasons, among which was the employment by those nations of pen, paper, and ink for perpetuating records. This tended to make their writing less and less easy to read; and as inscriptions on stone were not common, people did not have the ancient models of letters before their eyes to refer to.

The capital letters of our own alphabet, however, are easily distinguishable from one another. We owe this fact largely to the Romans, a clear-headed, practical people, who used for every-day writing slates or boards covered with a thin film of wax, on which the letters were engraved, or furrowed, by a sharp-pointed instrument called a *stylus*, from which we derive the term "style," in literature. The yielding quality of the wax encouraged the use of fine, open and legible characters, and the Romans handed down to us an alphabet improved in many ways.

But the most curious example of the modifying influence of the writing materials upon the writing



ROMAN WRITING MATERIALS.

is seen in the cuneiform characters. If, on a hot summer's day, you should walk between the long lines of bricks in one of the many brickyards that line certain sections of the Hudson river, you would find the fresh-made bricks quite soft, and steaming under the direct rays of the sun. If one of those soft bricks were given into your hand and you were asked to draw a rebus on it, and given a nail with which to do it, you

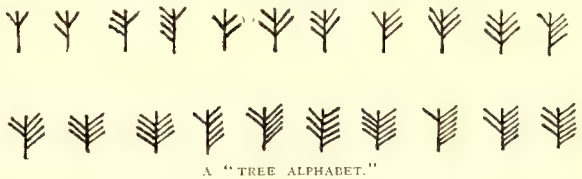
* This massive collar or bracelet, here reproduced from Mr. George Stephens's "Old Northern Runic Monuments," was made of twisted gold, and was found at Buzeo, in Wallachia, upon the site, probably, of a heathen temple. The runic characters inscribed upon it mean "dedicated to the temple of the Goths." This torque was worth nearly twenty thousand dollars.

would meet with this difficulty: If, in drawing the outlines of your pictures, you should press equally along the whole length of every line, you would raise small ridges on each side; or, as you became more expert, one ridge on one side, as a plow does when drawing a furrow. And when you should come to draw one line across another, there would be two ugly interfering ridges.

But if you should stop your cross line just before you come to the other, and skip it, beginning again on the other side, your picture would be smoother and the surface of the brick less uneven. You would succeed still better if you should not try to draw continuous lines, but should indicate them with a series of dots made by dabbing the soft brick with a corner of the iron nail. Now, imagine the Hudson to be the Euphrates, and yourself a Babylonian of ten thousand years ago, and the nail a little, smooth, square-pointed piece of copper, iron, tin, or silver, and the pictures conventional signs representing the various sounds of the language, and you would be writing cuneiform. The old Babylonians, in writing, engraved soft bricks with regular and evenly placed dabs. These hardened quickly under the hot sun of Mesopotamia, or were baked in ovens, and so preserved the inscribed characters. Very often a coat of soft clay was wrapped about the original brick, and the same inscription made on the outside. This was done to prevent forgeries, and to make it easier to restore the meaning, if part of the brick were destroyed or lost. Whole libraries of these strange books have been found under the ruins of the palaces of the old kings of Assyria. Still other libraries are lying there waiting for their discoverer.

Did you ever try to make an alphabet of your own? I can distinctly remember inventing one, with a favorite sister, when I was about seven years old. Great was our diligence while at work on it, and great was our secrecy! We used to hide it away so carefully that it was easy to forget about it for weeks at a time. We never learned it well enough to write the simplest sentences in it off-hand,—and for a very good reason: We had too recently learned an alphabet infinitely better than any that a child could think out—one which had been tested and changed and improved by ages of use. I do not doubt that many other children have tried to construct private systems of writing. It has never been uncommon for men to attempt to use secret alphabets. In this respect, the ancient people of Asia somewhat resembled children; and thousands of alphabets and syllabaries were invented in those old days. It is rare, however, that one has been handed down, and only when the people for whom it was devised had a much poorer system or none at all.

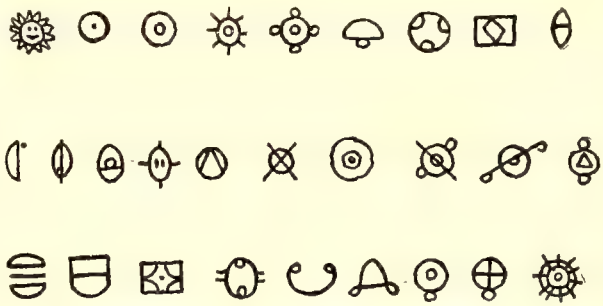
Sequoiah, an intelligent Cherokee Indian, contrived more recently a syllabary of eighty-five signs, comprising all the sounds in his language, using the English alphabet as a basis on which to



A "TREE ALPHABET."

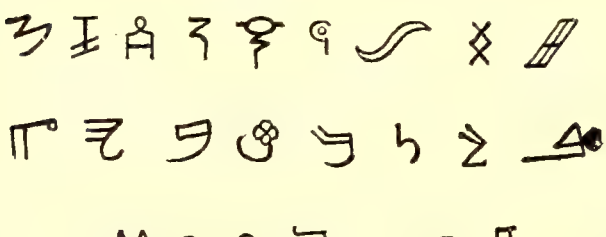
form his characters. This syllabary is in use today by the Cherokees, and books and newspapers are printed in it. Botanists have given the name, Sequoiah, to the gigantic trees of California, in perpetual memory of his genius.

Long ago, when it was dangerous but very profitable to be thought a wizard, it was customary for any wise man who wished to be feared, and to keep his wisdom confined to himself and a few chosen disciples, to write his books in an alphabet or cipher of his own invention. Generally he took some existing alphabet as a foundation, and made variations on it, somewhat as Sequoiah did. I have in my possession a queer little treatise in Arabic, which claims to have been written after a labor of twenty years, and solemnly deposited in the royal treasury, during the reign of a certain Caliph who lived in Palestine more than one thousand years ago. It professes to give a key to the hieroglyphs of Egypt, but its greatest interest lies in the fact that the author has here brought together, in an amusing medley, all the alphabets and ciphers that he has ever heard of; perhaps some that he made up. Here in the upper wood-cut, for example, is a curious tree alphabet. The letters follow the regular order of the Arabic alphabet, each letter varying from the



SPECIMENS OF OLD ASIATIC ALPHABETS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

others by the arrangement of the branches on one side or the other of the trunk. Placing these in regular order with the corresponding Arabic letters underneath, the Arab had a simple cipher which the ordinary Oriental who only knows his own letters could scarcely read without the key. Another alphabet, as shown in the second wood-cut on p. 773, is evidently based upon a picture of the sun for *alif*, or A; while B, G, D, and the following letters are made by varying the first character. Remember that these, being Asiatic alphabets, are written so as to be read from right to left; but the letters are here placed in reverse order to be read like our own alphabet from left to right. This book contains also alphabets founded on the signs for the moon, and on those for the planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Mercury, and Venus. The one shown on this page is still another, which the author calls the "oldest Chaldean Alphabet." And one can really trace a resemblance to Phœnician letters in some of these old signs. In fact, it is easy to invent fancy alphabets, as soon as the idea of an alphabet is familiar to the mind; but it is not so easy to induce people to use them. The alphabets actually used by the various nations of the world have been brought to their present state of perfection, as you have seen, by a slow process of growth, one step at a time, and each step the product of intense thought and ingenuity. The Cherokee is an interesting exception to this rule. Of late centuries, there have been few, almost no improvements in our alphabet. This is partly because it is so well adapted to our use, but principally because the invention of printing has tended to fix the style of printed type in one fashion. It is true that when books were first printed in England, the characters used were the indistinct so-called Gothic, or black-letter; but printers soon saw the advantages of the later Italian, or Roman, styles, and have kept to them ever since. The people of Germany are troubled to-day with near-sightedness. It has been claimed, with a great show of truth, that this is largely owing to the fact that the Germans still retain the old black-letter of the early Irish and the Anglo-Saxons. But every year the Germans are printing more and more books in Roman type, and for generations Roman type and Roman script have been taught in their schools, together with the angular Gothic.



THE OLDEST CHALDEAN ALPHABET.

Among the half-civilized nations which are now being taught our wisdom, many are learning to use our alphabet; and it seems almost certain that in time the whole world, excepting perhaps the Mohammedan nations, will express their thoughts in our version of the letters that came down from the Phœnicians. What a glory for that strange old folk of the Mediterranean Sea!

A BALLAD OF BASE-BALL.

By I. D.

I.

Now that Summer has just reached its mark,
And the schooling and fishing are done,
Come! To-morrow get up with the lark
(And you know she gets up with the sun)—
Come along! who would shirk or would shun
The game that is best of them all,
For glory and frolic and fun?
So hurrah for the Bat and the Ball!

II.

Yes, hurrah! we 'll be first in the Park;
Our Nine will go up there as one,
Not to see all the beasts of the Ark,
Nor the birds, nor the beetles,—no fun!—
But around the green Diamond to run,
And the Red-stockings' hearts to appall,
And to show how a game may be won:
So hurrah for the Bat and the Ball!

III.

We 've a Catcher as keen as a shark,
For fouls—well he can't be outdone;
And our Batters could bat in the dark,
And our Pitcher knows every one
Of the "curves" and the "shoots"; not a run
Did he give those Red-stockings last Fall
In the champion match that we won.
So hurrah for the Bat and the Ball!

Jack, throw down your rod and your gun,
Let kite and top go to the wall,
Of *good* games there 's not more than one,
So hurrah for the Bat and the Ball!

MAN OVERBOARD!

By H. A. Johnson.



OFF TO THE RESCUE.

The cry of "Man overboard!" always has a startling sound on an ocean vessel. In a naval ship, such accidents, or emergencies, are provided against in advance. Two boats, one on each side of the ship, are kept ready for instant use, and are equipped with everything necessary for a speedy rescue, as well as an outfit, including provisions, for a prolonged search in case immediate rescue is not possible. Picked seamen in each "watch" are assigned to special duty as a life-boat crew, and must be ready to jump into their boat at a moment's notice.

Some ships are provided with "life-buoys"—queer-looking objects hanging from the stern. In case of a man's falling overboard at night, one of these life-buoys can be dropped into the water, and lighted immediately, so that the poor fellow can strike out for it at once and cling to it until picked up.

Sometimes, however, the sea runs so high that no small boat could be lowered without swamping and perhaps drowning the entire crew. To decide the question whether to attempt the rescue of a poor fellow who has fallen overboard, at the risk of losing others who might be sent to his aid, is a fearful responsibility for a commanding officer, and requires the coolest exercise of his judgment.

THE KELP-GATHERERS.

[*A Story of the Maine Coast.*]

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER IX.

LOADING THE KELP.

WITH the first flush of dawn kindling the sky, Perce Bucklin opened his eyes in great bewilderment. But the sight of the sea, and the sand, and his two companions still asleep under their blankets, brought him quickly to his senses.

"'Wake Nicodemus'!" he shouted, giving each a shake. "The tide is up! the wind is all right, and the kelp is landing! 'Hurrah for the great jubilee'!"

Moke yawned a sleepy "hurrah!" while Poke, sitting up and rubbing his eyes open, made some complimentary reference to "Uncle Moses."

"Uncle Moses was right," Perce admitted. "Now we must have breakfast and be ready for work by the time the tide has gone down a little. Start up the fire while I go and see to the oxen."

Rubbish had already been gathered, and left to dry about their camp-fire of the evening before. Moke produced some matches, while Poke prepared a wisp of hay for lighting. And now, completely awake, both sang, while Perce was starting off:

"'Run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day!'"

The sun came up gloriously over the ocean. It was a superb morning. The wind had gone down during the night, and only a gentle breeze was blowing. The receding tide left long rows and scattered heaps of kelp, rockweed, and other *algæ* high on the beach.

The boys were in the gayest spirits. While the oxen were still feeding, and the fire getting in condition to roast corn and potatoes, Perce proposed that they should make the most of their time by gathering driftwood.

Then a question of equity arose. The twins thought it fair that all they both secured should be theirs; by which arrangement Perce could have expected to get no more than half as much for his share.

"But why not divide the floodwood the same as we do the seaweed?" he demanded — "Half and half."

"Because your oxen ——" began Moke.

"Don't help," added Poke.

"But they 're here on your account as much as they are on mine," said Perce. "They 're giving their valuable time all the same, whether they help or not."

"All right! what do you propose?" cried the twins.

"That we divide equally everything we find on the beach — driftwood, seaweed, no matter what," Perce replied. "Half for you two, and half for me and the oxen."

The twins agreed good-naturedly, and all set merrily to work. After gathering driftwood for a while, they dug out a place in the hot coals, into which they put their potatoes, wrapped in green sea-moss, and left them to cook. Then the corn was made ready and roasted on the ends of the sticks that had served the same purpose the night before, and at last came breakfast — which they ate with such appetites as I fear some boys who read this know nothing about.

"Wont Olly be mad when he knows what he has missed?" cried Perce.

They all had to speak loud, to be heard above the sound of the surf.

"If he comes back by the coast ——" said Moke.

"We shall see him," said Poke. "I should think it was time."

"It 's time to begin on the kelp!" Perce exclaimed, throwing away his last corn-cob, and springing up from his seat on the sand.

The ox-cart was brought around, and halted alongside the heaps of still dripping and glistening seaweed. The larger part of this was kelp, and the most valuable part in the estimation of farmers who make use of these products of the sea to enrich the land.

The kelp grows upon deep-sunken ledges, from which it is detached only by the agitations of great storms,— a weird sort of plant, which in still weather may sometimes be seen, far down, waving mysteriously, with every fluctuation of the tide, in the silent ocean depths. It is often of gigantic proportions, its slippery stems and great, glossy leaves measuring many yards in length. It frequently comes up with clusters of blue mussels and other shells clinging to its roots.

With the kelp were mixed a tangled rockweed, eel-grass, and Irish moss; all of which the boys pitched on the cart together; Perce starting up the oxen now and then and stopping them again where the litter was thickest.

"How 's this for a devil's apron?" cried Poke, struggling with an immense leaf of kelp, to which he merely gave the picturesque, popular name; for the twins were well-brought-up boys, who would not for anything have uttered a profane word.

It flopped salt water in his face as he was getting it on the cart; and then, as the oxen started forward, trailed its smooth, wet, snaky stem along the ground.



PERCE FINDS THE WATCH. (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"It 's ugly stuff to pitch," said Moke, twisting the root in the tines of his fork to assist his brother.

"It 's strange that it always lands against the wind!" said Poke.

"I don't see that it 's strange at all," replied Perce. "The only things that the wind from the sea blows ashore are things afloat on the surface, like driftwood. It blows the surface water too, but that is all the time running back; and it carries with it things below the surface."

"Of course! I know all about that!" said Poke.

"The under-tow," suggested Moke.

"Well! it 's the under-tow that lands the kelp," returned Perce. "It works both ways. When the wind blows off shore it blows the surface water back; and that brings up the under-current with the seaweed. That 's the way it is on our beaches."

Moke and Poke knew the facts well enough; but Perce, who prided himself on being a rather intelligent boy, liked to explain things. He went on:

"There 's another thing you 've noticed: how much warmer the water is sometimes when there 's a sea-breeze, than when it blows off the land; just the contrary of what you would expect."

"I guess every fellow who goes in swimming much ——" Moke began.

"Has noticed that," Poke ended.

"It 's because the sea-breeze is cooler than the land-breeze," said Moke.

"And that makes the water seem warm to you," said Poke.

"There 's something besides that," Perce replied. "It 's the surface water that is warmest; and the sea-breeze keeps that rolling on the beach. I 'm speaking of sunny days; in cloudy weather there is n't much difference. The sun warms the sand, and the sand warms the water. But a land-breeze blows it off, and brings up the cold under-current. Think of that the next time you go in swimming, and see if it is n't so."

The twins thought it strange he should know so much, as he had no Uncle Moses; he did n't tell them he had got his lore from his father, who was one of the most intelligent farmers on the coast.

"I should n't like to go in swimming here now!" said Poke, turning to look at the waves, still dark with rolling seaweed and sand.

"It 's wonderful," said Perce, "how pure the ocean keeps, with all the dirt and things forever washing into it,— though it is n't always so pure as it looks. Don't you know that fishermen have to take up their gill-nets and dry 'em about every four days?"

"That 's to keep 'em from rotting," said the twins.

"But what makes them rot?" returned Perce. "It is n't the water; it 's what 's *in* the water."

"The slime," said Moke.

"They come up all covered with slime," said Poke.

"That slime," Perce replied, "is all a kind of life. Drying kills it. But if the nets are left long in the water, it grows, and takes the life out of 'em; that 's what you call rotting. In a few days you can see fine green grass growing all over the twine. Then, how quick the bottom of a boat, or a rope left in the water, or a sunken anchor, gets coated with barnacles! The clearest sea water is swarming alive with things you can't see!"

CHAPTER X.

WHAT PERCE FOUND ON THE BEACH.

THE boys worked well while they talked; and often the cart went with its shaggy and dripping load to the two piles of seaweed they were depositing high on the shore.

"Have you thought, boys," said Perce, as he backed the cart around, after one of these short trips; "it 's just along here somewhere that the body of the old lobsterman came ashore, after the gale three years ago?"

All stopped to look at the tumbling breakers, still casting up their burden of kelp.

"The storm caught him when he was out," continued Perce; "but nobody ever knew whether he got capsized pulling his lobster-pots, or trying to land afterward. His boat was found stove to pieces on the rocks the next morning, but he was n't found for several days. Then, was n't it dreadful? Two men discovered him, when they were loading kelp!"

The boys worked for some time in silence, and then the conversation turned upon wrecks and accidents at sea, until the cart-box was once more filled with its heaping load.

This time the twins went with the oxen to dump it, while Perce stood leaning on his fork, looking down at the last marks of the receding tide, left in wavy lines along the sand.

Where some jags of seaweed had just been thrown up, these lines disappeared, giving place to little straight channels cut by the water dripping from them and running back to catch the retreating waves. He was curiously watching these effects, and throwing up some straggling stems of kelp with his fork, when he stopped suddenly with a start of surprise. Something brighter than the glistening golden-green leaves and stems had caught his eye. It was in the midst of a heap which had hardly yet landed, and which seemed ready to slide back into the sea with the next wave. He thrust in his fork to hold it; and, stooping, saw that the object was a bit of shining metal.

"Gold!" he exclaimed gleefully.

He took hold of it, but found that it did not come so easily out of the mingled mass of kelp and rockweed as he had anticipated. He pinched it firmly, pushing back some clustering pods of rockweed, and gave it a gentle pull.

"A gold chain!" he exclaimed in the greatest astonishment.

He had at first seen and touched only the end of the chain. But now he drew and drew, removing the soft, slimy incumbrance with his other hand, when up came, dangling before his eyes in the sun, a beautiful gold watch.

Perce Bucklin's first impulse was to shout to his companions and hold up the prize for them to see; but that natural movement was checked by a more selfish consideration.

He was too honest a boy to wish to possess anything that did not truly belong to him. But suppose the owner of the watch should never appear? It might have been lost at sea, in the late storm; or possibly, before that, it slipped from the pocket of some voyager on yacht or ship, who would never pass that way again. Indeed, it might have been dropped overboard miles from that spot, and have been brought ashore by the kelp in which the chain was entangled.

If unclaimed, who would have a better right to it than the finder? But then Perce remembered the unlucky agreement by which everything they found that day on the beach was to be divided between him and the twins. To be sure, that was meant to apply principally to seaweed and drift-wood; of course, it did n't include watches! That seemed very plain to Percival Bucklin. Yet, the twins might think different. It would be absurd, but who could tell what self-interest might impel them to do?

It was this fear that prompted Perce to resolve upon a very foolish thing. He glanced around, and seeing that the twins had just dumped their load, and were lifting the cart-box back into its place, having quite too much to attend to at the moment to be observing him, he slipped watch and chain into his trousers-pocket. It had a hunter's case, which, if it had so far kept it from being broken, would probably preserve it still.

"I wont tell them," he said to himself, "till I 've had a little time to think."

He was much excited; and if the twins had had keen eyes for anything that was n't lying on the beach, they must have noticed, when they returned, that something had happened to him in their absence.

He fell to pitching kelp again, but his talk was fitful and absent-minded. He was all the while thinking of what he had found, and instinctively looking for more watches and other valuables in the seaweed.

He also thought of something he would n't have liked so well to find. The loser of the watch might have lost himself with it; and perhaps he, too, like the old lobsterman, had come ashore in a shroud of kelp.

Chapter XI.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

PERCE'S eyes wandered up and down the beach, and finally, with thoughts of shipwreck, he stood leaning on his fork and gazed abstractedly out to sea.

"What 's the matter with you?" cried Moke.

"Why don't you start up the team?" demanded Poke. "We 're waiting!"

Perce left his fork sticking in the sand, and starting suddenly, with his face turned toward the sea, uttered an exclamation:

"My gracious, boys! Look!"

"Where? What?" cried the twins.

"On the 'Old Cow!' There 's somebody there!"

"That 's nothing strange," Moke replied.

"Some fisherman," Poke added.

They took the discovery coolly, not having Perce's reason for attaching to it a tragical importance.

"It 's no fisherman!" he exclaimed. "See! he is making some sort of signal!" And he added, in great excitement, "It 's somebody cast away on the rock! There 's been a wreck, boys! There 's been a wreck!"

He was so certain of this that he would have told them then and there what he had found on the beach, but for the awkwardness of explaining why he had previously concealed it. And, after all, he reflected, the castaway — if such indeed he was — might not be the loser of the watch.

Without producing that evidence, he soon convinced his companions that there had been some sort of disaster off the coast, and that the movements they saw on the "Old Cow's" back were signals of distress.

"He has a board or something in his hand, and he is beckoning with it!" cried Perce. "He would n't be waving it that way if he was n't in trouble!"

"I don't see what *we* can do," said Moke.

"He can't be in any great danger," added Poke.

"But he may have been there all night; we don't know what condition he is in!" Perce replied. "We can give the alarm, and, may be, go for him ourselves, if nobody else will."

The twins did n't see how they could afford to leave their work. There was another cart already at the other end of the beach, and more kelp-gatherers would probably be coming soon. They did n't fancy the idea of giving up the advantage gained by spending the night on the shore and beginning work in the morning before anybody else arrived.

But, though Perce could do a rather underhand thing in keeping the watch from them, he was n't a boy to let that or any other selfish consideration prevent him from attempting the rescue of a person in distress.

"Besides," he said, "it may be somebody we know. Don't you remember when that man was seen clinging to the rigging of the wreck off Rocky Shoals, Tom Bowers was one of the men that volunteered to launch a boat and try to take him off. Tom's mother said all she could to prevent him, for there was a tremendous sea running, but he went; and the man turned out to be his own father — her own husband! and the only one saved from the wreck."

The twins remarked that it was n't any father of theirs on the "Old Cow's" back, at that time in the morning, very sure! And they were reluctant to have their rich harvest of seaweed interrupted. Yet they thought something ought to be done.

"Call out and tell old Homans," they said.

"Old Homans" was the man who had come on at the other end of the beach with his cart. But Perce did n't see what he could do.

"He might do what we do; then he wont be getting seaweed while we 're off," said the twins.

"Well, you can tell him while I run up to the boarding-house," cried Perce. "Here 's a boat; I 'll get oars, and, may be, some men to help."

Old Homans did n't take much interest in the report the twins brought him of a human being on the lonely outlying ledge.

"Big ninny! He 's no business to be there!" he exclaimed.

He spent but little time in trying to concentrate his imperfect eyesight upon the figure they described.

"I can't make out any human critter, nor any critter," he said, and turned again to forking seaweed. "If *you* see anybody, better find a boat and pull out, and see what simpleton it is, and what in the world he 's there fur."

driftwood a strip of board that would do to steer with.

Then the boat was shoved into the surf. The twins scrambled aboard and took the oars, ready to pull the moment Perce gave the word.

"Now!" he cried; and, pushing the dory over the next wave, at the same time he leaped into the stern.

The oars dipped and bent; he assisted with his strip of board; and the skiff reared and pitched on the breakers, cheered by the ladies from the boarding-house, who had hastened down to the beach to see them off.



LAUNCHING THE BOAT IN THE SURF

The twins returned to their own ox-cart; and soon Perce came running with a pair of oars.

"Here are oars," he said. "But there are no men at the house. They went off in the yacht Susette yesterday, and have n't been heard from. And Olly has n't got back, though Mrs. Murcher says he ought to have come an hour ago."

"May be it 's the yacht that 's been wrecked," suggested the twins.

"She 's afraid it is; and the ladies are all excited about it. I tried to get a spy-glass to look through; one of the men owns one, they said, but he must have taken it with him."

The boys turned the oxen about, and left them eating the hay that had served for a bed the night before. Then they dragged the dory down from beside the bathing-houses, and got it ready to launch. Perce took the precaution to put on board some provisions, and selected from the piles of

The twins, having embarked in the adventure, were now almost as enthusiastic as Perce himself. The wind was light, the morning sun sparkled on the waves, and the dory went dashing over them as if rowed for a race.

The tide had not yet fallen much, and the ocean swells broke in a field of white foam completely over the "Calf's" back, while the tail wagged up and down. But the "Old Cow" was clear above the line of surf about her flanks; and there, on the highest hummock, stood the castaway, now more distinctly discernible as the distance between him and his rescuers diminished.

The boys made many conjectures as to who he could be and what had become of the wreck, no vestige of which could be seen.

"He has on a white yachting-cap!" exclaimed Perce; and that confirmed them in the opinion that the Susette had gone to pieces on the

ledge. The castaway had ceased to wave the object which had first attracted Perce's attention, but every now and then he threw up both arms, as he stood facing them on the solitary rock, and made encouraging signals.

The "Cow" and the "Calf" are much farther from the coast than they look to be in clear weather. Perce took his turn at the oars, and all worked heroically; yet it seemed a long while before they came within hail of the Crusoe of that small rocky island.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE "CALF'S" BACK.

LET us take advantage of this lapse of time to go back a little and see what had become of Olly Burdeen.

The salt water and the barnacles told but too true a tale: he had been thrown upon the lesser rock, which the next tide would submerge.

If he had still any doubt of that terrible fact, it must have been dispelled when the moon rose amid broken clouds and showed him the "Calf's tail" churning the waves at the end of his surf-fringed reef; also the glimmering back of the "Old Cow," with its encircling surge, a furlong or more to the south.

An old, sad moon it was, with a distorted, melancholy face peering above the illimitable desolation of waters; yet a welcome sight to the drenched and shivering castaway, waiting on his lonely ledge for the tide to return and cover it. No wonder it appeared to him not the cheerful orb he knew, but some ancient, decayed satellite coming to look for the last time on a lost world!

After his long labor with his rude paddle, and the effort it had cost to swim to the rock and scramble out upon it, he was nearly exhausted; and the discovery of barnacles in the pool had quenched what remained of his courage. There was no shelter from the wind; and in his wet clothes he felt a deadly chill striking to his bones.

Then followed another discovery, which did not tend to restore his spirits.

He had from the first given up the boat as lost. It had disappeared in the dark and turbulent water almost as soon as he left it; nor could he see anything of it afterward.

It was an old dory that had been hired for the season by one of Mrs. Murcher's boarders. Olly had taken that, too, without leave; but it was the custom on the coast for people to make rather free use of any boats that came in their way. With it had gone his sole means of escape from certain death; otherwise he would have cared little for the loss.

In his fearful anxiety about his own safety, he had thought little even of the safety of the watch. He hated the recollection of it; for, probably, if it had not been for that, it might never have occurred to him to row out from shore in order to get a sight of the returning yacht, around the point.

After the moon rose, he looked across the tumbling billows at the "Old Cow" wallowing in their froth, and felt that his salvation lay in reaching that before the rising tide should sweep him from the "Calf." Yet, how was that possible? The very thought of swimming so far, alone in the night, in the wild ocean, was frightful to him. Yet as a last resort he might be driven to make so desperate an attempt.

As for the water, it could hardly seem colder than the wind that pierced his drenched clothes. He no longer thought of any injury to them — the stylish suit that had been a delight to his soul a few hours before! He wept with despair as he thought of the joy that had turned to such bitter woe; and he wished he had never seen the giver or his gift.

Salt water might ruin the watch; but, if so, that was probably ruined already. At all events, it was past being returned to its case in Mr. Hatville's room, without that gentleman's knowledge of its having been removed.

Past, indeed! Thinking of it, Olly put up his hand to his pocket. It gave him a start of fresh terror, even in his utter misery and wretchedness, to find it empty.

The watch was gone! That was his last disheartening discovery.

How long it had been gone he had not the slightest means of knowing. His teeth chattered, and he trembled from head to foot, as he hurriedly searched his clothing for the timepiece, but in vain.

He at first believed that he had lost it in his struggle between the boat and the ledge; for he remembered having looked down and seen the golden glitter of the seal, not long after he went adrift. But now the moonlight disclosed the seal still hanging by the hook in his button-hole. The guard had been broken, and everything, excepting the seal and a few dangling links, had gone with the watch.

He concluded that he must have lost it when he had his first tumble in the boat. The oar, when it struck his breast, and flew from his hand, had doubtless caught in the chain, and snatched the watch from his pocket. Of course he could n't know that this was so; but if he had foreseen what Perce Bucklin was to find on the beach a few hours later, he would have argued that no watch could have been conveyed so far, in so short a time, by waves or tide.

However it might have happened, it was hope-

lessly gone; and now, in his enfeebled, frightened state, he began to consider how he should escape the suspicion of having stolen it, if ever his body reached the shore alive or dead.

"Nobody knows I had it," he said miserably to himself. "And why should anybody ever know?"

He unhooked what was left of the guard, and held it, with the seal, for a moment in his shaking fingers, considering whether he should destroy that evidence against him by flinging it into the sea.

But he could hardly make up his mind to cast away irrevocably what might prove of value, should the watch and the rest of the guard be found. That might still be possible, he reasoned; and, after a few minutes of sickening doubt and hesitation, he put the shining trinkets into his pocket. Even as he did so, he went about mechanically searching for what he had hardly the faintest expectation of finding. Who that has ever lost a prized object has not done the same? — looking again and again in places where a superstitious hope whispers that it may be mysteriously lurking.

He felt sure that it could not, without his knowledge, have dropped from his pocket when he had stooped over the pool to grope for barnacles; and even if it had, the moonlight must show so bright an object shining in the shallow bottom. Yet he explored it carefully with his hands, and went back and explored it again, after examining other parts of the ledge.

But why be so anxious about the watch, when he was in despair of saving his own life? He said that to himself, as he searched every crevice and hollow of the slope where he had crawled out of the sea.

It was fortunate that he had something thus to engage his wretched thoughts and benumbed hands. And a still better employment awaited him.

He had some time before heard a strange thumping and grinding sound, which he supposed must be caused by the motion of the "Calf's tail."

The hunt for the watch had kept him from investigating it. But now that very search led him to make a different, but even more welcome discovery.

The side where he had landed was in shadow. As he followed it around, just out of reach of the waves, he saw to his great joy something rising and falling in the black seaweed that grew below the gray girdle of barnacles, and bumping on the reef. It was his boat, which the wind had blown against the little island, and lodged not far from the "Calf's tail."

It was lying on its side, and a heave of the sea threw up the dark gunwale into the moonlight that slanted across the surf-vexed end of the island. As the wave drew back, sucking heavily along with it the somber fringe of rockweed, Olly stepped cautiously down on this slippery footing, and, seizing the rail of the dory, held it fast. Then with the next swell he lifted the end upon the barnacled rocks and held it again, while its heavy freight of water spilled out over the side into the sea.

Getting hold of the painter, he now had the boat safe, and, by a little management, he was able to haul it higher up the slope and tip the rest of the water out. The exertion warmed him, and success gave him new courage.

True, he had no oars, and the thwart he had used for a paddle was lost. But there was a second thwart which he could detach. The dory appeared little the worse for the rough usage it had received, and he did not doubt but it would prove seaworthy when it should become necessary for him to intrust his life to it, in escaping from the rock.

That might be some time yet, for it was now low water. With the turning of the tide, the wind might change or go down; and it would probably be near daylight before the "Calf" would be submerged.

"The trouble will be," he reflected, "to get the dory upon that highest part."

That was something more for him to do. He worked it along inch by inch, pulling seaweed from the rocks to put under it in order to make it slide easily over the barnacles.

But this device came near causing him a sad accident. Once, when he released his hold of the boat to take breath after violently lifting, it broke away from him and started back down the descent, which the seaweed he had placed there made slippery. He sprang to seize the painter, which was dragging on the rocks, but it pulled him after, and boy and boat barely escaped plunging together into the brine.

As it was, though, he arrested its progress just as it struck a billow. He was compelled once more to tip it over — for he had no other means of getting the water out — and then to perform over again the labor of lifting it up the ledge.

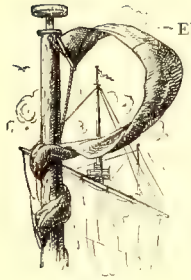
But this was, perhaps, a fortunate accident, since it kept him in exercise until he felt that his clothes were getting dry. And it showed him, besides, the danger that would attend the final launching of the dory.

(To be continued.)

REGATTA.

A GAME FOR THE LAWN OR PARLOR.

By Frank Bellew.



PERHAPS you have never heard of a yacht-race ashore, yet that term might almost be applied to this picturesque game, which will be found not only exciting, but a source of great fun. It can be played out-of-doors on the lawn or in a large room.

Two players are required for each "yacht" — the "captain," who directs the course of the vessel, and the "crew," who carries the boat in his cap or "helmet," and obeys the orders of the captain.

To play the game, it is first necessary to lay out the "course" on the lawn or the floor, which represents the sheet of water that is to be the scene of the regatta. Any convenient objects can be taken for the "stake-boats" and "turning-buoy," and the course can be made as difficult as desired by placing obstacles, such as chairs, boxes, or cushions, in the way, to represent "rocks," "reefs," "shoals," and "islands." The crews that are to compete are first allowed to sail over the course to inspect it, and are then drawn up in line at the start, where each puts on his "yacht-rig," and is carefully blindfolded by the captain of a rival yacht. At the "first gun," or signal to make ready, each crew turns around three times. At the "second gun," or signal to start, they all proceed, under command of their respective captains, to go over the course, keeping always in "deep water" and avoiding the reefs and other obstacles, around the turning-buoy, and back to the starting-point. The yacht which is the first to come in wins the race.

A captain must always address his crew by the name of his yacht, and must give his orders in nautical terms. If he fail to do so, his yacht must stop, and turn once around before going on. The same penalty is exacted if the crew does not understand an order and asks for an explanation; and also whenever, through the unskillful management of the captain or the poor sailing of the crew, the yacht runs into any of the obstacles or into one of the other yachts.

Of course, unless the players know how to sail real boats, the orders will often be very ridiculous; but as long as they are given in nautical language, and the crew understands what they mean, it makes no difference, except to add to the fun.

For instance, let us imagine the Genesta to be racing the Puritan. The orders might sound something like this:

"Steady, Genesta, steady!" from the captain of the English cutter.

"Keep her off about two points to starboard, Puritan — steady!" from the American skipper.

But such a command as "Hard a-port, Genesta — no, no, the other way, you goose!" would compel the captain of that craft to stop his yacht and make it turn once around; while, if on receiving the order, "Shake out a reef, Puritan, and head her nor'-nor'east!" the crew should ask, "Oh, I say, Billy, what do you mean by 'shake out a reef'?" or "'Which direction is nor'-nor'-east'?" then the Puritan would have to stop and turn around. And if the captain of the Genesta, wishing to take advantage of his rival's set-back, should exclaim, "Now, Sam, let her go!" the English boat would have to pay the same penalty.

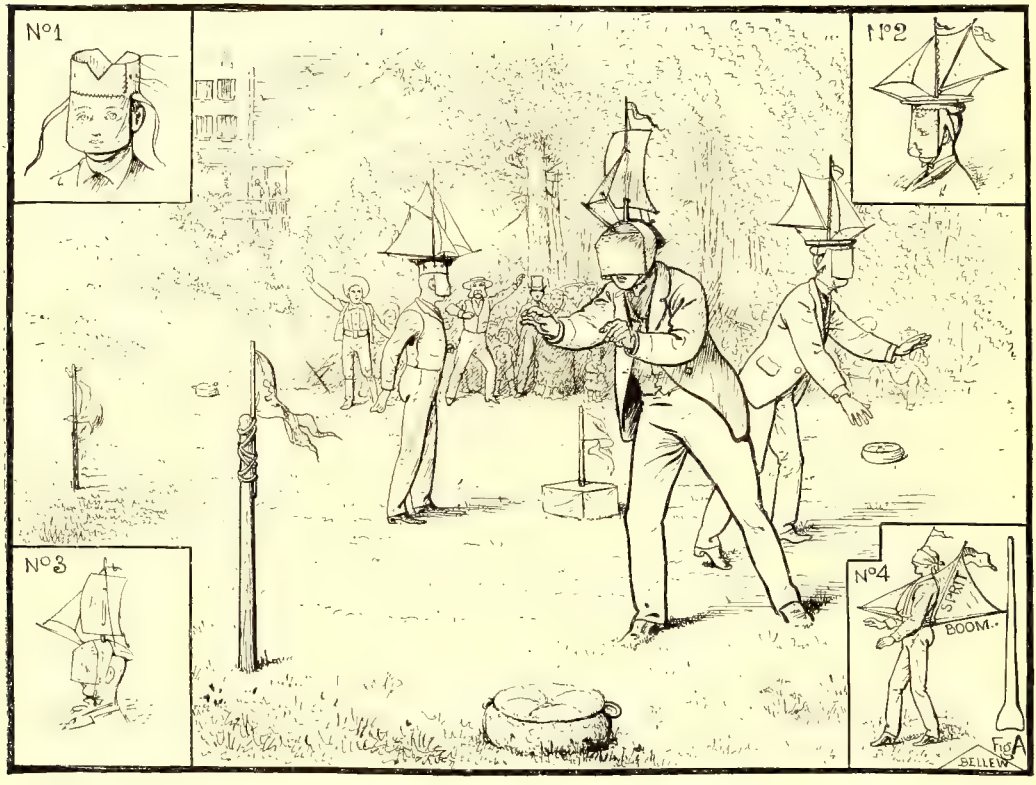
Many modifications of this game will naturally suggest themselves to those who understand sailing. The sport can be made much more difficult and interesting by supposing the wind to blow directly up the course, so that the yachts will have to beat down to the turning-buoy and then come home before the wind. When the game is played out-of-doors and there is a breeze blowing, a great deal of skill and ingenuity can be exercised in keeping the yachts in the courses they would have to take if they were actually propelled by the wind.

The nattiest yacht-rig is made of a square piece of cardboard that will go just around the head of the crew. The two edges are then stitched together to form a "helmet," like a high hat without crown or brim. Two notches should be cut in the top of the helmet, as shown in Fig. 1, to receive the hull of a small toy yacht, such as can be bought cheaply at any toy shop. The yacht is held in place by lashings passing through holes made in the helmet. Strings should be fastened to the sides of the helmet to tie under the chin, and a curtain of some thick, close material may be sewed on in front, as a blindfold. The cardboard should be colored blue to represent waves; but the curtain, flags, and strings should be of some distinctive tint, so that each vessel can sail under its own colors.

A simpler form of yacht-rig (Fig. 2) consists of a roll of cloth about twenty inches long, the ends of which are sewed together, forming a ring-shaped pad to rest upon the head. The yacht, a home-made affair, cut out of a shingle or a piece of board, is fastened upon the pad. This helmet also has the blindfold, and strings to tie under the chin. A third style of helmet (Fig. 3) was once formed by scooping out the end of a watermelon to fit the crew's head, and rigging it up with a twig mast and a brown-paper sail. It was cheap, ingenious, and uncomfortable, and is not recommended. There is a fourth and entirely different rig, which consists in fastening the sails directly to the crew's body. (See Fig. 4.) The spars — boom, sprit, and bowsprit — are of wood, shaped as in A, and are fastened to the body by strings run through holes in the broad ends. The sails should be attached to the spars as in real boats. A small flagstaff in the front of the cap bears the pennant, and completes the rig.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with sea terms, a few of the more common directions used in this game of Regatta are here given with their explanations:

"Port" means the left side of the yacht. "Starboard" means the right side. To "luff" means to bring the yacht so that it will point more toward the direction from which the wind is blowing. To "luff a-lee" is to point the yacht directly at the wind, in the "wind's eye." To "tack" is to change the course of the yacht so that it receives the wind on the other side. The maneuver is accomplished by "luffing a-lee," and keeping on until the yacht presents its other side to the wind. To "fall off" is the opposite of to "luff." Experienced yachtsmen will know and use many other terms, but these are sufficient for conducting a game. Stories and books about the sea will suggest other useful words, and any one who plays the game often will soon gain an ample vocabulary.



The Sea-Urchin



There once was an Untaught Sea-Urchin,
Who said that for years he'd been searchin'
For a place in the sea
Where he quiet could be,
For the waves kept him pitchin' and lurchin'.

A NEW THEORY.

By Bessie Chandler.

At the telegraph poles Grace was looking,
When she solemnly said: "I think
Those little glass things are the bottles
That hold all the telegraph ink."

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.—XV.

A ROPE YARN SPUN BY AN OLD SAILOR.

BY C. W. MILLER.

THERE are many things you boys can do with a rope, if you only know how. Let an old sailor spin you a "yarn" or two.

I. SPLICES.

IF you wish to put up a swing, to make a lasso, to fasten a rope to your sled, or if you live on a farm and desire to make a halter or a hay-rope, you should know how to make an "eye-splice."

The tools you will need are a hammer and a marline-spike. A sailor's marline-spike is made of iron, and is about six inches long, like that in Fig. 1; but you can easily whittle from a bit of any hard wood a peg that will answer the purpose of a marline-spike.

To begin the splice, take a small rope, like a clothes-line (if possible, a new one in which the strands are unworn), and first untwist, or, as we sailors say, unlay, about four inches of it. Then wind thread tightly around the end of each strand to keep it in shape. Next bend the rope around into a loop of any size desired, letting the loose strands or cords cross on the upper side and project beyond the rope. Be sure that, as you hold the loop toward you, the rope bends toward the right.

At the point of crossing, twist the solid or "standing" part of the rope the wrong way, so as to open it a little, and thrust the spike in between the strands, pushing it in until the strands are well apart. Now draw the spike out and put the end of the first loose strand into the enlarged opening. To do this easily you should insert the spike with its point toward the loose ends, so that, as you draw it out, you can follow it closely with the first end before the separated strands close. Draw the end up tight, as shown in the cut. Then



FIG. 1.—MARLINE-SPIKE AND EYE-SPLICE.

take the spike and separate the next strand in the rope from the others, and insert the second loose end in the same way, and similarly place the third end under the third strand of the rope. At this stage, your splice will look like Fig. 1, and a little study of that diagram will show you, better than I can tell you, just how to insert the strands.

Continue the work, by passing the first end over one strand and under the next, and do the same with the second and third ends.

When each end has been woven in twice, take off the thread from the ends and cut about a third from the under side of each one, making it that much thinner than before. Bind the ends again with the thread, and weave each one under another strand of the rope. Again take off the thread and cut off half of what remains from the under side of each of the loose ends; replace the thread, weave under again, draw each end up tightly, and cut it off close to the rope. If you have carefully followed the directions, each end will pass over and under the strands alternately, and no two ends next each other will pass under the same strand.

You must always remember, in working with a rope, to twist every strand hard and tight, and to draw it snugly to place. And in making a splice, the rope should be pounded frequently with the hammer or a piece of wood, and rolled back and forth under your foot. This operation makes the strands sink into one another and look smooth and even.

Another splice, quite as useful as the one just described, is that by which the ends of two ropes are joined so firmly that they form one continuous rope. There are two forms of it, one called the "short splice," and the other the "long splice."

The short splice, is more often used, because it is quickly made, it does not waste much of the rope, and it is nearly as strong as the long splice. There is one objection to it: It makes part of the rope somewhat larger than the rest, so that it can not be run through a narrow pulley-block. The long splice, on the other hand, though using much more material, may be made without increasing the size of the rope at any point, and is, in fact, somewhat stronger.

To make the short splice, first untwist about eight inches of each of the two ends you wish to join, and bring them together in such a way that the ends of the untwisted parts are squarely and closely against each other as though they were one rope,

while the six loose strands stand out all around, each one of the right-hand strands being between two of those on the left hand, or interlocked.

Now what you are to do is to weave the loosened strands of the right-hand rope into the untwisted rope of the left side, and the loosened strands of that rope into the solid part of the right-hand rope. To hold the two ends in place while you work, begin by drawing all three of the left-hand strands down over the right-hand rope, and tie them there with a piece of cord.

Now weave the three loose strands into the solid rope by the help of the spike, just as you did in making the eye-splice. When you have finished this side, untie the twine and weave the loose strands into the left-hand rope in the same manner. The directions given for making the eye-splice apply also to this splice. It must be well pounded and twisted back and forth until the ends



FIG. 2.—A SHORT SPLICE.

work into the strands and it is smooth and firm; and this splice, too, will look better if part of the rope-yarns are cut off before weaving in the last time, but if you are not particular you may cut the ends off just as they are left in Fig. 2. To help you to see how the ends go under and over the strands of the rope, each one is marked in Fig. 2 with a different line of dots and dashes, and, by following any one line, you will learn exactly where that one strand passes in and out.

The long splice, though a little more trouble than the short splice, makes a much neater joining. For this splice, you must untwist three feet of one end of each rope and bring the two closely together as in making a short splice, with the loose ends interlocked. Next take one of the strands of the right-hand side and untwist it, or separate it from the rope an inch or two, and into the space it leaves vacant "lay" one of the loose ends from the other side. (By "laying" I mean twisting the strand tightly and pressing it into place.) Go on in this way, untwisting the strand from one side and laying in its place the strand from the other



FIG. 3.—A LONG SPLICE, FIRST STAGE.

side, until the latter has only about eight inches free, while the one you have been untwisting has nearly six feet free. What you have now done is merely replacing a strand belonging to one rope by a strand from the other. Do the same thing on the other side; that is, untwist one of the strands of the left-hand rope and twist into its place a loose strand from the right-hand rope. When you have done this, your splice will look like Fig. 3, the six untwisted strands ending in pairs in three places. The pair in the middle will be three feet long each; while at the ends there will be one long and one short strand, although, as seen in Fig. 3, they all must be cut off short for the next operation.

This consists in weaving the ends in, and it is done by forcing the spike under the strand next to the end you wish to weave in, passing the end through the opening, then over the next strand, and under the third, which you have opened in the same way. Now cut off a portion from the under side of the strand, pass it over and under once more, and cut off closely. Repeat this with the second strand of the pair, and your joining will look like Fig. 4, which represents a long splice finished. This figure, of course, shows only one woven-in end, the other being on the opposite side.



FIG. 4.—A LONG SPLICE FINISHED.

Having thus disposed of one pair of the loose ends, treat the other two pairs in the same way. Notice that the strands are nowhere turned back on themselves, but that they always work on in the same way they started; that is, those which turned out from the middle turn out to the end, while those that turned toward the middle (or those you untwisted to make place for the others) still turn toward the center, as they began.

II. Sennit, or Braid.

The first thing a boy learns when he goes to sea is to make braid, or, in sailors' talk, "sennit," and I think land boys will find it very convenient to know a few of the different kinds in use. All boys wish to make whip-lashes or to swing hammocks; and for those of you who own sail-boats, or even row-boats, there are endless uses for these braids. Fenders to protect the sides of boats from injury are best made from a short, thick piece of sennit; and many boats have a guard, made of about seven large strands, like Fig. 5, running all around just under the gunwale.

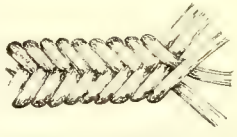


FIG. 5.—THE SIMPLEST KIND OF SENNIT.

On a ship these braids are used to wrap around

parts of the rigging, to keep them from chafing, so they are called "chafing-gear." And the sailors make it by the barrelful, so that it will be on hand when needed.

In beginning a braid, tie a string around one end of the strands and fasten it to any convenient object, such as a hook in the wall or a door-knob, in order to keep the braid taut, as it is very important to draw the strands up snug and even every time. The simplest kind of sennit may be made of any uneven number of strands. It is shown in Fig. 5.

To begin, take five strands and separate them, holding three in the right hand and two in the left. First take the outside strand of the three in the right hand, pass it over the two next it, and lay it inside the two in the left hand. Now you have three in the left hand. Then take the outside strand of the three in the left hand, pass it over the two next it, and lay it inside of the two in the right hand. So you go on, always taking the outside strand from the side which has three together, passing it over its two neighbors, and laying it inside the two in the other hand. It is very easy, you see, and you will soon have a

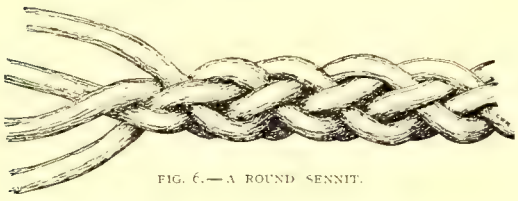


FIG. 6.—A ROUND SENNIT.

piece like that in the figure, in which the outside strand from the left side has just been laid over inside of the right. You can make this kind of braid of any uneven number of strands, and the only rule is always to bring the one from the outside of the greater number over all its neighbors to the inside of the smaller number.

To make a whip-lash, you should try a braid like that shown in Fig. 6, which is a round sennit. The one in the drawing is made of large round strands to show the braid better; but for a lash you should take flat strips of leather, and taper them to make your lash the proper shape.

This braid is made of four strands. Take two in each hand, pass the outside strand in the right hand under its neighbor and also under the inside strand in the left hand. Bring it up between the two in the left, and lay it over the inside strand next to it, placing it at last beside the one strand in the right hand, only inside of it instead of outside, where it was first. Do the same with the outside strand of the left hand; that is, pass it under the one next to it and the inside one of the right hand, bringing it up between the two in the right, turning it over the inside one, and laying it next to the one remaining in the left hand, on the inside. Keep on doing this and you will notice that the same two strands always stay in the same hand, but each turn of one interlocks it through the two in the other hand.

In Fig. 6 the outside strand on the right side has just been passed under and up between the two on the left side, over the inside one of the left and beside the strand on the right.

This method of braiding is pretty to use in covering many things, round, square, or tapering. Even a turned vase and many articles of varying shape may be covered by it. Where the object is wide the strands cross each other at a wide angle, and where narrow, run more nearly parallel to the object, but in every case it is covered. Some very pretty things are made with this braid.

For a flat braid, which, when made of rope-yarns or cord, is very nice for a dog or goat harness, you will need the "French" sennit shown in Fig. 7. At sea, it is sometimes made eight or ten inches wide, and half an inch thick; but you will not need it so heavy. To begin, take nine strands as in the figure, though it may be made of any other number.

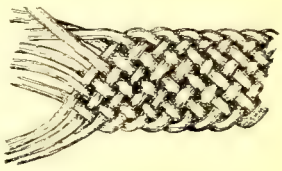


FIG 7.—THE FRENCH SENNIT.

First spread the strands out flat, take the middle one (in this case, No. 5), bend it to the right and over No. 4, which is bent to the left. Take No. 6, bend it to the right, and under No. 4. Take No. 3, bend it to the left, over No. 5, and under No. 6. Take No. 7, bend it to the right, over No. 4, and under No. 3. Take No. 2, bend to the left, under No. 5, over No. 6, and under No. 7. Continue in this way until all the strands are in. Then take No. 5, which, you remember, was bent to the right, and now occupies the outside place on that side, bend it up and over No. 6, which is next it, and then braid it in alternately over and under just as before. Braid in the outside strand from the left side in the same manner. Go on in this way, and the braid will look like Fig. 7. So many directions make it seem hard; but when you try it with the figure before you, you will find it very easy. If the braid is made from an even number of strands, as in Fig. 8, the strands will begin on both sides by turning over; but if the number is uneven, as in Fig. 7, the strands on one side will begin by turning under.

Be careful to draw the strands even and snug. This braid has one great advantage over others. It may be split into two or more narrower braids, as you see in Fig. 8, and afterward braided together again, leaving an open loop, or a sort of button-hole. A glance at Fig. 8 will show you just how this is accomplished, and that it is an easy task.

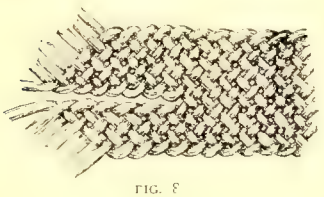


FIG. 8

In a navy hammock, the cords which support the body are woven into a flat braid which starts with two or three strands and has the others gradually woven in, two at a time, one on each side. This finishes it off very neatly, and keeps the cords from tangling, and is a great improvement on simply putting the cords through the ring, which has a bungling appearance, as they are generally in a snarl. This braid may be more easily made by "putting the cart before the horse"; that is, by beginning at what is apparently the wrong end. Take the cords double length, and draw them all through the ring, until half the length is on each side. There will be twice as many strands as you had cords. Begin a flat braid, as in Fig. 8, until all the strands are woven in. If there are twelve, you then leave out the outside strand on each side and continue the braid with ten; leave out two again, and continue with the middle eight; and so on until you have but two left. Tie these firmly together, and the braid will not work loose.

The queer-looking flat open-work braid shown in Fig. 9 is much used at sea, but it is hard to make



FIG. 9.

of anything but tarred hemp rope-yarns, because it always inclines to loosen. The tarred rope does not slip like ordinary cord. In this braid, the strands do not cross the braid, but each one simply locks into its neighbor. To make it, you twist the first strand around the second, the second around the third, the third around the fourth, and so on across the braid. In the figure, the first has been twisted around the second, and the second is ready to twist around the third.

These braids can be easily learned by following the descriptions, and by referring to the cuts. Girls may use them in many ways; that shown in Fig. 5 is pretty for the hair. But I need not point out the various uses to which they may be put, for I am sure you all will discover them for yourselves.

III. The "Maderwocker."

This object bears no relation to the famous Jabberwock; in fact, it is simply a knot in common use among sailors; and the mysterious-sounding name is merely a very bad way of pronouncing "Matthew Walker." Matthew Walker was an inventor, and, though his name has become gibberish, his knot is as good as ever, and is a very useful one. Whenever a rope is put through a hole and held by a knot, there is the place for a maderwocker, one that is not clumsy, will hold fast, and never loosen. The boys can use it on sled-ropes, swings, rope handles to boxes, and in many other places.

To make it you must first untwist, or unlay, about six inches of one end of the rope, and tie a string firmly around it where the knot is to be. Now, hold the rope in your left hand with the untwisted ends standing up, take one strand and bend it downward and around the second. Do not draw it tight, but leave a loop. Next bend the second strand around the third, and the third around the first, bringing the third one up through the loop left in the first. Draw all the ends tight and snug, and the knot will look like Fig. 10, which is a "single maderwocker," or "single wall."



FIG. 10.—A SINGLE MADERWOCKER.

If this knot is not enough you may put a "crown" on it. Bend down the first end and leave a loop; bend the second over the first, the third over the second, and put the end through the loop left in the first. Draw all the ends down snug and cut them off, and you will have a neat and strong knot like Fig. 11. Perhaps you will understand this crown better by looking at the end of the braid, Fig. 13.

A "double maderwocker," or "double wall," is a variety of this knot, made in the same way, excepting that each strand passes around two others, instead of one, as in the single maderwocker. Thus, the first strand is bent down and around the second and third, the second around the third and first, and up through the loop of

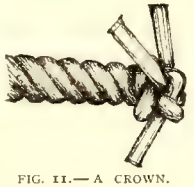


FIG. 11.—A CROWN.

the first; the third around the first and second, and up through the loop of the second, which also has been left a little loose. Draw all snug and you have a larger knot than the single one. (See Fig. 12.) You can finish it either by putting a "crown" on it, as described before, or by binding the strands close to the knot and cutting off the ends.



FIG. 12.—A DOUBLE MADERWOCKER.

A series of crowns makes a very pretty and useful round braid like Fig. 13. The one represented has but four strands, though you will notice that it looks as if it had eight. Any number of strands may be used for this, and it will always appear to have double the number it really has. To make it look even and smooth, you must always bend the strands down in the same way; that is, always bend them to the right or always to the left. Girls will find this pretty cord convenient for many things; made of fine silk braid, it is nice to hang a fan from the belt, or for other purposes. Made of heavier materials, boys, I am sure, will find use for it.



FIG. 13.

THE SAILOR BOY.

BY WALLACE E. MATHER.



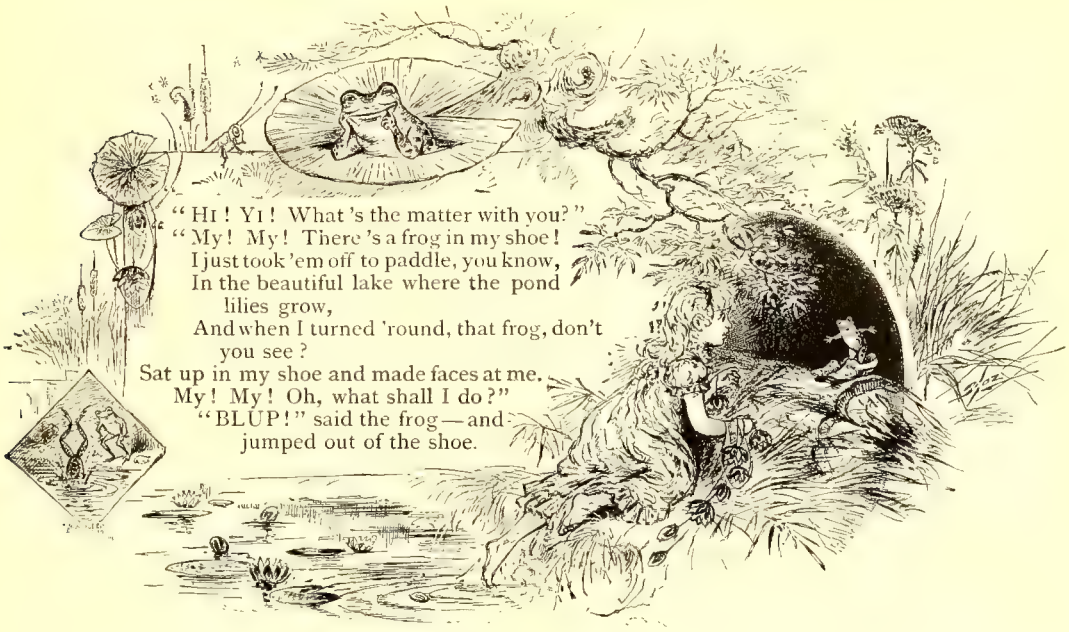
I KNEW a little youngster
Who would a sailor be;
He did not care for top or ball,
For marbles, kites, or trinkets small,—
He did not care for these at all,
For he would go to sea.

The things he really cared for
Were queer things such as these:
Odd knots of rope, and bits of string,
A marline-spike, a hammock ring,
India ink, or anything
That might a sailor please.

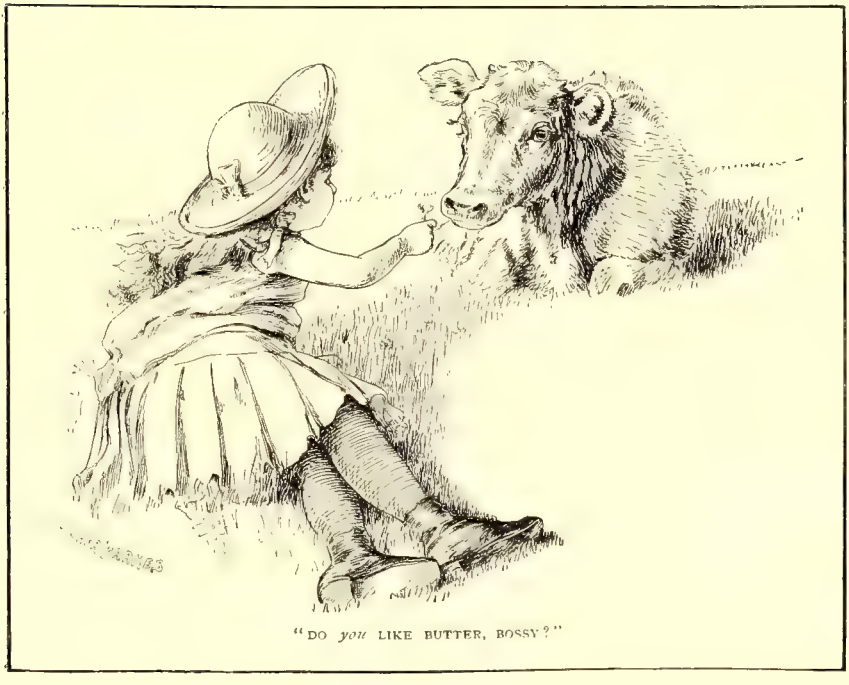
He liked to read of voyages,
And navigators' lore.
"And I can tell you how," he said,
"To make a splice or a 'Turk's head,'
To hold the reel, or heave the lead,
And—oh! a great deal more."

And if perchance you missed him,
When others were at play,
You 'd find him stowed in some odd nook,
Off cruising in his sailor book
With Frobisher or Captain Cook,
In regions far away.

He has not gone from home as yet,
To ship before the mast;
But only wait and you shall see—
Sailors are made from such as he;
I 'm very sure that he will be
An Admiral at last.



"Hi! Yi! What 's the matter with you?"
"My! My! There 's a frog in my shoe!
I just took 'em off to paddle, you know,
In the beautiful lake where the pond lilies grow,
And when I turned 'round, that frog, don't you see?
Sat up in my shoe and made faces at me.
My! My! Oh, what shall I do?"
"BLUP!" said the frog—and jumped out of the shoe.



"DO *you* LIKE BUTTER, BOSSY?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

TRY not to mind it, dearly beloveds. It is merely "the sensation caused by caloric, or the principle of heat, in excess; the bodily feeling experienced on exposure to the sun's rays; the reverse of *cold*." What is there to grumble about in so simple a thing as that? And yet that is all that makes these sunny days uncomfortable. Just fan yourselves with that fact, my dears. I 'm assured you have the highest authority for it — a big, wise book named Webster.

And now that your thoughts are cooled and refreshed, you 're ready for this communication which the Little School-ma'am wishes to lay before you.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST LETTER.

MY DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: My mamma has found in a new book (the "Life of Henry W. Longfellow," edited by his brother Samuel), a copy of the very first letter ever written by the poet. We reckoned his age, and found that he was six years and eleven months old when he wrote it. It interested my brother Kit and me so much that Mother said we could copy it for you to show the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. I think it was very nice in him to put his sister Ann in first, and Kit says I ought to explain that a billet was sometimes good to get.

This is the letter:

"PORTLAND, 1814.

"DEAR PAPA.— Ann wants a little Bible like little Betsey's. Will you please buy her one, if you can find any in Boston. I have been to school all the week, and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday. I wish you to buy me a drum

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

As some one may wish you to tell whether Henry got the drum or not, I think I 'll copy next a part of the father's answer to the letter. He was in Boston at the time, and he wrote:

* * * "I have found a very pretty drum, with an eagle painted on it, but the man asks two dollars for it; and they do not let any vessels go from Boston to Portland now. But if I can find any opportunity to send it down, I shall buy it. And if I cannot, I shall buy something else which will please you as well. I am glad to hear that you have been a good boy at school, and are likely to get a billet. You must save all your billets till I get home." * * *

P. S.— What do you think my father says? He says Henry's letter was pretty hard on Boston.

Your little friend and admirer,

DOROTHY G——.

THE WATER-SNAKE AS A FISHERMAN.

DEAR JACK: I once had some tame fish in a lake at the foot of my garden,— or, rather, some fish that came every afternoon about five o'clock to be fed. My children were in the habit of taking bread daily and throwing it into the lake for them to eat. The fish became so tame that they would eat out of our hands, and when a foot-fall was heard coming down the terrace that leads into the small flower-garden by the lakeside, the fish would rush through the water by hundreds, expecting their food. They were of many kinds,— from the large catfish, or bullpout, weighing three or four pounds, to the small minnow.

Once, while I was feeding them from my hand, a water-snake suddenly caught one of the fish by the head, and, as a snake always must do after catching his prey under water, he held the fish up out of the water for a moment while he took breath. I instantly caught the fish, and attempted to pull it out of the snake's mouth, but the snake as quickly twisted his tail around a root under the water and resisted my attempt to deprive him of his expected dinner. With all the strength I could exert, I could neither pull the fish out of the snake's mouth nor tear loose his hold upon the root.

While I continued to pull, I very soon found that the snake was beginning to swallow the fish, and was visibly sucking it in. Notwithstanding all my efforts to wrench it from his grasp, the fish gradually disappeared into the snake's mouth until I felt my thumb and finger touch against the jaws of the reptile, and even then they were irresistibly pushed back until my grasp was only upon the tip end of the fish's tail. Then the snake, with a sudden jerk, pulled it quite out of my hand and swam away. I was defeated, and the snake had gained the victory. Yours truly, H. E. S.

MORE ANIMAL WEATHER-PROPHETS.

IT never rains but it pours! as I 've often heard the Deacon say. We have lately been discussing the habits of some animal weather-prophets, but we have considered them one at a time. Now, lo and behold! — my young friend Ida G. Egerton sends me this letter and a newspaper extract, which describes a long list of such weather-prophets.

BOONVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: Seeing your readers are interested in living barometers, I thought I would send you this paper. From

IDA G. EGERTON.

"I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather, says a correspondent, than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but they imbibe moisture during a rain, and exude it afterward. The snail is never seen abroad except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree-snail, as it is called, two days before rain, will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, it gets on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain, on the outside. Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow in color, and after rain blue.

"Take the ants, too; have you ever noticed the activity they display before a storm — hurry, scurry, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire, as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees, and horses display restlessness.

"When you see a swan flying before the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers in the evening, worms, slugs, and snails appearing, robin-redbreasts pecking at the windows, pigeons coming to the dovecotes earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking, or geese washing, you can put them down as rain-signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of the weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that a cat licks herself before a storm is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influences of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many persons feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches, toothaches, and rheumatic pains."

It appears, from this, that even boys and girls may sometimes be classed among the animal weather-prophets. But, as they seem to have a rather painful way of indicating storms, I hope none of you excel in prophesying.

A USEFUL BIRD WITH AN ARISTOCRATIC NAME.

WARWARSING, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: We were lately much interested in watching a family of Baltimore orioles that lived in a nest in a tree near our house. There were several young birds in the nest, that kept their father and mother busy all day long feeding them. The nest was rather small for its inmates, and some time ago a little bird fell out. Though the nest is about fifteen feet above the ground, it did not hurt itself. We saw it fall, and put it on a small tree near by, where its mother could see it. Afterward I climbed a ladder and put it in the nest. Then the mother bird arrived and hunted all over the small tree, trying to find it and give it something to eat, and seemed very anxious about it. It was a very pretty sight to watch her.

This oriole's nest has been in the tree for some years. It hangs from one of the highest limbs, to which it is fastened by strong cords made from the material of which the nest is built. We are glad to have orioles about, for they feed the young birds with insects injurious to the garden and orchard. Insects seem to be their principal food; and I have seen them eat hornet's eggs.

The name "oriole" is from the old French "oriol," which is derived from the Latin "aureolus," meaning golden. They are sometimes called "golden robins." The orchard oriole, which we occasionally see, is of a pure yellow color, with stripes of black on its back, and is about the size of a canary-bird. The colors of the Baltimore oriole are orange and black. They are so called because orange and black were the colors of the coat of arms of Lord Baltimore, who was Governor of Maryland under King Charles I.

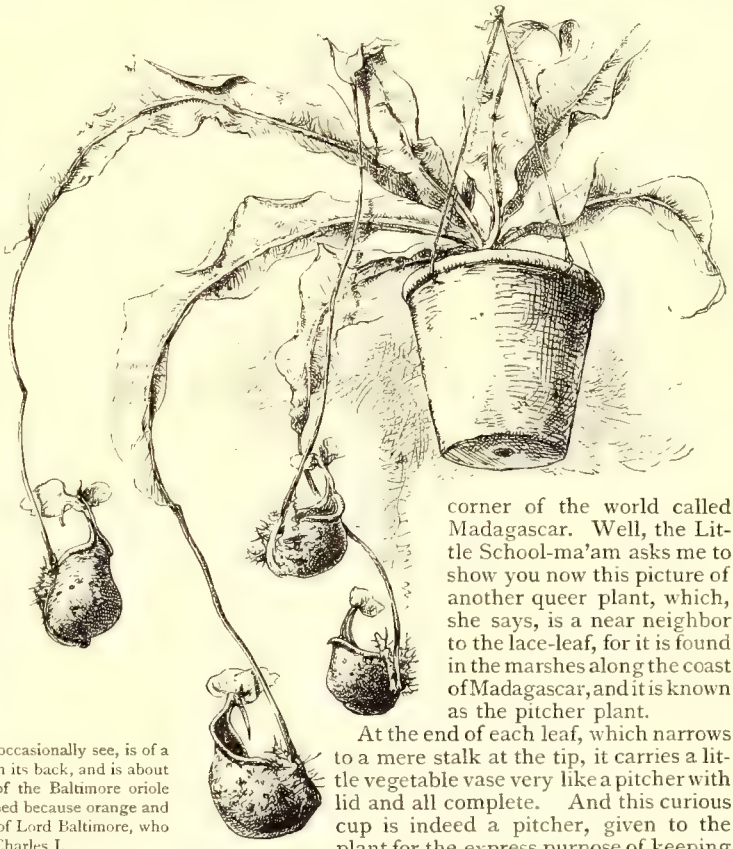
Respectfully, NORMAN T. SAUNDERS.

A WISE HUMMING-BIRD.

WISDOM does not depend on size, as you all know, my dears. The ant and the bee, in fact, often seem to know more than some of the largest animals. The humming-bird, too, though the smallest of birds, is not lacking in intelligence. A friend of the Deacon tells a pleasant little story of one that was trying to secure the honey from a flower with a deep cup, and at the same time was plainly very tired. The flower grew near a porch where a family was sitting, and seeing the trouble of the bird, a young girl walked slowly toward him, holding out her finger. The tired bird looked sharply at her and then accepted the offered perch, alighted on the finger, and, when it was held close to the flower, returned to his work of honey-gathering. The girl stood quietly, and he used her finger as a resting-place till he had finished his meal, when he flew away home. A wise humming-bird that, say I,—and a wise girl, too.

THE PITCHER PLANT.

YOU were lately told in ST. NICHOLAS, I hear, about a curious lace-leaf that grows in a far-off



corner of the world called Madagascar. Well, the Little School-ma'am asks me to show you now this picture of another queer plant, which, she says, is a near neighbor to the lace-leaf, for it is found in the marshes along the coast of Madagascar, and it is known as the pitcher plant.

At the end of each leaf, which narrows to a mere stalk at the tip, it carries a little vegetable vase very like a pitcher with lid and all complete. And this curious cup is indeed a pitcher, given to the plant for the express purpose of keeping its leaves well supplied with moisture; for travelers report that they have frequently found quite a quantity of water in those queer little natural cups. Besides, they have big ears, so of course they 're little pitchers.

The Deacon says that, according to all accounts, Madagascar must be a sort of palace of the vegetable kingdom.



A FINAL WORD ABOUT THE BADGE.

SINCE Mr. Hayward went out of business, Mr. N. M. Shepard, 85 Nassau street, N. Y., has consented to succeed him as our badge-manufacturer.

He is quite enthusiastic in the matter, and has designed some very pretty badges, which seem to us a decided improvement upon the styles shown in the hand-book. The scarf-pin and lace-pin are most attractive, because least noticeable, — which is a paradox.

For further information communicate with Mr. Shepard, whose address is given above.

A FRIENDLY WORD FROM PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

IT is a pleasant thought that even those men whose personal experience of sorrow has led them to take dark views of life in general can find in our Association something worthy their commendation — something to be built up, rather than destroyed. Would that we could extend our brotherly influence as widely as Prince Krapotkine suggests in the following extract from his article, "What Geography Ought To Be," published in "The Nineteenth Century" for December, 1885:

"Another feature to be introduced in our schools ought to be mentioned here. I mean the exchange, between schools, of correspondence on geographical subjects and of their natural science collections. This feature, already introduced in several schools of the United States by the 'Agassiz Association,' can not be too warmly advocated. It is not enough to collect specimens of rocks, plants, and animals from its own limited regions. Each village school ought to have collections from everywhere; not only from all parts of its own country, but from Australia and Java, Siberia and the Argentine Republic. It can not purchase them, but it may have them — it can have them in exchange for its own collections, from schools scattered everywhere on the surface of the globe.

"Such is the great idea which presided at the creation of the 'Agassiz Association' — an organization which has already seven thousand members and six hundred 'Chapters,' or sections.* The members of this Association are accustomed to study natural sciences in the field, amid nature itself; but they do not keep their treasures to themselves. They write to other branches of the Association; they exchange with them their observations, their ideas, their specimens of minerals, plants, and animals. They write about the scenery of Canada to friends in Texas. Their Swiss friends (for something similar exists also in Switzerland) send them the *Edelweiss* of the Alps, and their English friends instruct them in the geology of England. Shall I add that in proportion as the existence of the Association becomes known, specialists, professors, and *amateur*-naturalists hasten to offer their services to their young friends for lecturing before them, for determining their specimens, or for climbing with them on the hills in geological and botanical excursions? . . . Is it necessary to insist on the benefits of the 'Agassiz Association,' or to show how it ought to be extended? The greatness of the idea of establishing a lively connection between all schools of the Earth is too clear. Everybody knows that it is sufficient to have a friend in a foreign country — be it Moscow or Java — to begin to take some interest in that country. A newspaper paragraph entitled 'Moscow' or 'Java' will thereafter attract his attention, — the more so if he is in a lively intercourse with his friend, if both pursue the same work and communicate to one another the results of their studies and explorations. More than that: Let English children be in a continuous exchange of correspondence, collections, and thoughts with Russian children, and you may be sure that after some time neither English nor Russians will so readily grasp at guns for settling their misunderstandings. The 'Agassiz Association' has a brilliant future; similar ones will surely extend all over the world."

DELAYED REPORTS.

455, *Bedford, Pa.* Each member has his own cabinet. Our time has not been wasted by any means. It will not be long before we recommence our collecting expeditions and picnics.— W. C. Langdon, Jr., Sec.

447, *Chittenango, N. Y.* We have a very good collection, including rare insects. We intend soon to visit the Indian mound near Manlius, where we hope to make various additions to our collection. We shall raise 1000 silk-worms for study this summer.— C. A. Jenkins, Sec.

490, *New York (N).* The year has been the most successful of our existence. We stand to-day strong in numbers, interest, and enthusiasm. We have held meetings steadily twice a month, and these have been enthusiastic and well attended. Our good friend, Professor J. D. Hyatt, has lectured for us, illustrating each lecture by blackboard diagrams and also by his powerful microscope. We have started a library, and a number of interesting and valuable books have been presented to us. We have issued a little paper called the "Naturalist's Journal." Our cabinet is assuming gigantic proportions, and embraces specimens in all lines of natural history, properly arranged and classified. We have a tabulated list of subjects and speakers for our meetings arranged for the next three months. These are nicely printed, together with names of officers, time of meeting, rules, and constitution, so that each member can have a copy for his own reference, and also to distribute to his friends. We have also made arrangements for excursions and field-meetings. We are encouraged and inspired by the past, and enter upon the future with bright anticipations for still greater success. May that success crown the efforts of all our Chapters!— Cephas B. Fox, Secretary.

REPORTS FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY.

527, *San Francisco (G).* One of our young men has made an excellent induction-coil and other apparatus which we find useful in experimenting. Our work, as members of the A. A., has been very satisfactory and instructive.— Henry Rhine, Secretary.

539, *Philadelphia (P).* We started in October, '83, with ten members, and we now have thirty-two. We have held 100 regular and two special meetings. Six lectures have been delivered to the Chapter by as many lecturers. Our present plan of working is this: The Chapter is divided into three classes, zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy and geology. A member may join all the classes if he chooses, but must join at least one. Each class elects its own chairman. At four successive meetings, zoölogy is studied. The next four meetings are botanical. We conduct a journal, not printed, but written in a book, and read by the editor. Each member, in turn, is appointed to contribute an article to this journal. Our finances are in good condition, and in our next report I hope you will find an account of a permanent meeting-place (with an engraved charter, and picture of Professor Agassiz on the wall), containing a large library, a new cabinet, and a splendid microscope.— Louis L. Calvert, Sec.

549, *Linlithgow, Scotland.* The work of our Chapter has gone on very successfully. The members of the A. A. are also members of a local association, and the work of the latter is generally considered to be also that for the former. All the members have to acknowledge with pleasure the numerous offers to exchange made to them by American friends, advantage of which has been greatly taken. The Secretary has greatly enriched his herbarium by the additions to it of American plants. The out-of-door work — always the most pleasant — proved all last year to be most pleasurable and profitable, and it may be interesting to other members to know that all the members here are 'cyclists and find their wheels of the greatest service.

The subjects taken up have been botany, geology, entomology, ornithology, conchology, oölogy, and to a certain extent also zoölogy. Meetings have been held and papers read, and many excur-

* "Hand-book of the Agassiz Association," by Harlan H. Ballard. Lenox, Mass, 1884.

sions taken, and the members hope that, in spite of the claims made on them by their daily avocations, they will still be able to continue the study of nature.— Wm. Wardrop, Secretary.

544, *Philadelphia (Q).* Our meetings are well attended and very interesting. Our debates are excellent, and show preparation on the part of the participants. During the coming year we promise to push things to a higher point than ever.— Joseph L. Hammer, Sec.

555, *Olympia, W. T.* We have held weekly meetings continuously, and have made constant additions to our cabinets. In botany we have a pretty good collection of phanerogams; about five hundred species determined; and in microscopy we have a good collection of diatoms. We have a good series of Puget Sound clam-shells.— For the Secretary, Robt Blankenship.

556, *Phila., (R).* Many specimens have been gained, but our cabinet does not fairly represent the Chapter, because each member is an enthusiastic collector in his own department, and, with a selfishness that perhaps can not be blamed, reserves his "finds" to increase his "working capital." Our library has been more fortunate.

Our correspondence is a very pleasant feature. Mr. H. G. White writes us valuable letters on the bird life of Eastern Massachusetts, and W. H. Steckel keeps us informed on the plant life of Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Another department of our Chapter is the biological section. Objects are exhibited under the microscope, and specimens, dissections, and preparations are handed around and freely discussed. Sometimes we meet informally, and spend an evening in dissections and general study. One will take a cicada pupa, one a locust or an earth-worm, and so on; before adjourning, each reports on his evening's work.

Our MS. paper, "Monthly Notes," has fallen into the hands of a most able and vigorous editor, and is flourishing vigorously. To conclude, we all feel that we are engaged in a good work, and each one, inspiring and being inspired by the example of the others, agrees that the Agassiz Association is the most worthy object of his loyalty and love. A question frequently asked by outsiders is, "Does it pay?" We promptly and heartily answer, "Yes!" — Wm. E. McHenry, Sec.

564, *Santa Rosa, Cal.* The interest and attendance for the past six months have been larger than ever before. We gave a reception one Saturday evening, for the purpose of awaking an interest, and introducing our society to the public. The programme was:

1. Address, "History of the S. R. Chapter of the A. A.," *Pres. G. Lowell.* 2. Select Reading, "The Cat," *Louis King.* 3. Essay, "Nature," *Wilber M. Swett.* 4. Select Reading, "Poem of Agassiz," *Geo. Butt.* 5. "Biographical Sketch of Agassiz," *Geo. Shaffer.* 6. "Microscopical Exhibition."

The members loaned their private collections. There were four microscopes at hand, and numerous slides, all of which had been prepared by members. We hope by our perseverance to raise the S. R. A. A. to rank "one," as a working Chapter.— Wilber M. Swett, Sec.

565, *Waseca, Minn.*, is in the field to stay. Since our last report we have accomplished a great deal in the way of adding to our collections. We consider one good working member worth a hundred drones. The Secretary and Vice-President hope to be at Davenport in August. We report forty-six mounted birds, and seventeen skins of birds, all of our country; three mammals, forty-five osteological specimens, etc.; three skeletons, fifteen alcoholic specimens, and 200 eggs in sets, all named and numbered. Also some 1200 mineral specimens. We also devote some time to the study of ethnology, as up to as late as 1863, the ground on which Waseca now stands was frequented by tribes of Indians; and as a consequence of that study we have a box of bones, dug up from a mound, about two hundred arrow points, stone axes, and a curiously carved stone head. Please consider Chapter 565 as one of the Chapters that will be heard and felt in the years to come — J. F. Murphy, Sec.

569, *Ludington, Mich.* We have a faithful club. Have not lost a member since we started two years ago last November. Have not failed of a meeting each week since last September. Have fourteen boys between ages of thirteen and fifteen.

Have been studying Winchell's geological excursions, and one of the members said he thought that Prof. Winchell had written the book purposely for him. It has explained to us the higher geologies, and by it we have been enabled to name nearly all the rock specimens found in Michigan.

We gave a public meeting to our parents and friends, and entertained them with music, and essays, etc., prepared on the subjects previously studied. We also had a blackboard illustration, showing the causes of wells and springs, drawn and explained by one of our boys.

Again we invited the young ladies' club to hold a meeting at our rooms, and after listening to their programme of essays, music, etc., we invited them to a banquet, cooked, arranged, and served *wholly* by our *boys*. All pronounced it a fine success. We have had various excursions, examining gravel banks, gullies, cañons (small ones), etc. We have had experiments in chemistry, and have used the various acids, to the full satisfaction of the owner of the club-room. In order to fix in the minds the description of the different rocks, two of our young members have invented games of mineralogy,— one to be played like "Authors," and the other like the geography game. The members like to try the latter on their adult friends, to see how much they know of the hardness, streak, chemical composition, forms of crystals, and uses of the common rocks.— L. B. Elsworth, Cor. Sec.

571, *Grand Rapids, Mich.* We organized our club in the first part of January, 1883, with about fifteen members; but we have grown, and now we have twenty-five members. We meet for one hour every Monday evening. One plan has been to call for items of interest from each of the members, and of these items we are forming a scrap-book. We have often had short talks from gentlemen upon various subjects, such as gunpowder and the care taken of it; light, and sound, and electricity with experiments. Our meetings are well attended, and the interest rather increases than otherwise — Ed. Avery, Sec.

578, *Osceola, Iowa.* Our Chapter has a membership of twenty. We meet every Wednesday evening in a room fitted for that purpose. We have a cabinet containing a fine collection of ores, fossils, etc. Our Chapter was organized over two years ago. Since then our membership has gradually increased, and with it the interest of the members. The condition of the society is in every way promising — Lee Burns, Sec., Box 744.

587, *Concord, N. H.* We think we have made more progress during the past year than in any other since our Chapter was formed. We have received many good specimens in exchange, among them some coal-fossils, in which we were greatly interested; a piece of iron ore from the Isle of Elba, and a quantity of shells from all points of the compass. So now our cabinet contains some 500 minerals, besides the shells and other curiosities. We have not read scientific books as much this winter as we did last year, but have given our time to practical work in botany and mineralogy. Five young ladies come in every Monday for the study of botany, taking up house-plants as a preparation for other work next summer. Also, we took advantage of Professor Crosby's offer, and have much enjoyed the work in mineralogy under his direction. We found blow-pipe analysis very fascinating.—Lunette E. Lamprey, Sec.

590, *Pomfret Centre, Conn.* An average of four members of our Chapter have met once a week through the winter. We have carefully examined two herbariums collected by members, besides looking over nearly one hundred species of flowers and ferns sent to me from California. During the year we have examined 300 species of flowers and ferns growing in this vicinity. We have made one excursion this month, and we have upon our list since April 7, 1886, twenty-five plants. The first, Houstonia, was found on April 13. Our members are more enthusiastic than ever before, and we are looking forward to a very profitable season.— S. P. Oakes Marsh, Sec.

595, *Oneonta, N. Y.* One of our members is taking the course of lessons in mineralogy, and enjoys it very much. Another is making a collection of the violets, and writing out descriptions of all the plants she finds. When we go to the woods we always take a basket and stout knife; then when we find a plant which we do not know, and is not in bloom, we transplant it to our little wild garden; then when it blossoms, we analyze it: if it is pretty and desirable, we let it grow; if not, we pull it up; but when we meet it again, we know it.— Jessie E. Jenks, Sec.

600, *Galveston (A).* Since date of last report (September 16, 1885), we have held fifteen meetings, at which were read six essays and eleven selected readings. There were reported seventy-six notes on natural objects, and specimens found, to the number of one hundred and fifty-one.

Among the many curious notes reported was one on the nest of a mud-wasp, found within the rind of a ripe orange, the skin of which had burst from rapid growth.

Exchanges.

Galena, gold ore, silver ore, fluorspar, etc. I will hereafter give all inquirers for exchange my closest attention.— Ernest L. Roberts, Sec. 262, Denver, Col.

Infusorial earth from Virginia for specimens from other States.— Chapter 248, 109 East Grace street, Richmond, Va.

Minerals for same. Lists exchanged. Silicified wood a specialty.— Miss Allie Cole, Sec. Ch. 700, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Cactus and petrified wood.— Emma E. Pirie, San Antonio, Texas.

Collections of twenty-five native California plants each, for books and pamphlets relating to botany and ornithology.—P. M. Hoit, Santa Barbara, California.

Holly, mistletoe, balls of sweet gum-tree, and "cross-vine," for mounted sea-weed, star-fish, and other marine specimens.— Frank J. Engel, Montvale Springs, Tennessee

Well identified bird-skins for same. Send for lists.— L. M. Davies, 203 Newell street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Petrified wood.— Wilber M. Swett, Santa Rosa, Cal.

New and Reorganized Chapters.

No.	*Name.*	*No of Members.*	*Address.*
967	Menominee, Mich. (A)	12	Guy Milbury.
779	Chicago, Ill (Y)	4	Miss Alice I. Halsey, 3027½ S. Park Ave.
45	Shelbyville, Ky. (A)	6	Ross Neel.
791	St. Louis, Mo. (F)	5	Mrs. E. K. Jones, 713 Channing Ave.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
347	Baltimore, Md. (C)	6	Miss Affa Gray, 428 N. Mount St.
719	Phila., Pa. (A')	7	Herbert L. Evans, 4414 Sansom St.
557	Phila., Pa. (S) . .	7	Chas. Nason, 2116 Percy St.
968	Montvale Sp'gs, Tenn (A)	9	Frank J. Engel, Blount Co.
969	Cromwell, Ct. (A).....	9	H. H. Barrows.
970	Stanbridge Quebec (A)	8	A. F. Sargent.
971	Mendham, N. J. (A)	11	Alvah Quimby.
110	Marshalltown, Iowa (A)	4	C. C. Trine.
13	Madison, N. J. (A)	9	Lillian H. Springer.
107	Newburyport, Mass. (A)	6	Geo. A. Noyes.
168	Buffalo, N. Y. (C).....	5	Henry S. Gatley, 205 Swan St.

DISBANDED.

841	Fairview, N. J.	Mrs. C. W. Asbury.
506	Port Henry, N. J.	John M. Thomas.
462	New Haven, Conn. (A)	J. H. Haydon.

Secretaries of Chapters 601–700 will kindly send in their annual reports by August 25, if possible.

All are invited to join the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, old and young. Address all communications for this department to

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox, Mass.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE explanation of "curving" in base-ball pitching has been discussed at length in this volume of ST. NICHOLAS, and we now present to our older boy-readers, as a final contribution on the subject, these three letters from three widely separated localities. The first comes from the far West:

PINOLE, CAL., 1886.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The explanation of "curving" suggested in your April number is ingenious, but unfortunately it makes the ball curve the wrong way. The anonymous explanation in February has the same defect, though it narrowly misses being correct. I ask your readers to look over that explanation again, and they will see that the ball, under the extraordinary conditions imposed upon it, instead of "curving," as the writer says, to the right, will not advance at all, but will revolve around the point D to the left.

There can be no doubt about the possibility of "curving" a base-ball. The subject is an old one in gunnery, and has been thoroughly investigated by various experimenters. When spherical projectiles were the only ones in vogue, the matter was one of vital interest to artillerists. When such a ball is thrown, it is acted upon by two forces — the resistance of the air and the force of gravity. The normal path for a given velocity and angle of projection is a plane curve, because both these forces act in the vertical plane of fire — the force of gravity vertically and the resistance of the air tangentially to the curve. When, in addition to the motion of translation, the ball is given a motion of rotation about its center of inertia, the latter will no longer describe the normal path, but will deviate from it by "curving" to the right or left, up or down, depending upon the direction of the rotation. This is because the resultant of the air-resistances will no longer act in the line of the tangent in the general case, but at an angle with it. The general effect will be an increase or diminution of the normal range or deviation to the right or left of the plane of fire.

Now, it is almost impossible to project a spherical ball from a smooth-bore gun without giving it a rotation the direction of which it is difficult to predict; hence the inaccuracy of that kind of fire. Spherical balls are not homogeneous, as a rule. If the center of figure and center of inertia do not coincide, the ball will rotate when fired — unless so placed in the gun that these points are both in the axis of the piece. Taking advantage of these principles, Major Wade, of our army, years ago managed to make an eccentric shell curve so as to fall fifty yards to the right or left of the plane of fire. The "curving" due to rotation is in the direction in which the *front of the ball rotates.* Perhaps the explanation accepted by artillerists can be best understood by the aid of a figure. Let the ball be moving in the direction A E and be rotating at the same time in the direction B C D about an axis vertical to the plane of the paper. A E will be the projection of the plane of fire — which plane will divide the ball into two hemispheres. Now, the half of the ball on the side B will be moving forward by the rotation, or in the same direction as the center, while the other half D will be moving backward, or in opposition to the motion of the center. The side B will have a greater velocity than the side D. The resistance of the air upon any surface moving through it varies with the amount and form of the surface. In these regards, the two sides are alike, but the resistance also varies with the velocity of the moving surface, increasing with some power greater than the square, and in this regard the two sides are different. The side B will experience a greater resistance than the side D, or, what is the same thing, the resultant of all the pressures on all points



of the hemisphere. B is greater than the corresponding resultant on D, and the ball will yield toward the side D, describing a curve C F.

The deviation of oblong rifle projectiles which rotate about their axes of figure is called "drift." This is a very interesting phenomenon, but it should not be confounded with the "curving" or deviation by rotation of spherical projectiles, as it is to be explained very differently. Yours truly,

W. R. QUINAN.

THE next letter is sent from Chicago, and the writer's theory is comparatively a simple one:

CHICAGO, 1886.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been much interested in the letters on the subject of curve-pitching, and since I have taken you for eleven years, I hope you will publish my theory, that it may be picked to pieces, and I may be set right on the subject. My theory is as follows:



Let *A B* be a ball moving toward *D*, and rotating in the direction shown by the arrows.

As the ball flies along, it pushes the air aside, as shown by the lines *F E*; the air thus rubs against the sides of the ball. But as the half of the ball called *B* is revolving with the air as shown by the arrow, there is much less friction on that side than on the half called *A*, which is revolving against the air.

Therefore, as motion is always in the direction of least resistance, the ball must curve in the direction *C*.

If any of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS can not understand my explanation, let them imagine, for example (instead of a regular ball), a ball covered with paddles, and they will then readily under-

stand it. If they think it not a good simile, let them look at the surface of a ball through a microscope and their doubts will not last long. Your friend, W. H.

FINALLY, from Boston, comes this rather formidable-looking explanation, which will interest those of our boy-readers who are accustomed to take their recreation and fun in the form of mathematical problems. [But does n't it make the ball curve in the wrong direction?]

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Let the line *A B*, Fig. 1, represent in length and direction a given force acting on the point *B*. Draw any parallelogram, as *A C B D*, having *A B* for a diagonal: then the lines *C B* and *D B* represent in length and direction two forces acting on *B*, which, together, are equivalent to *A B*, *A B* is the resultant of *C B* and *D B*, *C B* and *D B* are components of *A B*.

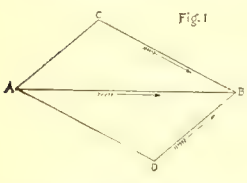


Fig. 1

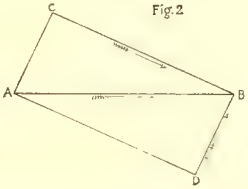


Fig. 2

If the parallelogram, *A C B D*, Fig. 2, is a rectangle, the components *C B* and *D B* are known as right components. The force represented by *D B* has no effect in the direction *C B*, and the force represented by *C B* has no effect in the direction *D B*.

Let Fig 3 represent a ball revolving about its center *O*, in the direction indicated by the arrows, but the ball, as a whole, not moving in any direction. Let *BB*, *BB*, be lines at right angles to each other. Let the resistance of the atmosphere be represented by lines *AB*, *AB*, *AB*, *AB*, and *AB'*, *AB'*, *AB'*, *AB'*, running in a direction opposite to the revolution of the ball. The lines *AB*, *AB*, *AB*, *AB* are already perpendicular to *BB*, *BB*, and need not be changed. But the lines *AB'*, *AB'*, *AB'*, *AB'* must be resolved into components perpendicular to *BB*, *BB*. This has been done in one case, the components being *CB'* and *DB'*. But the force *CB'* acting on the point *B* is equivalent to the force *EF* acting on *BB*, and the force *DB* is equivalent to the force *GH* acting on the other *BB*.

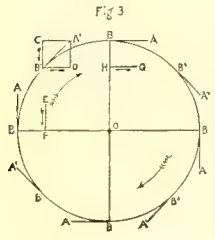


Fig 3

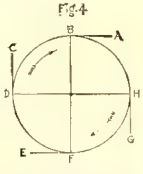


Fig 4

In a similar manner all the other forces, *A'B'* may be resolved into forces perpendicular to the lines *BB*, *BB*.

If, in Fig. 3, all the forces acting on each of the lines *OB*, be represented by a single line, we have as the result the four equal lines *AB*, *CD*, *EF*, *GH*, Fig. 4 representing the total force acting on the ball.

Now, suppose the ball to move in the direction indicated by the large arrow, Fig. 5, then the resistance on the side *B* would increase, that on the side *F* would decrease, hence *AB* would increase, while *EF* decreased proportionately. Again, the air in front of the ball at *H* is condensed, that in the rear at *D* is rarefied, hence the resistance at *H* is increased, that at *D* being lessened, and *GH* is increased, while *CD* is lessened.

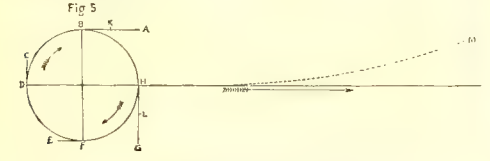


Fig 5

Set off on *AB*, *AK* equal to *EF*; *AK* will balance *EF*, and we have only the force *KB* acting on the line *BF*. Making *GL* equal, *CD*, in the same manner, we have only the force *LH* acting the line *HD*.

Now, the force represented by the line *BK* can not do any work in the directions *BF or FB*, and therefore merely slows the ball. But the force *LH*, although it can not do any work in the directions *HD or DH*, can do work in the direction *LH*, and causes the ball to follow the curve *HM*.

Of course, all the forces, *AB*, *CD*, *EF*, *GH*, tend to stop the rotation of the ball, but the forces *KB* and *LH* are the only ones which change the motion of the ball as a whole. F. H. C.

THE following verses were written by a young poet of eleven, who began making rhymes at the rather early age of three.

CONSOLATION.

BY ETHEL S. K. PACKARD.

THE waves of the coming tide
Crept gently along the beach,
With musical, silv'ry plash,
As if they broke into speech.

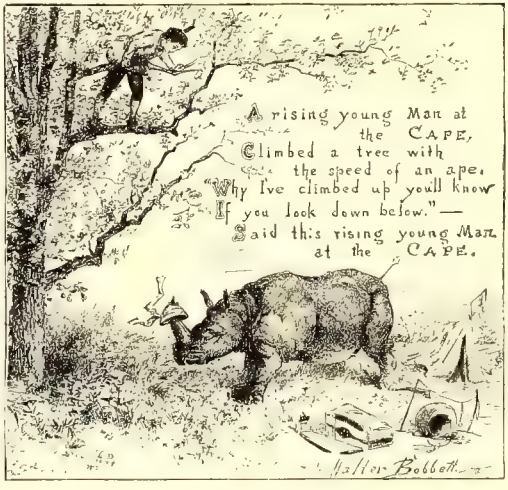
And when my sweet joy was dead,
The sound of the heaving sea,
Like gentle breath of sleepers,
Was a soothing balm to me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose you know that many girls have a poor opinion of boys. Well, my sister and her girl-friends were going to have a fair in my mother's parlors. I wanted to be in it, but they laughed, and asked me "if I could dress a doll, or make a needle-book?" While they were joking, Mamma whispered something in my ear, and we had a secret together, and we kept it till the night of the fair, and then we astonished my sister in this way. There is a long hall opening out of our back parlor. Mamma had it brightly lighted, that night, and about the middle of the evening Papa opened the door which led into the hall, and hung a large card over the door, on which was written: "Target-Shooting."

I was in there with my new air-pistol, and the target was at the other end of the hall. I loaded the pistol, and another boy took the money. We charged two cents for a shot, and we had all we could do to load fast enough, so many people wanted to shoot. Some took ten shots. When I handed the money to my sister, she said I was "a daisy,"—I think I had the best of the joke that time,—don't you? Yours, JAMIE H.

Yes, Jamie,—but we think also that some of the credit belongs to Mamma. Don't you?

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS sends to the "Letter-box" this illustrated jingle:



THE CHILDREN'S RIDE.

ONCE there were two little girls. Their names were Rosy and Alice. They had a little brother whose name was Robbie. Once when they were in the woods they saw a creature with eyes of flame, whistling as it went through the air, and it said in a gruff voice, "I am a Jabberwock."

"What kind of a creature under the sun are you?" said Robbie; "what flashing eyes you have! You look rather kind, though very

frightful Please take me up to the moon on your back and give me some cheese when you get there."

Robbie had heard that there was cheese in the moon, but he did not really think so; only for a joke he said that.

"Oh!" you soft little pussy thing!" said Rosy, as they rode away up to the moon. Pretty soon they went bump against something which was shiny and yellow. It was the moon. Then Jabberwock let the children get off her back, and asked the Man in the Moon if he would please get from his closet some cheese. "Why!" said Robbie, "I did n't know there was really any cheese up in the moon!"

"Then," said the Jabberwock, "why did you ask for it?"

"For a joke," said Robbie.

"Well, here now," said the Man in the Moon, "eat your cheese."

"Why, how nice!" said Alice, as she took a large bite out of the cheese "I think it would be nice to live up in the moon altogether, though I am afraid Mamma would not let us."

"Well, I suppose she would n't," said the Jabberwock. After they had had some cheese they went down again.

"Oh, thank you," said Rosy, as they got down to the earth. "Jabberwock, I think you are the loveliest creature in the world — except Mamma!"

"Oh," said Alice, "I wish you would stay with us a few days — I suppose you will if we ask you to."

"Yes," said Jabberwock, "I would love to. Should you like to see my baby? It is a sweet little thing."

She led them to a hole in a tree, where they saw the tiniest little baby Jabberwock you ever saw.

"What a cunning little thing!" said Rosy; "but has it not got any fur on?"

"No," said Jabberwock; "but still it is pretty, is it not?"

"Of course it is," said Rosy.

"But come," said Alice, "this is the time Mamma wanted us to be home."

"Is it?" said the Jabberwock "Well, I will come." So away they went.

Written by MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS
(at the age of 5 years and 10 months).

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of pleasant letters from the following young friends: Frank Taylor, Harry Armstrong, Katie P. Peabody, Alice Conway, Robert A. Provan, Fay Taylor, Pussy and Leuce, Josie Irwin, Agnes E. Conwell, W. H., Allmond McKay Griggs, Hugh P. Yiemann, Katie, Dorothea Nimzer, Anna Wetmore, Edith M., H. L. M., "Venus," Celia Loeb, Francis E. L., Florence E. Gaffield, Marion S. Dumont, Lee A. Miller, M. C. H., Evelyn Knight, Pansy, Luckett & Miriam I., F. W. Horninghouse, Hattie Frost, Emily E. Warner, "Alice, Annie, Gracie, Florence, Jessie, Marion," "Three Rebels," K., H. S. M., Bessie Maud Bowsher, Jerry Richter, Walter S. H., Nettie Rychen, Allan C. Rowe, May Singleton, Philip A. M., William B. Judson, Minnie W., C. E. Lankford, Ida E., Annie B. Sargent, Nellie P. Clark, Alex. D., Helen W., J. Henry Warren, F. W. Lodge, Grace Coburn, Harriet F. Lightfoot, Edith S. Clark, Fred. B. W., Sadie Furman, Ellen S. Congdon, Gertrude, Emily Belton, Grace Vandever, Helen Crane, Alex. Evans, Kate Morris, Belle B. Anderson, Mabel B., M. B. P., Mabel Carrington, Cora L. Witherspoon, Gertrude M., Eugene Kell, C. G. Elmore, Willie Pettigrew, Willie J. Spear, Jeannette G., Jessamine C., Albert L. Scoullar, Albertie Russell, George Emerson, Helen A. Polsley, Ed. H. B., Elizabeth Butler and Elizabeth Wright, P. N. S., Ethel Grey, Rebecca K. Allison, Burton P. Thoms, Amy H., Florence Rawson Greer, Stella A. Goodell, S. W. Bridgham, Jenny Wren, Anna L. L., R. E. B., Maude F. Helen, W. M., Mary Weller, Buddie Holt, Daisey Higham, Sadie, Lyra and Silvia, M. G. Waring, E. H. Smalley, Annetta Reese, Anna May Peaslee, Florence Langton, Bessie P., Howard Butcher, Jr.

MR. CULMER BARNES contributes to the "Letter-box" this month a timely picture:



"JUST MY LUCK! LAST WINTER I WAS STRAW HATS ALL THE TIME, AND NOW I GET NOTHIN' BUT FUR GOODS!"

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." *Stephen Decatur*

CUBE. 1 to 2, mother, 2 to 6, repose; 5 to 6, needle; 1 to 5, Marion; 3 to 4, eating; 4 to 8, greedy; 7 to 8, nimbly; 3 to 7, ensign; 1 to 3, mite; 2 to 4, rung; 6 to 8, easy; 5 to 7, noon.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Don Quixote. 2. Oliver Twist. 3. The Virginians. 4 Guy Mannering 5 Old Curiosity Shop. 6. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 7. The Woman in White. 8. The Last Days of Pompeii. 9. The Vicar of Wakefield. 10. Quentin Durward.

PI. "Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt" *Izaak Walton*

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Cow; row, rot, rat. 2. Hard; harm, farm, form, fort, sort, soft. 3. Left; lest, vest, vast, east. 4. Hit; nit, not, now, low. 5. Long; lone, lose, lost, lest, west.

RHOMBOIDS. I. Across: 1. Venom. 2. Damon. 3. Bales. 4. Resin. 5. Strop. II. Across. 1. Nabob. 2. Mason. 3. Danes. 4. Remit. 5. Donor.—— CHARADE. Par-son-age.

ZIGZAG. Independence Day. Cross-words: 1. Ivy. 2. aNt. 3. liD. 4. fEd. 5. Put. 6. nEd. 7. paN. 8. aDd. 9. End. 10. aNd. 11. roC. 12. lEd. 13 Dig. 14. mAy. 15. laY.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, straw hats; from 1 to 2, saltwater; from 3 to 4, stopwatch. Cross-words: 1. Spinsters. 2. Apitpat. 3 Largo. 4. Tap. 5. W. 6. Aha. 7. Trait. 8. Centime. 9. Handsomer.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Maud E. Palmer — Annette Fiske — Philip S. Fiske — "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1" — Maggie T. Turrill — Paul Reese — San Anselmo Valley — Arthur and Bertie Knox — "Betsy Trotwood" — B. L. Z. Bub, No. 2 — "May and 79" — Sallie Viles — The Melvilles — Blithedale — Mamie R. — Madge and the Dominie — Carrie S. Seaver and Alice M. Young — The Spencers — "Francesca" — "Clifford and Coco" — Bertha Z. Gerhard — "Sisters Twain" — "R. U. Pert" — "Hazel, Laurel, and Olive" — "Theo. Ther."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES TO THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from M. L. B., 1 — M. S. Dumont, 1 — W. B. R. — M. L. D. and others, 2 — Pelham, 1 — Two Fs., 5 — The Peraults — C. D. Mason, 1 — "Miss Ouri," 5 — "Tigers," 2 — Stella Mendel, 1 — Johnny, 1 — Dixie, 1 — "Tigers," 1 — Maud F., 1 — Lucy Jones, 1 — J. Schlussel, 1 — Laura G. Levy, 9 — Buttercup and Daisy, 1 — Helena Hellwig, 2 — Madge Fursman, 1 — Florence Althaus, 7 — Thyrza Thornton, 5 — C. S. H., 2 — Mrs. Sippi, 5 — Mary, Jennie and Mother, 6 — Grace Cameron, 2 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — "Yum Yum," 1 — Pepper and Maria, 12 — Papa and Daisy, 1 — Ned Mitchell, 5 — Emma W. and Katie B. Knight, 2 — T. L. and L. Cozzens, 1 — Lucy M. Bradley, 12 — Lizzie Wainman, 1 — Geo. H. English, 1 — "Chrysanthemum," 1 — Mary P. Fan, 1 — "Jack Sprat and Pa," 6 — H. and L., 9 — Clarence Brothers, 1 — L. Reeves, 9 — Eugene Kell, 1 — No Name, N. Y., 9 — W. R. M., 11 — Bertha H., 12 — "Rags and Tags," 1 — Nellie and Reggie, 11 — S. B. Bissell, 8 — "Avis" and Grace Davenport, 10 — "Mohawk Valley" — "Rasco," 2 — S. L. Meeks, 9 — Belle Murdock, 12 — No Name, Chicago, 10 — B. B. Y., 11 — "The Girls, Mabel, John, and Chickadee," 11 — R. B. C., 2 — Original Puzzle Club, 10 — "Geo. M. Ebry," 2 — Harrison Allen, Jr., 1 — R. Lloyd, 1 — "Blank" and Ulysses, 12 — Dash, 12 — Francis W. Islip, 12 — Eleanor, Maude, Louise, Bertie and Nanno Peart, 7 — Ida and Edith Swanwick, 8 — Geo. S. Seymour, 8 — Lulu May, 11 — Frank M. Crispen, 1 — Puzzled Family in Paris, 8 — Esther Reid, Merton House, 1.

CHARADE.

My dear, this *whole* I send to you,
A token of my friendship true;
I trust you 'll *first* it,—hold it fast,
And prize it if but for my *last*.

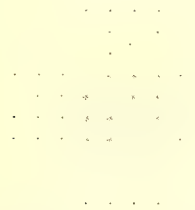
"MYRTLE GREEN."

OCTAGON.

1. A GENTLE blow. 2. The Christian name of the heroine of a novel by Theodore Winthrop. 3. To bleach. 4. The herb wolf's-bane. 5. Pertaining to the bile. 6. A fruit which was said to make strangers who ate of it forget their native land. 7. Musical syllables.

EDWARD EGBERT B.

GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Proportion. 2. To affirm. 3. Familiar beverages. 4. Formerly.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Rent. 2. A Hebrew measure. 3. Fabrics of a certain kind. 4. Formerly.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Formerly. 2. A large bird of South America. 3 Bodies of water. 4. Labor.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Labor. 2. Surface. 3. Abode. 4. A feminine name.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Labor. 2. A feminine name. 3. To break suddenly. 4. Retained.

MURRAY AND PERCY.

INVERTED PYRAMIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. Eloquence. 2. To eat into. 3. Part of a cat's foot. 4. In eloquence.

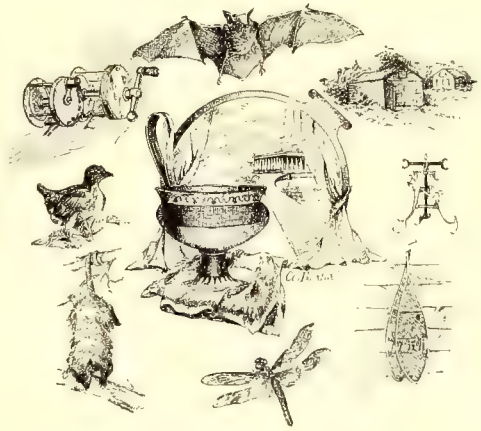
Downward: 1. In Troy. 2. A musical note. 3. Skill. 4. An implement. 5. A lyric poem. 6. A musical note. 7. In Troy.

II. ACROSS: 1. Pertaining to the craft of Freemasons. 2. A wooden shoe. 3. To cut the grass from. 4. In ceramic.

Downward: 1. In ceramic. 2. Similar to. 3. A boy's nickname. 4. A hautboy. 5. At this moment. 6. A pronoun. 7. In ceramic.

"LOU. C. LEE."

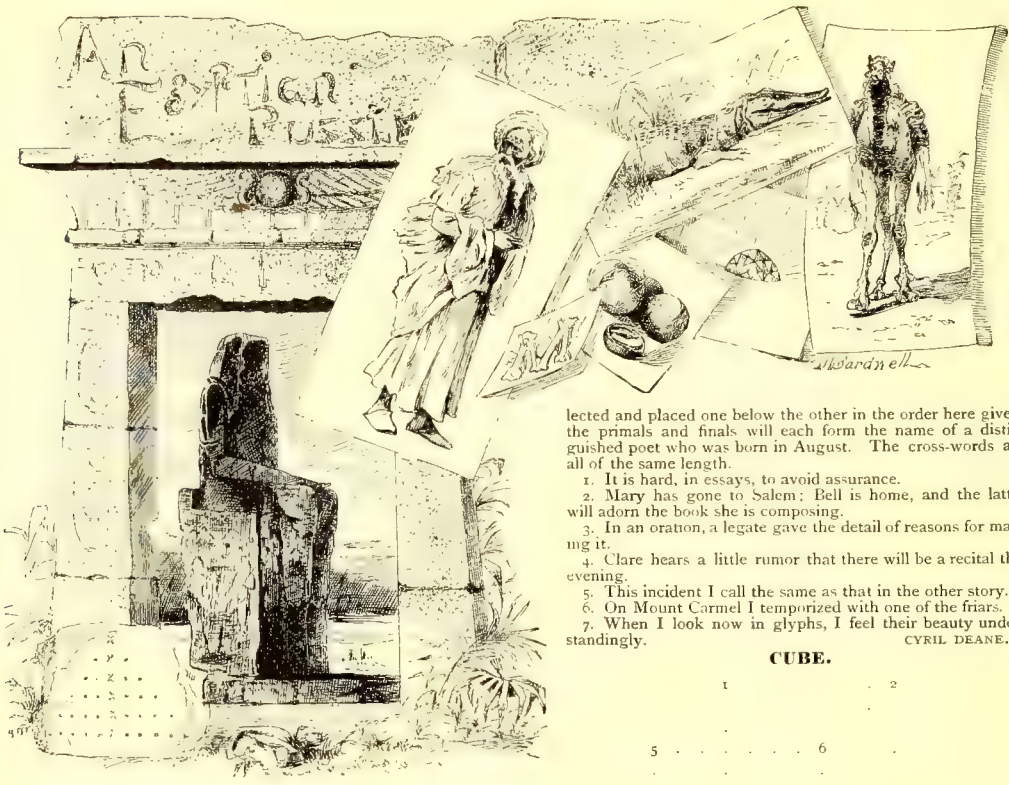
ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTICS.



ALL of the cross-words of the above central acrostic are grouped around the central picture, and answer to the following definitions.

1 (nine letters). A contrivance useful in winter. 2 (nine letters). A swift-flying insect. 3 (seven letters). A young fowl. 4 (five letters). Familiar objects in rural districts. 5 (three letters). A winged animal. 6 (three letters). Consumed. 7 (five letters). Useful to fishermen. 8 (seven letters). An animal.

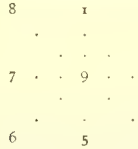
The central letters of the words described will spell the name of a great Athenian philosopher, and the central picture will suggest what is usually associated with his last moments.



THE above Egyptian puzzle is an illustrated pyramid, as the diagram in the lower left-hand corner indicates. When rightly guessed, the central letters (indicated by crosses) will spell the name of a famous statue that is said to emit sounds like those of a harp as the sun rises. The illustrations answer to the following definitions.

1. A letter. 2. A precious stone. 3. An animal. 4. Tropical fruit. 5. An animal. 6. A native of a certain Egyptian city.

RIMLESS WHEELS.



I. FROM 1 to 9, the Christian name of an English queen; from 2 to 9, a famous river; from 3 to 9, a cupola; from 4 to 9, the name of a large lake; from 5 to 9, to scale; from 6 to 9, magnitude; from 7 to 9, the margin; from 8 to 9, a number.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the name of a Danish author who died August 4, 1875.

II. From 1 to 9, part of a watch; from 2 to 9, qualified; from 3 to 9, matured; from 4 to 9, uncommon; from 5 to 9, 43,560 square feet; from 6 to 9, to stare; from 7 to 9, to incite; from 8 to 9, a specimen.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the name of a famous American who died August 14, 1870. HONORA N.

DIAMOND.

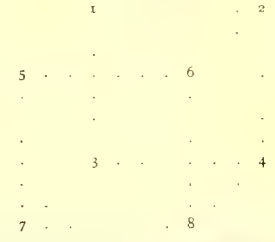
1. IN telephone. 2. One of the smaller sails on a ship. 3. A small but famous country. 4. A Spanish nobleman. 5. A favorite. 6. Era. 7. In telephone. "ŒDIPUS."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

IN each of the following sentences a word is concealed, the definition to which is given in the same sentence. When rightly selected and placed one below the other in the order here given, the primals and finals will each form the name of a distinguished poet who was born in August. The cross-words are all of the same length.

1. It is hard, in essays, to avoid assurance.
2. Mary has gone to Salem; Bell is home, and the latter will adorn the book she is composing.
3. In an oration, a legate gave the detail of reasons for making it.
4. Clare hears a little rumor that there will be a recital this evening.
5. This incident I call the same as that in the other story.
6. On Mount Carmel I temporized with one of the friars.
7. When I look now in glyphs, I feel their beauty understandingly. CYRIL DEANE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, royal; from 2 to 4, a long-tailed species of hawk, found in Europe; from 3 to 4, a dealer in precious stones; from 1 to 3, eternal; from 5 to 6, a two-masted vessel; from 6 to 8, becoming circular; from 7 to 8, a method of securing a good draught in chimneys; from 5 to 7, the name of one of the three persons thrown into the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar; from 1 to 5, the flower-deluce; from 2 to 6, an affected cast of countenance; from 4 to 8, a kind of seaweed; from 3 to 7, to scourge. "ROSE MADDER."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD withered and leave part of the head. 2. Behead dry and leave to free from. 3. Behead flexible and leave a demon. 4. Behead to sulk and leave to unfold. 5. Behead surrounded by and leave in the center of. 6. Behead joyful and leave a young boy. 7. Behead an ornament worn by Jewish priests and leave an edge. 8. Behead a short piece of iron and leave to be ill. 9. Behead the fraction of an ounce and leave an ancient instrument of war. 10. Behead a character in the play of "Othello" and leave gone.

The words described are of equal length. The beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of one of Washington Irving's earliest works. "FRANCESCO AND CO."

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell an important event that occurred on August 5, 1856.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Certain. 2. An exhibition. 3. Merriment. 4. Festivity. 5. To satisfy. 6. To strike. 7. A minute particle. 8. Formerly. 9. Recent. 10. Half. 11. Nationality. 12. Pain. 13. Dry. 14. Capable. 15. An elevation. 16. To engage. 17. Hearty. 18. To salute. 19 Want. 20. Notion. 21. To cook slowly. 22. To twist. "KATASHAW."



"THE CONNOISSEURS."

ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES & CO., LONDON. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.
(SEE PAGE 814.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIII. SEPTEMBER, 1886. NO. 11.

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STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS: ENGLISH PAINTERS.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

WHEN Henry VIII. came to the throne of England, he was a magnificent prince. He loved pleasure and pomp and invited many foreign artists to his court. After a time, however, he became indifferent to art, and it is difficult to say whether he lessened or added to the art-treasures of England.

The long reign of Queen Elizabeth — forty-seven years — afforded great opportunity for the encouragement of art. But most of the painters whom she employed were foreigners.

King Charles I. was a true lover of art. Rubens and Vandyck were his principal painters, and Inigo Jones his architect; the choice of such artists proves the excellence of his artistic taste and judgment. He employed many other foreign artists, of whom it need only be said that the English artists profited much by their intercourse with them, as well as by the study of foreign pictures which the King purchased.

In fact, before the time of William Hogarth, portraits had been the only pictures of any importance which were painted by English artists, and no one painter had become very eminent. No native master had originated a manner of painting which he could claim as his own.

Hogarth was born near Ludgate Hill, London, in 1697.

In 1734, he produced some works which immediately made him famous. He had originated a manner of his own; he had neither attempted to illustrate the stories of Greek Mythology, nor to invent allegories, as so many painters had done before him; he simply gave form to the nature that was all about him, and painted just what he could see in London every day. His pictures of this sort came to be almost numberless, and no rank in society, no phase of life, escaped the truthful representation of his brush.

He was a teacher as well as an artist, for his pictures dealt with familiar scenes and subjects and presented the lessons of the follies of his day with more effect upon the mass of the people than any writer could produce with his pen, or any preacher by his sermons.

Hogarth died at his house in Leicester Fields, on October 26, 1764.

His success aroused a strong faith and a new interest in the native art of England, which showed their results in the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts. A little more than four years after Hogarth's death, this Academy was founded by King George III. The original members of the Academy numbered thirty-four, and among them was

JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

who afterward became its first president.

His father, Samuel Reynolds, was the rector of a grammar school at Plympton, in Devonshire, and in that little hamlet, on July 16, 1723, was born Joshua, the seventh of eleven children.

When Joshua was but a mere child, his father was displeased to find him devoted to drawing; on

a sketch which the boy had made, his father wrote: "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." The child found the "Jesuit's Treatise on Perspective," and studied it with such intelligence that before he was eight years old he made a sketch of the school and its cloister which was so accurate that his astonished father exclaimed, "Now this justifies the author of the 'Perspective' when he says that, by observing the laws laid down in his book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful!"

When about twelve years old, Joshua, while in church, made a sketch upon his thumb-nail of the Rev. Thomas Smart. From this sketch, he painted his first picture in oils; his canvas was a piece of an old sail, his colors were common ship-paint, and he did his work in a boathouse on Cremyll Beach.

In 1740, when Joshua was seventeen years old, his father tried to carry out his plan to apprentice him to a druggist, but the boy was greatly opposed to this. He said, "I would prefer to be an apothecary rather than an *ordinary* painter; but if I could be bound to an eminent master, I should choose that." Fortunately Lord Edgecumbe and other friends advised the boy's father in his favor, and so Joshua was finally sent to London and bound to Thomas Hudson, then the best portrait painter in England. After two years, Hudson suddenly dismissed the youth from his studio, though his agreement was for four years; the master said that Joshua neglected his orders, but others believed Hudson to be jealous of his pupil's success.

Joshua returned to Devonshire and settled at Plymouth, five miles from his home. There he painted about thirty portraits of the principal persons of the neighborhood, at the price of three guineas each. One of these portraits, painted in 1746, was shown to him thirty years later, when he lamented that his progress in all that time had been so little.

At the home of his friend, Lord Edgecumbe, he had formed a friendship with the young Commodore Keppel, who in 1749 was ordered to the Mediterranean. He invited Reynolds to sail with him as his guest, and, the invitation being accepted, the painter did not return to England until the end of 1752. He visited Portugal, Spain, Algiers, Minorca, Italy, and France.

He kept diaries during this journey, which are very interesting and valuable; they contain many sketches of scenes and pictures which he admired, as well as his written opinions of all that he saw. Several of these diaries are in the Lenox Library, in New York; others are in the Soane Museum, London, and in the Museum of Berlin.

Not long after his return to England, Reynolds settled himself in London. He lived in handsome rooms in St. Martin's Lane, and his sister Frances was his housekeeper.

Very soon Reynolds's studio came to be the popular resort of artists, and, through the influence of Lord Edgecumbe, many nobles became his patrons. He painted a full-length portrait of Commodore Keppel, which at once established his reputation. The Commodore was represented as standing on a rocky shore with a stormy sea in the background. This picture was received with enthusiasm, and in his second London year Reynolds had one hundred and twenty sitters, among whom were many notable people. The artist removed to Great Newport street, and charged twelve guineas for a bust, twenty-four guineas for half-length and double that sum for a full-length portrait.

Dr. Johnson and Reynolds met for the first time in 1753, and from that time they were faithful friends. Dr. Johnson delighted not only in Reynolds's success as a painter, but, perceiving his other talents, he insisted on his writing for *The Idler*, by which means the artist published a series of brilliant articles and made himself a name in literary circles. This kindness was more than repaid, for, after Dr. Johnson became too poor to keep house for himself, he was always welcome to the home and purse of Reynolds.

In 1760, the master again raised his prices for his work, and at about the same time established himself in the house in Leicester Square, in which he passed the remainder of his life. This house was very fine, and, though it exhausted all his savings to fit it up, he spent still more in setting up a gorgeous carriage for his sister, and in other expenses which served to advertise his success to all who observed them.

Reynolds seemed to have reached the height of popularity, when, in 1768, he was elected first President of the Royal Academy, and was knighted by the King. He was of great advantage to the Academy, and heartily devoted to its interests. He was active in establishing its schools and equipping them with models, libraries, and conveniences for study; he gave much attention to its exhibitions, and founded the famous Academy dinners, at which men of rank and genius were brought together in such a way as to render these occasions the most remarkable gatherings in the United Kingdom. From time to time he also delivered his well-known "Discourses on Art," which are notable alike for the good judgment in the selection of the subjects treated, and for the literary skill with which they are written.

About 1770, Sir Joshua built a villa at Richmond Hill. In the same year, he spent a month in Plympton, and at that time also, he brought to

his home his niece, Theophila Palmer, who remained with him until her marriage, eleven years later. She was very beautiful, and is known to all the world as the "Offy" of the famous "Strawberry Girl." Other pictures of her which Sir Joshua painted also became famous.

With the exception of the trip with Commodore Keppel Sir Joshua spent little time out of England. In 1768 he visited Paris, and in 1780 he passed two months in Holland and Germany. When absent from London, he was usually at the house of some friend in the country, or at his old home, of which he was always fond.

stature, Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, roundish, blunt features, and a lively aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, but extremely active; with manners uncommonly polished and agreeable. In conversation, his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. He most heartily enjoyed his profession, in which he was both famous and illustrious; and I agree with Mr. Malone, who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he had ever known."

In 1789, Sir Joshua lost the sight of his left eye, and though this changed his whole life, he retained



COPY OF A PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Few men have been so much admired by such a diversity of people as was Sir Joshua Reynolds. The testimony of his friends presents him to us as a man of admirable character. Perhaps no one knew him more intimately than James Northcote, who was received into his family as a poor Devonshire lad; he remained with Sir Joshua five years, and left him a prosperous painter. Northcote found him kindly, modest, and lovable in every way. He thus describes him personally: "In his

his calm cheerfulness, and occupied his mind with the exciting topics of the time; for it happened that the storming of the Bastille occurred in the very week in which he gave up his pencil. He still used his brush a very little to finish or retouch works which were still on his hands, but he sadly said: "There is now an end of pursuit; the race is over, whether it is lost or won."

In 1790, troubles arose in the Academy, and Sir Joshua felt himself so badly used that he resigned

his presidency and his membership of the institution. The King requested him to return, but he refused until the Academy publicly apologized to him. He then resumed his office, and in December delivered his final discourse.

The remainder of his life was a gradual decline; his sight grew weaker, and his strength less, until February 23, 1792, when he died easily, never having suffered much pain. The King directed near the choir of the cathedral, and a Latin inscription recounts the talents and virtues of the great man whom it commemorates.

Having thus traced the story of Sir Joshua's life, it now remains to speak of him more especially as an artist.

His highest fame is as a portrait painter, and as such he was a great genius. He had the power to reproduce the personal peculiarities of his subjects



THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE. (FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

that his body should lie in state in the Academy rooms in Somerset House. The funeral was grand and solemn; the pall-bearers were dukes, marquises, earls, and lords; ninety-one carriages followed the hearse, in which were the first nobles, scholars, and prelates of the realm, with all the members and students of the Academy. He was buried near Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, where Vandyck had already been laid, and where, in later years, a goodly number of painters have been buried around him. In 1813, a statue, by Flaxman, was erected to his memory

with great exactness; he was also able to perceive their qualities of temper, mind, and character, and he made his portraits so vivid with these attributes that they were likenesses of the minds as well as of the persons of his subjects. In his portrait of Goldsmith, self-esteem is as prominent as the nose; passion and energy are in every line of Burke's face and figure; and whenever his subject possessed any individual characteristics, they were plainly shown in Reynolds's portraits. So many of these pictures are famous that we can not speak of them in detail. Perhaps no one portrait is better known

than that of the famous actress, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, as the Tragic Muse. It is a noble example of an idealized portrait, and it is said that the "Isaiah" of Michael Angelo suggested the manner in which it is painted. Sir Thomas Lawrence declared this to be the finest portrait of a women in the world, and it is certain that this one picture would have made any painter famous. Sir Joshua inscribed his name on the border of the robe, and courteously explained to the lady, "I could not lose the honor this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

The original of this work is said to be that in the gallery of the Duke of Westminster; a second is in the Dulwich Gallery. In speaking of Sir Joshua as a portrait painter, Mr. Ruskin says: "Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of heart and temper."

His portraits of simply beautiful women can scarcely be equaled in the world. He perfectly reproduced the delicate grace and beauty of some of his sitters and the brilliant, dazzling charms of others. He loved to paint richly hued velvets in contrast with rare laces, ermine, feathers, and jewels. It is a regret that so many of his works are faded, but after all we must agree with Sir George Beaumont, when he said: "Even a faded picture from him will be the finest thing you can have."

The most attractive of his works are his pictures of children. It is true that they too are portraits, but they are often represented in some fancy part, such as the "Strawberry Girl," * a portrait of his niece Offy; Muscipula, who holds a mouse-trap; the Little Marchioness; the Girl with a Mob-cap, and many others. He loved to paint pictures of boys in all sorts of characters, street-peddlers, gipsies, cherubs, and so on. He often picked up boy models in the street and painted from them in his spare hours, between his appointments with sitters. Sometimes he scarcely hustled a beggar boy out of his chair in time for some grand lady to seat herself in it. It is said that one day one of these children fell asleep in so graceful an attitude that the master seized a fresh canvas and made a sketch of it; this was scarcely done, when the child threw himself into a different pose without awakening. Sir Joshua added a second sketch to the first and from these made his beautiful picture of "The Babes in the Wood." More than two hundred of his pictures of children have been engraved, and these plates form one of the loveliest collections that can be made from the works of any one artist.

When Sir Joshua was at the height of his power, he was accustomed to receive six sitters a day, and he often completed a portrait in four hours.

Good prints from his works are now becoming rare and are valuable.

As we close this account of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is pleasant to remember that so great a man was so good a man, and to believe that Burke did not flatter him when, in his eulogy, he said: "In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

Richard Wilson

was another original member of the Academy, and though not the first English artist who had painted landscapes, he was the first whose pictures merited the honorable recognition which they now have. Wilson's story is a sad one; he was not appreciated while he lived, and his whole life was saddened by seeing the works of foreign artists, which were inferior to his own, sold for good prices, while he was forced to sell his to pawnbrokers, who, it is said, could not dispose of them at any price.

Wilson was the son of a clergyman and was born at Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire, in 1713. He first painted portraits and earned money with which, in 1749, he went to Italy, where he remained six years. His best works were Italian views, and he is now considered as the best landscape painter of his day, with the one exception of Gainsborough.

Wilson died in 1782, and it is pleasant to know that after more than sixty years of poverty he received a legacy from a brother, and the last two years of his life were years of peaceful comfort.

Thomas Gainsborough,

though a great artist, had an uneventful life. He was the son of a clothier and was born in Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His boyish habit of wandering about the woods and streams of Suffolk, making

* An engraving of this picture was given as the frontispiece of St. Nicholas for April, 1876; and our readers will remember also the account of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of "Little Penelope Boothby" in St. Nicholas for November, 1875, illustrated with a full-page reproduction of the painting.—Ed.

sketches, and finding in this his greatest pleasure, induced his father to send him to London to study art, when about fifteen years old. He studied first under a French engraver, Gravelot, who was of much advantage to him; next he was a pupil of Francis Hayman at the Academy, in St. Martin's Lane, but Nature was his real teacher.

After a time he settled in Hatton Square, and painted both portraits and landscapes. But at the end of four years of patient work, his patrons were so few that he left London and returned to Sudbury.

It happened that once when he was sketching a wood-scene, Margaret Burr had crossed his line of sight; he had added her figure to his picture, and from this circumstance they had come to be friends. Soon after, Gainsborough returned to his home, and Margaret became his wife. He was careless and unthrifty, while she was quite the reverse. She was thus a true helpmate to him, and to her carefulness we owe the preservation of many of his pictures.

After his marriage, Gainsborough settled in Ipswich; in 1760 he removed to Bath, and here both in portraits and landscapes he made such a reputation, that when, fourteen years later, he removed to London, he was considered the rival of Reynolds in portraits and of Wilson as a painter of scenery. Gainsborough was one of the original Academicians, and on one occasion at a gathering of artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the health of Gainsborough, and called him "the greatest landscape painter of the day." Wilson, who was present, was piqued by this, and exclaimed:

"Yes, and the greatest portrait painter, too."

Sir Joshua realized that he had been ungracious and apologized to Wilson.

Gainsborough exhibited many works in the gallery of the Academy, but in 1783 he was offended by the hanging of one of his portraits, and refused to send his pictures there afterward. He was an impulsive, passionate man, and he had several disputes with Sir Joshua, who always admired and praised the work of his rival. But when about to die, Gainsborough sent for Reynolds to visit him, and all their differences were healed. The truth was that they had always respected and admired each other. The last words of Gainsborough were:

"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the company."

He died August 2, 1788.

The celebrated "Blue Boy," by Gainsborough, now in the Grosvenor Gallery, is said to have been painted to spite Sir Joshua, who had said that blue should not be used in masses.

But there was a soft and lovable side to this wayward man. His love for music was a passion, and he once gave a painting of his, "The Boy at the Stile," to Colonel Hamilton as a reward for his playing the flute.

His portraits may be thought to have too much of a bluish gray in the flesh tints, but they are always graceful and pleasing. In 1876, his famous painting "The Duchess of Devonshire" was sold for the exceptionally high price of fifty thousand dollars.

GEORGE ROMNEY

was born at Beckside, in Cumberland, in 1734. His life was very discreditable.

It is more pleasant to speak of his pictures, for his portraits were so fine that he was a worthy rival to Sir Joshua Reynolds. His pictures are mostly in private galleries, but that of the beautiful Lady Hamilton, in the National Gallery, is a famous work. He was ambitious to paint historical subjects, and some of his imaginary pictures are much admired. He was fitful in his art, and he began so many works which he left unfinished, that they were finally removed from his studio by cart-loads. There was also an incompleteness in the pictures which he called finished; in short, the want of steadfastness, which made him an unfaithful husband and father, went far to lessen his artistic merit. At the same time, it is true that he was a great artist and justly celebrated in his best days; his works excel in vigorous drawing and brilliant, transparent color. His pictures are rarely sold, and are as valuable as those of his great contemporaries, Reynolds and Gainsborough.

THOMAS LAWRENCE

is the only other portrait painter of whom mention need be made here. He was born at Bristol, in 1769, and much of his work belongs to our own century.

His father had been trained for the law, but had become an inn-keeper. When a mere child, Thomas entertained his father's customers by his recitations, and took their portraits with equal readiness.

When he was ten years old, his family removed to Oxford, where he rapidly improved in his drawing. When he first saw a picture by Rubens he wept bitterly and sobbed out:

"Oh, I shall never be able to paint like that!"

In 1785, he received a silver palette from the Society of Arts as a reward for a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," which he had made when but thirteen years old.

In 1787, the young painter entered the Royal



"THE BLUE BOY." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH BY PERMISSION, FROM A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ETCHING BY RAJON, PUBLISHED BY "L'ART.")

Academy, London, and from that time his course was one of repeated successes. Sir Joshua Reynolds was his friend and adviser; he early attracted the attention of the King and Queen, whose portraits he painted when but twenty-two years old. He was elected to the Academy in 1794; after Sir Joshua's death he was appointed painter to the King; he was knighted in 1815, and five years later he was elected president of the Academy. He was also a member of many foreign academies and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Rarely is the path to honor and fame made so easy as it was to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

His London life was brilliant. His studio was crowded with sitters, and money flowed into his purse in a generous stream,— for his prices were larger than any other English painter had asked. But all this did him little good, for somehow he was continually in debt and always poor.

In 1814 he visited Paris, but he was recalled that he might paint the portraits of the allied sovereigns, their statesmen, and generals. These works were the first of the series of portraits of great men in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. In 1818 he attended the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, for the purpose of adding portraits of notable people to the gallery of the Prince-Regent. At length he was sent to Rome to paint a likeness of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. He seems to have been inspired with new strength by his nearness to the works of the great masters in the Eternal City, for those two portraits are in merit far beyond his previous work, and after his return to England from 1820 to 1830, his pictures had a vigor and



COPY OF A PORTRAIT BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

worth that was wanting at every other period of his life. While in Rome, he also painted a portrait of Canova which he presented to the Pope.

When he reached London, he found himself to be the president-elect of the Academy; it was a great honor, and Lawrence accepted it with modesty.

George IV., following the example of the graciousness of Charles I. toward Vandyck, hung upon the painter's neck a gold chain bearing a medal, on which the likeness of his majesty was engraved. In the catalogue of the Academy, 1820, Lawrence is called "Principal Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty, Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke's, of the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, and of the Fine Arts in New York." To the last he had been elected in 1818, and had sent to the academy a full-length portrait of Benjamin West.

From that time on, there is little to relate of his life, except that he was always busy and each year sent eight fine works to the Academy Exhibition. His friends and patrons showed him much consideration, and various honors were added to his list, already long. He was always worried in regard to money matters, and he grieved much over the illness of his favorite sister, but there was no striking event to change the even current of his life.

On January 7, 1830, he expired suddenly, exclaiming, "This is dying,"—almost the same words used by George IV., a few months later.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was a man of fine personal qualities; his generosity may be called his greatest fault, for his impulses led him to give more than he had—a quality which causes us to admire a man while at the same moment it makes him guilty of grave faults.

He was always generous to unfortunate artists and, in that way, he spent large sums. He was also true to his ideas of right and wrong, even at the expense of his own advantage.

As an artist, Lawrence can not be given a very high rank, in spite of the immense successes of his life. As in every case, there are opposite opinions concerning him. He has hearty admirers, but he is also accused of mannerisms and weakness. His early works are the most satisfactory, because most natural; they are good in design, and rich in color.

Joseph Mallord William Turner

was an artist of great genius, and has exercised a powerful influence on the art of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a barber, and was born in Maiden Lane, London (a squalid alley in the parish of Covent Garden), on April 23, 1775. When the boy was five years old, he was taken by his father to the house of a customer of the barber's, and while the shaving and combing went on, the child studied the figure of a rampant lion engraved upon a piece of silver. After his return home, he drew a copy of the lion so excellent that it decided his career, for then and there the father determined that his son should be an artist. As a child and youth, he was always sketching, and while he was fond of nature in all her features, he yet had a preference for water views with boats and cliffs and shining waves.

In 1789, when fourteen years old, he entered the classes of the Royal Academy, where he worked hard in drawing from Greek models. He had the good fortune to be employed by Dr. Munro to do some copying and other works, and by this stroke of luck he revelled in the fine pictures and valuable drawings with which the house of his patron was filled. Toward the end of Sir Joshua Reynolds's life, Turner was a frequent visitor at his studio.

In 1790, he sent his first contribution to the Academy Exhibition; it was a view of Lambeth Palace, in water-colors. During the next ten years, he exhibited more than sixty works, embracing a great variety of subjects. The pictures included views from more than twenty-six counties of England and Wales.

In 1802, he was made a full member of the Academy and he also visited the continent for the first time, traveling through France and Switzerland only. He visited Italy in 1819, in 1829, and again in 1840.

The pictures of Turner are often compared with those of Claude Lorraine, and at times he painted in rivalry with Cuyp, Poussin, and Claude, aiming to adopt the manner of these masters.

In 1806, Turner followed the example of the great Lorraine in another direction. Claude had made a *Liber Veritatis*, or "Book of Truth," containing sketches of his finished pictures, in order that the works of other painters could not be sold as his. Turner determined to make a *Liber Studiorum*, or "Book of Studies." It was issued in a series of twenty numbers, containing five plates each, and the subscription price was £17.10*s*. There were endless troubles with the engravers and it was not paying well, and was abandoned after seventy plates were issued. It seemed to be so worthless that Charles Turner, one of the engravers, used some of the proofs for kindling paper. After the artist became famous, however, this *Liber Studiorum* grew to be very valuable. Before Turner died, a copy was worth thirty guineas, and more recently a single copy has brought three thousand pounds, or nearly fifteen thousand dollars. Colnaghi, the London print dealer, paid

Charles Turner fifteen hundred pounds for the proofs which he had not destroyed; and when the old engraver remembered how he had lighted his fires, he exclaimed, "I have been burning bank-notes all my life."

Turner grew very rich, but he lived in a mean, careless style. As long as his father lived, he waited upon his great son as a servant might have done; and after his death, an untidy, wizened old woman, Mrs. Danby, was the only person to care for the house or the interests of the painter. His dress was that of a very common person, and it is impossible to understand how a man who so admired the beautiful in nature could live in so miserly a manner as that of Turner.

Some time before his death, Turner seemed to be hiding himself; his friends could not discover his retreat, until, at last, his old housekeeper traced him to a dingy Chelsea cottage. When his friends went to him, he was dying, and the end soon came. His funeral, from Queen Anne street, was an imposing one. The body was taken to St.



COUNTESS GREY AND CHILDREN. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.)

Paul's Cathedral, and there, surrounded by a large company of artists and followed by the faithful old woman, it was laid to rest between the tombs of Sir Joshua Reynolds and James Barry. His estate was valued at about seven hundred thousand dollars and he desired that most of it should be used to establish a home for poor artists, to be called Turner's Gift. But the will was not clearly written —his relatives contested it, and in the end, his pictures and drawings were given to the National Academy; one thousand pounds was devoted to a monument to his memory; twenty thousand pounds established the Turner Fund in the Academy and yields annuities to six poor artists; and the remainder was divided amongst his kinsfolk.

Perhaps there never was a painter about whose works more extreme and conflicting opinions have been advanced. Some of his admirers claim for him the very highest place in art. His enemies can see nothing good in his works and say that they may as well be hung one side up as another, since they are only a mixture of splashes of color, and lights and shades. Neither extreme is correct. In some respects, Turner is at the head of English landscape painters, and no other artist has had the power to paint so many different kinds of subjects or to employ such variations of style in his work. His water-colors are worthy of the highest praise; indeed, he created a school of water-color painting. At the same time, it is proper to say that the works executed in his latest period are not even commended by Ruskin,—his most enthusiastic admirer,—and are not to be classed with those of his earlier days and his best manner.

This master was so fruitful, and he made so vast a number of pictures in oil and water-colors, of drawings, and of splendid illustrations for books, that we have no space in which to speak properly of the different periods of his art. A large and fine collection of his paintings is in the South Kensington Museum; "The Old Temeraire," the picture which he would never sell, is there. "The Slave Ship," one of his finest pictures, is owned in Boston, and other celebrated works of his are in New York; but most of his pictures, outside the South Kensington Museum, and the National Gallery, are in private collections, where no catalogues have ever been made, so that no estimate of the whole number can be given.

I shall tell you of but one more English painter,—an artist whose life and works are both very interesting, and of whom all young people must be fond,—

Edwin Landseer.

He was the youngest of the three sons of John Landseer, the eminent engraver, and was born at No. 83 Queen Anne street, London, in March, 1802. The eldest son, Thomas, followed the profession of his father, and in later years, by his faithful engraving after the works of Edwin, he did much to confirm the great fame of his younger brother. Charles, the second son of John Landseer, was a painter of historical subjects, and held the office of Keeper of the Royal Academy during twenty years.

Edwin Landseer had the good fortune to be aided and encouraged in his artistic tastes and studies, even from his babyhood, for there are now in the South Kensington Museum, sketches of animals made in his fifth year, and good etchings which he did when eight years old.

John Landseer taught his son to look to nature alone as his model. When fourteen, he entered the Academy schools, and divided his time between drawing in the classes and sketching from the wild beasts at Exeter Change. He was a handsome, manly boy, and the keeper, Fuseli, was very fond of him, calling him, as a mark of affection, "My little dog boy."

He was very industrious and painted many pictures; the best of those known as his early works is the "Cat's Paw." It represents a monkey using the paw of a cat to push hot chestnuts from the top of a heated stove; the struggles of the cat are useless and her kittens mew to no purpose. This picture was once sold for one hundred pounds; it is now in the collection of the Earl of Essex, at Cashiobury, and is worth more than three thousand pounds. It was painted in 1822.

Sir Walter Scott was in London when the "Cat's Paw" was exhibited, and he was so pleased by the picture that he sought out the young painter and invited him to go home with him. Sir Walter's well-known love of dogs was a foundation for the intimate affection which grew up between himself and Landseer. In 1824, the painter first saw Scotland, and during fifty years he studied its people, its scenery, and its customs; he loved them all and could ever draw new subjects and new enthusiasm from the breezy north. Sir Walter wrote in his journal, "Landseer's dogs are the most magnificent things I ever saw, leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas." The friendship of Sir Walter had a great effect upon the young painter; it developed the imagination and romance in his nature and he was affected by the human life of Scotland so that he painted the shepherd, the gillie, and the poacher, and made his pictures speak the tenderness and truth as well as the fearlessness and the hardihood of the Gaelic race.

Landseer remained in the home of his father, until he was a person of such importance that his friends felt that his dignity demanded a separate

establishment and urged this upon him. He could not lightly sever his home ties, and it was after much hesitation that he removed to No. 1 St. John's Wood Road, where he passed the remainder of his life. He named his home "Maida Vale," in remembrance of the favorite dog of Sir Walter Scott. It was a small house with a garden and a barn, which he converted into a studio; from time to time he enlarged and improved it, and it became the resort of a distinguished circle of people who learned to love it for its generous hospitality and its atmosphere of joyous content.

The best period of Landseer's life was from 1824 to 1840. In the latter year, he had the first attack of a disease from which he was never again entirely free; he suffered from seasons of depression that shadowed all his life with gloom, and at times almost threatened the loss of his reason.

It is said that Landseer was the first person who opened a communication between Queen Victoria and the literary and artistic society of England. Be that as it may, he was certainly the first artist to be received as a friend by the Queen, who soon placed him on an unceremonious and easy footing in her household.

He was a frequent visitor at the royal palaces and received many rich gifts from both Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Between 1835 and 1866, he painted a great many pictures of the Queen, of the various members of her family and of the pets of the royal household. In 1850 he was knighted and was at the very height of his popularity and success.

With the single exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he visited and received in his own house more distinguished persons than any other British artist. He was the intimate friend of Dickens, Chantrey, Sidney Smith, and other famous men.

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions, and from the time when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked, "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter, but it turned out to be the body of the dead "Nero," of the Zoölogical Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvelous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not allow that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand and at the same time, a stag's head with the other hand. He painted with great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that at one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvas on the easel before the painter; on his return, three hours later, Landseer had completed a life-sized picture of a fallow-deer, and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.

Several portraits of Landseer exist and are well known, but that called the "Connoisseurs," painted in 1865 for the Prince of Wales, is of great interest. Here the artist has painted a half-length portrait of himself engaged in drawing, while two dogs look over his shoulders with a critical expression.

In 1840, Landseer made a quite extended tour in Europe, and that was the only time that he was long absent from Great Britain. In 1853, several of his works were sent to the Exposition in Paris; he was the only English artist who received the great gold medal.

Sir Edwin Landseer was also a sculptor, and though he executed but few works in this art, the colossal lions at the base of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square, London, are a triumph for him. He was chosen for this work on account of his great knowledge of the "king of beasts."

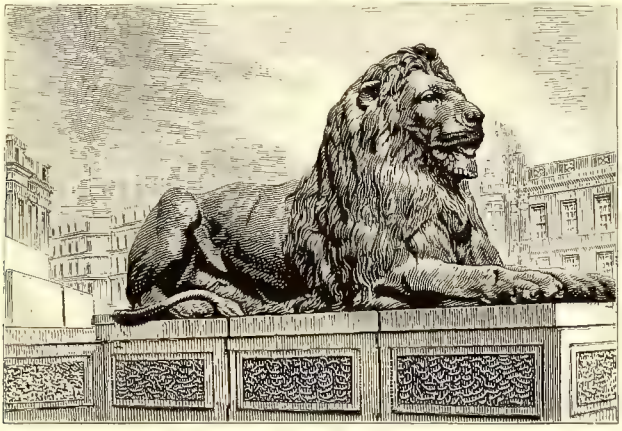
At his death he had modeled but one; the others were copied from it under the care of the Baron Marochetti.

Sir Edwin continued to work in spite of sadness, failing health and sight, and in the last year of his life he executed four pictures, one being an equestrian portrait of the Queen.

He died October 1, 1873, and was buried with many honors in St. Paul's Cathedral. He left a property of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; the pictures and drawings in his studio were sold for seventy thousand pounds, and all this large sum, with the exception of a few small bequests, was given to his brother Thomas and his three sisters, ten thousand pounds being given to his brother Charles.

I suppose that many of the pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer are well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. "High Life" and "Low Life," "A Highland Breakfast," "Dignity and Impudence," the "Cat's Paw," "The Monarch of the Glen," the "Piper and Nutcrackers," and others, are familiar in the form of prints to many people in many lands, and they are pictures which all must love. It is needless to add any long opinion of the artistic qualities of this master; the critic Hamerton has

happily summed up an estimate of him in these words: "Everything that can be said about Landseer's knowledge of animals, and especially of dogs, has already been said. There was never very much to say, for there was no variety of opinions, and nothing to discuss. Critics may write volumes of controversy about Turner and Delacroix, but Landseer's merits are so obvious to every one that he stood in no need of critical explanations. The best commentators on Landseer, the best defenders of his genius, are the dogs themselves; and so long as there exist terriers, deer-hounds, and blood-hounds, his fame will need little assistance from writers upon art."



ONE OF THE LANDSEER LIONS AT THE BASE OF THE NELSON MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

UNDER THE SNOW.

By Lilian Dynevor Rice.

All in the bleak December weather,
When north winds blow,
Five little clovers lay warm together
Under the snow.
"Wait," said they, "till the robins sing;
Wait, till the blossoms bud and spring;
Wait, till the rain and the sunbeams gay
Our winter blanket shall fold away—
Then, we will try to grow."

All in the fragrant May-time weather,
When south winds blow,
Five little clovers crept close together
Under the snow.
Poor, pink babies! They might have known
'T was only the pear-tree blossoms blown
By the frolic breeze; but they cried, "Oh, dear!
Surely the spring is late this year!
Still, we will try to grow."

All in the sultry August weather,
When no winds blow,
Five little clovers were sad together
Under the snow.
'T was only the daisies waving white
Above their heads in the glowing light;
But they cried, "Will we never understand?
It always snows in this fairyland—
Yet, we will try to grow."

All in the bright September weather,
When west winds blow,
Five little clovers were glad together
Under the snow.
For now 't was the muslin kerchief cool,
Of a dear little lass on her way to school.
"The sweetest snow-fall of all," said they;
"We knew our reward would come some day,
If only we 'd try to grow!"

NAN'S REVOLT.

By Rose Lattimore Alling.

Chapter V.

THE Ferris tea-table was a very cheery board, where good spirits of a most delightful and commendable kind flowed freely. The stiff and solemn Wilders, who "partook of the joys of life furtively," were inclined to be scandalized. Who cared? Not the Ferrises, and so, as has been said, that happy family enjoyed life despite their critical neighbors, and as they all gathered about the scarlet cloth that evening, they looked like a band that ought never to be broken.

Fun and laughter ran so high that the dear, tired father forgot his legal cares and cracked his jokes. These were more or less bad,—but what matter so long as the children thought him "just the darlingest, funniest man in the world." No guest remained long in that genial atmosphere without discovering the source of this sunny family-life, and the true tendency of the current beneath all the froth and ripple of the nonsense.

From father and mother, down to little Claire, it was a family of *friends*. That was the entire secret. There were no petty animosities, no bickerings; everything was open and above-board. Sincere and loving confidence bound them together. The girls were interested in all their father's cases in court; while he, in turn, listened to all their girlish performances with undivided attention. No new gown or hat was completely satisfactory until he had passed a favorable judgment. Here in his own small court he was "Judge Ferris," in that title's noblest sense. And the mother? She was best sister of all among her daughters,—"Mother and sister and queen,—all in one precious little woman," as Nan said, lifting her off her feet with a vigorous embrace.

But the toast was getting cold, and the festivity began as the plates went 'round. The judicial wrinkles in Mr. Ferris's forehead were pulled out by those radiating from the outer corners of his kind eyes; the mother utterly lost her authority as the mirth rose to a gale; and nobody paid the slightest attention to Lou's request for the honey.

"Nan," said Mrs. Ferris, laughing, "you are the only one who is n't behaving outrageously, so please attend to your sister's wants." But her observant eye did not leave her daughter's thoughtful face, and she asked, during a purely accidental lull in the chatter,—for she sympathized even with moods in her children:—"What is it, dear; what are you thinking about? You seem to be taking the butter-dish into your confidence—we are jealous."

Nan drew her eyes away, and, giving her mother a bright look, she answered: "Why, I was thinking of the time, before we went to boarding-school, when Papa called Evelyn and me to him and asked us which we would rather have him do, scrimp us all our lives on advantages and education, so that he could lay up something for our future, or, instead of dowry or legacy, have our money as we went along, depending upon our ability for the future."

"And we voted as a single man, did n't we?" said Evelyn.

"We did that same, Evelyn; we decided that we wanted but little here below, but that we wanted that little right away!"

"And I recall how magnanimously you promised to share my last crust with me," said Mr. Ferris, hitching Nan's chair nearer to him.

"Yes," continued she, "I 'll never desert you. But I was going to say that I don't think I have kept my part of the agreement. You have given me advantages which even richer girls have not had, and I have not done a thing with them yet. I have had a whole year of idleness, and I 'm tired of it, and want to go to work."

The family had heard something of this independent mood before, but, as nothing alarming came of it, they received this announcement without any demonstration of surprise; indeed, Mr. Ferris attended to the dissolution of the sugar in his second cup of tea before looking up, and then he said, "Yes?" with a slowly rising inflection.

"Yes!" came from Nan with a short downward one; "Yes, sir, and I have a plan this time, and wish to consult my beloved family before doing anything rash."

"So that you can do it afterward with a clear conscience, I suppose?" ventured her father, wickedly.

"No, I shall do something a hundred times rasher if you oppose this plan, for it is the least revolutionary thing I can think of."

"Well?"—said her father, inquiringly.

"You know how hard Aunt Hettie has tried to induce one of us to come down to New York and

spend the winter with her and Uncle Nat, and how we have all begged off because they live so quietly and so far up town, we thought we should simply stagnate? I should like to go there this winter, not, I blush to say, for their sakes alone, but because I wish to study."



NAN FOUND CATHY FILLING A FIREPLACE WITH GOLDEN-ROD. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"What! study more?" groaned Lou, who was only fourteen, and in the toils of cube-root.

"Yes, study more," asserted Nan. "I want to take a course of lessons in a school of design, for I think I may do something in that line that may pay, after a while. Now, observe the latent beauty of my scheme. By spending the winter with them, I shan't need any new clothes—which means that I intend to pay for my lessons out of my own allowance."

"Oh, never mind that, dear child," Mr. Ferris said lovingly.

"Yes, I *will* mind! That is just what makes us girls so good-for-nothing;—we don't 'mind' enough! I really think it would be fun to actually *need* a new dress and know I could n't have it until I *earned* it—buttons, whalebones, and braid. Anyhow, if it were not fun, it would be good for my character. Now what do you all think?" and Nan helped herself to cake, observing that the others had finished theirs.

Mr. Ferris, heaving an involuntary sigh, began:

"Well, dear, as you know, your mother and I consider it our duty to bring up our girls so that each can, if the necessity should come, earn her own living; and perhaps the time is here for one to fly out of the nest to try her wings,—ah, me!"

"But that is just what I don't want to do; and one reason I hit upon this plan is that it will take me away from home only one winter, perhaps, and then not among strangers," said Nan.

"But," objected Mr. Ferris, "do you know anything about this school?"

"The Cooper Institute? I should think so. Why, it was reading about this particular branch of decorative art in the newspaper, the other day, that made me think of it."

"Then, little girl," he said fondly, "I think I am pleased with your plan."

When they were all grouped before the fire, and Mr. Ferris had drawn Nan close to him, as though somehow he were about to lose her, Evelyn took her mother's hand in hers and began:

"Papa, don't think I am going to do nothing; I am not like Nan, nor can I do the things she can; but I try to believe each has a special talent, and if I have a passion, it is for housekeeping; and Mother and I have a lovely plan!" And

those two exchanged a laughing glance of great portent.

Anything like secrecy immediately aroused in the Ferris family the most vehement denunciation.

"What *do* you mean?" demanded the chorus.

"Well, then, Mother has n't the slightest idea what we are going to have for breakfast to-morrow morning, because *I* am the housekeeper of this house, and I am going to buy everything and plan everything, and pay all the bills,—with a little pecuniary aid from you, Papa,—and make a study of beef and poultry, while Mother is going to do fancy-work and read French novels. But I am only going to learn to do well what ninety-nine girls out of every hundred have to do,—so there!"

"Splendid! splendid!" shouted Mr. Ferris, going over to this oldest of the flock and taking her face lovingly between his hands. "I declare, I don't know of which to be proudest; you mutually surpass each other, my children."

"Wait until after to-morrow morning's breakfast, and I fear you will be able to decide!" called the new housekeeper, as she disappeared to have a consultation with the cook.

All these revolutionary measures were not of the sudden growth that their speedy results seem to indicate. Any girl who enjoys the luxury of aimlessness during that long-desired period after she has "finished," will, sooner or later, encounter that arch-fiend of happiness, satiety,—the Apollyon of those who exist merely to have a "good time." Nan had been reared amidst the most healthy influences, and her vigorous young nature demanded more nourishing rations than those offered by the life she had been leading. However, this longing had only come of late, for she had been most devoted to the pomps and vanities, while her parents had looked on with some anxiety, but held their peace, trusting that she would "come out all right."

Bert's surroundings were different, her home influences being wholly worldly, her mother desiring nothing more of her daughter than that she should move among the best circles, finally making a brilliant marriage. Bert had not only dutifully but eagerly explored those aristocratic precincts, and had enjoyed herself hugely, as she observed everything in her own original and critical way, amusing herself with her own conclusions. Her wit and breeziness made her always welcome, and she could even enliven the clammy atmosphere of a young ladies' luncheon, as there was always sure to be grateful laughter at her end of the table. This success was exhilarating for a while, until she began to discover that she got very little for her pains. She herself needed stimulating; she demanded equal exertion from others; "why should she be interested in uninteresting people?" she should like to know. She did n't find out. She was already very privately admitting to herself that she "would like to shake the best circles from center to circumference." But the poor girl did not know what might be the social result, and to make a break had never occurred to her as a possibility until Nan's audacity suggested it.

So, while Bert sat on the other side of her father's desk and signed letters in her most elegant hand, "Mitchell & Co., per B.," wondering if the junior members of the firms to which she had been writing would ever guess who "B." was,



THE "B." OF MITCHELL & CO.

or if they would conclude it stood for some stupid, round-shouldered Brown or Bates or Baker,—Nan sped down to Cathy's to be the first to announce Bert's business career, as Evelyn's new cares detained her at home.

Nan found Cathy filling a fireplace with a yellow glory of golden-rod.

"That 's lovely!" commented Nan. "But what if you want a fire some of these cool evenings?"

"Why, that 's the beauty of my idea; the fire is all ready to light under these, and when we want one all we have to do is to let the whole thing burn up; the golden-rod will be dried by that time, and then I can get more. See?"

"Good; that 's sensible; for if there is any-

thing I hate, it is a grate too fine to have a big, roaring fire in it. You always were an artist in flowers. But that is n't what I came to remark. What do you suppose Bert has done now?"

Then followed a long talk, such as only girls are equal to, during which Bert's clerkship and Evelyn's housekeeping venture were discussed, and Nan's own plans divulged.

"Oh, me!" Cathy sighed hopelessly. "This is all very soul-stirring; I only am behind. I can't dash about and assert myself as you girls do, and besides, I think it is my duty to stay at home with Mother."

This duty Cathy had borne sweetly, for her mother was a doleful companion, who was making the mistake of casting a shadow over this daughter's life because her only other daughter had not been spared to her. This grief and the loss of her husband many years before had not taught her to make the lives of those still left to her as happy as possible; yet Cathy cheerfully made "sunshine in a shady place," while Fred manfully shouldered his father's business, which weighed heavily on his young shoulders.

"But I do want an object in life besides," continued Cathy, "for staying where I am put is only half my duty. If I should relieve Mother of the housekeeping I believe she would die, so I can't follow Evelyn's example. What *can* I do?" she asked mournfully.

Nan was reflecting that there were three kinds of girls,—those who led, like Bert; those who are led, like Evelyn; and those who must be pushed, like Cathy. "And maybe it is my duty to push," she thought.

"Well, Catherine," she began, settling herself in her chair, "would you really like to earn your own living?"

"Yes; I most certainly should like to do something toward it, for I have often wondered if dear old Fred did n't forego part of his own profits from the nursery for our sakes. Did you girls find out your vocations all alone, without any help or suggestion from others?" she continued.

"Bert did, of course," said Nan. Who ever knew her to take advice from anybody? But Evelyn and I talked all day and all night, and alternately propped each other's falling spirits, and last night the jury of the entire family sat upon us!"

"Oh, yes——" and Cathy sighed again. "But you see I have nobody. Mother would n't be interested, and Fred would n't hear of such a thing. He thinks a girl should be very feminine, and let her brother support her if she has no father. No, I must get on without sympathy."

"But you shan't! *I 'm* here on purpose to help you as I have been helped. I feel it my duty to pass on the impulse."

"You are a dear, good girl, and I love you," Cathy said gratefully. "I 'll be your humble servant and do just what you tell me. I wish I could go to New York with you and take lessons in flower-painting."

"You 'd never get rich selling a daisy and a lily and a little buttercup. You would better go to raising golden-rod in your brother's nursery, and then peddle it about the city, filling people's fireplaces at a dollar apiece!"

"I wish I could. Do you know, I should just love to raise flowers——"

"*That 's it!*" screamed Nan delightedly. "Just the thing! Have a hot-house,—cut-flowers for the million,—beat Haas & Schaeffer out of town! You could do it, Cathy; you have exquisite taste in flowers, and everybody will be crazy to have a basket or bouquet from the high-art green-house! We girls will always buy of you,—why, Haas sent me a lot of carnations for the Atwood party without any *stems* to them——"

"And he never knows enough to have narcissus or daffodils, or any of those stylish flowers!" excitedly broke in Cathy, with dilated eyes.

"And don't you charge *quite* five dollars apiece for rose-buds either!"

"And I will cut *lots* of leaves with them; and funeral people shall *not* have those hideous 'gates ajar' from my establishment!"

But at this both girls burst into a merry laugh, and seriously set about discussing the ways and means.

Cathy decided to find out the cost of such an undertaking, and the business outlook of the project before consulting Fred.

Nan remembered that her father knew a man somehow connected with a green-house in another city.

Cathy mentioned a certain corner of their grounds where she could build hers.

Nan suggested that she go down to Johnson's and see what books there were on the subject; and so on, until at last they parted with a happy sense of lively stir and aim.

But these four fortunes were not made in a day, and the time seemed long before much but discouragement was achieved. Just here is where the masculine pertinacity is valuable. Business results are slow, and the feminine mind chafes at delay, and wants to see the net gain immediately.

Bert found stenography very tedious, if not quite a bore; and there came many days when she would have been willing to slip back into social inertness, and keep to her slippers and book rather than present herself in the dingy office. Although, when once she had conquered, it was n't so bad,



"I PLAY LOUD WALTZES ON THE PIANO, UNTIL THE SILENCE OF THESE SEPULCHRAL ROOMS IS PUT TO FLIGHT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

for there *was* a bright rug on the floor, and a small feather-duster, hung up by a scarlet ribbon, did effective service. Her sense of the humorous also came to her aid, for the expression of relieved suspense she caught on her father's face as she appeared regularly morning after morning amused her, and the one of loving friendliness that began to settle there more than repaid her.

On Saturday, at the end of her first week, she found a little pile of silver by her plate. She regarded it curiously for a moment, then inquired doubtfully:

"Is this the exact sum you would have paid to a Mr. Snipkins, had such a person been hired in my place, and done the work I have done?"

"Exactly, Bertha; no more, no less," her father replied, smiling.

"*Earned*," she murmured, slowly dropping the pieces one by one into her purse. "What a queer feeling! Money for an equivalent given — I don't believe I shall ever spend it!"

Mr. Mitchell looked particularly pleased, as he said: "Ah, you begin to appreciate what a dollar stands for."

Evelyn's table blossomed out into all manner of pretty devices, each studied from a newly purchased cook-book. The butter reposed in beautifully shaped rolls on a feathery bed of parsley; even homely roasted potatoes looked inviting as they lay in a nest made of the snowy folds of a fringed napkin. Mr. Ferris declared he was twice fed by Evelyn's banquets. So it was all very fine until the bills came in at the end of the month; not that daintiness in serving cost anything, but she had erred in other directions. Evelyn was in consternation, for she had confidently supposed she could save a snug little bit from the sum allotted for housekeeping expenses, and this amount she was at liberty to spend as she chose, and she had already chosen to get a dozen tinted finger-glasses, a Japanese bowl for broken ice, another for salad, and so on, until, to her mind's eye, her table was a dream of color and form; but when that eye opened on the grocery bill, and the butcher's bill, and the milk bill, and then on minus six dollars and eighty-five cents, it nearly dropped a tear of shame and disappointment.

"No," she thought, after suppressing her first impulse to ask her mother what to do, "no! If I have been extravagant, I must find out where, and pay for it; and this deficit shall come out of my own allowance. Next month I will do better."

And she did.

Nan wrote from New York, about the middle of November:

"Thanksgiving is coming, but I 'm not. As my highest earthly desire is to earn twenty-five dollars, I 'm not going to spend that much, especially as I have n't got it, for just two days' pleasure. I may mention, by way of a mere casual remark, that at present there is n't the dimmest possibility of my earning a punched coin this year, unless I happen to take a prize next spring. In my own humble imagination I have already done this and have, of course, chosen the things I shall buy with the money! But I do wish there were no rudiments to learn. They keep one back so! All this week I 've devoted the forces of my nature to drawing straight lines and angles, However, I have long suspected that one of my faults was dislike of real hard work, so I am going to 'peg right along,' and lay foundations.

"There are several nice girls in the class, and Aunt Hettie says that I may invite Ruth Manning, who has no home to go to, here to Thanksgiving dinner. I am having a gay time shaking up this quiet house. I play "loud waltzes on the piano," and sing at the top of my voice, which you well know penetrates to the gables of the garret, until the silence of these sepulchral rooms is put to flight. I am also adding worldly touches to these same tombs, and dear Aunty sees how much prettier they look, and wonders she never thought of the little changes I 've made. And what do you think — I trimmed her up a bonnet; quite different from her usual head-gear, I can tell you, with really a furtive air of *style* about it! — and I held her before the glass until I *made* her own that she liked it; and when I marched her in to show it to Uncle Nat, and commanded him to say it was becoming, he said it looked like one she wore when he was courting her, whereat he kissed her, and she blushed with pleasure. *She will wear that bonnet next Sunday*, although I think she expects instant excommunication.

"Tell Evelyn I long for the locusts and wild honey she seems to be serving up so charmingly; also that we made a great hit when we made over my brown suit, for it is quite 'the thing.' I think it is splendid of Fred Drake to loan Cathy the money to start her green things.

"I'm going to paper my room with common manilla paper, when I get home, and then put splashes of gilt on it, happy-go-lucky style. I saw a room done so.

"Hug yourselves all around, for

"Your loving

"NAN FERRIS."

Yes, Cathy's brother behaved nobly when he once found she was determined; and, when this hitherto gentle and submissive creature announced to him that she could get her house built, heated, and stocked for from six to eight hundred dollars, mentioning other items showing careful study of the subject, and asked if she could not have that amount out of her share of the property, he not only promised to "fix it some way," and chucked her under the chin, as a special mark of tenderness, but offered her the services of a young German boy who was in his employ.

So it was not long before the sound of the hammer was heard in the land, and the first snowflakes of winter fell on countless panes of glass, while her little forest of tender plants sprouted and climbed, and blossomed in the humid air below.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Chapter XII.

EVERY few days after the dinner-party at the Castle, almost everybody in England who read the newspapers at all knew the romantic story of what had happened at Dorincourt. It made a very interesting story when it was told with all the details. There was the little American boy who had been brought to England to be Lord Fauntleroy, and who was said to be so fine and handsome a little fellow, and to have already made people fond of him; there was the old Earl, his grandfather, who was so proud of his heir; there was the pretty young mother who had never been forgiven for marrying Captain Errol; and there was the strange marriage of Bevis, the dead Lord Fauntleroy, and the strange wife, of whom no one knew anything, suddenly appearing with her son, and saying that he was the real Lord Fauntleroy and must have his rights. All these things were talked about and written about, and caused a tremendous sensation. And then there came the rumor that the Earl of Dorincourt was not satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and would perhaps contest the claim by law, and the matter might end with a wonderful trial.

There never had been such excitement before in the county in which Erleboro was situated. On market-days, people stood in groups and talked and wondered what would be done; the farmers' wives invited one another to tea that they might tell one another all they had heard and all they thought and all they thought other people thought. They related wonderful anecdotes about the Earl's rage and his determination not to acknowledge the new Lord Fauntleroy, and his hatred of the woman who was the claimant's mother. But, of course, it was Mrs. Dibble who could tell the most, and who was more in demand than ever.

"An' a bad lookout it is," she said. "An' if you were to ask me, ma'am, I should say as it was a judgment on him for the way he 's treated that sweet young cre'tur' as he parted from her child,—for he 's got that fond of him an' that set on him an' that proud of him as he 's a'most drove mad by what 's happened. An' what 's more, this new one 's no lady, as his little lordship's ma is. She 's a bold-faced, black-eyed thing, as Mr. Thomas says no gentleman in livery 'u'd bemean hisself to be guv orders by; an' let her come into the house, he says, an' he goes out of it. An' the boy don't no more compare with the other one than nothin' you could mention. An' mercy knows what 's goin' to come of it all, an' where it 's to end, an' you might have knocked me down with a feather when Jane brought the news."

In fact there was excitement everywhere at the Castle; in the library, where the Earl and Mr. Havisham sat and talked; in the servants' hall, where Mr. Thomas and the butler and the other men and women servants gossiped and exclaimed at all times of the day; and in the stables, where Wilkins went about his work in a quite depressed state of mind, and groomed the brown pony more beautifully than ever, and said mournfully to the coachman that he "never taught a young gen'leman to ride as took to it more nat'ral, or was a better-plucked one than he was. He was a one as it were some pleasure to ride behind."

But in the midst of all the disturbance there was one person who was quite calm and untroubled. That person was the little Lord Fauntleroy who was said not to be Lord Fauntleroy at all. When first the state of affairs had been explained to him, he had felt some little anxiousness and perplexity, it is true, but its foundation was not in baffled ambition.

While the Earl told him what had happened, he had sat on a stool holding on to his knee, as he so often did when he was listening to anything interesting; and by the time the story was finished he looked quite sober.

"It makes me feel very queer," he said; "it makes me feel—queer!"

The Earl looked at the boy in silence. It made him feel queer, too—queerer than he had ever felt in his whole life. And he felt more queer still when he saw that there was a troubled expression on the small face which was usually so happy.

"Will they take Dearest's house away from her—and her carriage?" Cedric asked in a rather unsteady, anxious little voice.

"*No!*" said the Earl decidedly—in quite a loud voice in fact. "They can take nothing from her."

"Ah!" said Cedric, with evident relief. "Can't they?"

Then he looked up at his grandfather, and there was a wistful shade in his eyes, and they looked very big and soft.

"That other boy," he said rather tremulously—"he will have to—to be your boy now—as I was—wont he?"

"*No!*" answered the Earl—and he said it so fiercely and loudly that Cedric quite jumped.

"No?" he exclaimed, in wonderment. "Wont he? I thought——"

He stood up from his stool quite suddenly.

"Shall I be your boy, even if I 'm not going to be an earl?" he said. "Shall I be your boy, just as I was before?" And his flushed little face was all alight with eagerness.

How the old Earl did look at him from head to foot, to be sure. How his great shaggy brows did draw themselves together, and how queerly his deep eyes shone under them—how very queerly!

"My boy!" he said—and, if you 'll believe it, his very voice was queer, almost shaky and a little broken and hoarse, not at all what you would expect an earl's voice to be, though he spoke more decidedly and peremptorily even than before,—"Yes, you 'll be my boy as long as I live; and, by George, sometimes I feel as if you were the only boy I had ever had."

Cedric's face turned red to the roots of his hair; it turned red with relief and pleasure. He put both his hands deep into his pockets and looked squarely into his noble relative's eyes.

"Do you?" he said. "Well, then, I don't care about the earl part at all. I don't care whether I 'm an earl or not. I thought—you see, I thought the one that was going to be the Earl would have to be your boy, too, and—and I could n't be. That was what made me feel so queer."

The Earl put his hand on his shoulder and drew him nearer.

"They shall take nothing from you that I can hold for you," he said, drawing his breath hard. "I wont believe yet that they can take anything from you. You were made for the place, and—well, you may fill it still. But whatever comes, you shall have all that I can give you—all!"

It scarcely seemed as if he were speaking to a child, there was such determination in his face and voice; it was more as if he were making a promise to himself—and perhaps he was.

He had never before known how deep a hold upon him his fondness for the boy and his pride in him had taken. He had never seen his strength and good qualities and beauty as he seemed to see them now. To his obstinate nature it seemed impossible—more than impossible—to give up what he had so set his heart upon. And he had determined that he would not give it up without a fierce struggle.

Within a few days after she had seen Mr. Havisham, the woman who claimed to be Lady Fauntleroy presented herself at the Castle, and brought her child with her. She was sent away. The Earl would not see her, she was told by the footman at the door; his lawyer would attend to her case. It was Thomas who gave the message, and who expressed his opinion of her freely afterward, in the servants' hall. He "hoped," he said, "as he had wore livery in 'igh famblies long enough to know a lady when he see one, an' if that was a lady he was no judge o' females."

"The one at the Lodge," added Thomas loftily, "'Merican or no 'Merican, she 's one o' the right sort, as any gentleman 'u'd reckinize with 'alf a

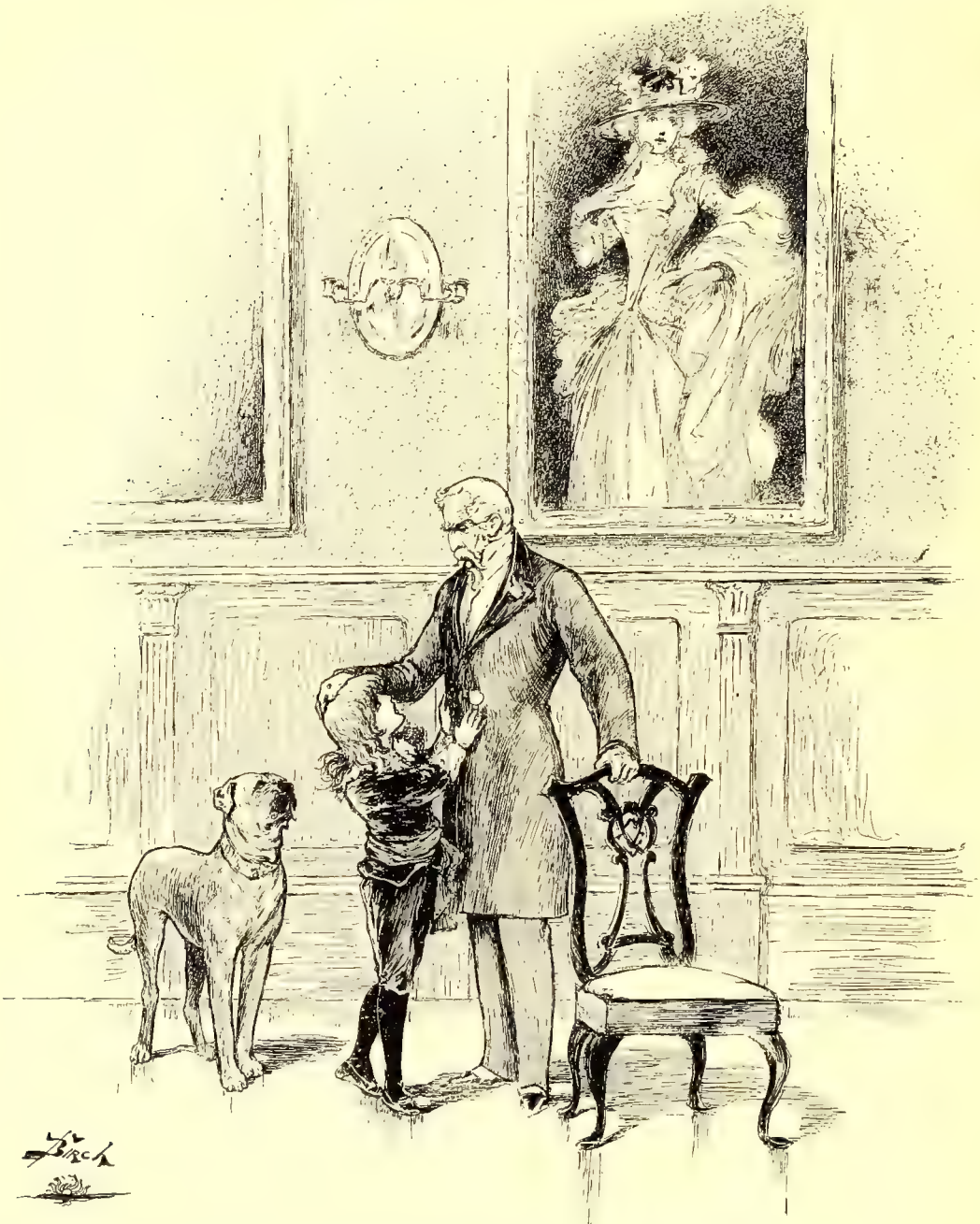


"SHE WAS TOLD BY THE FOOTMAN AT THE DOOR THAT THE EARL WOULD NOT SEE HER."

heye. I remarked it myself to Henery when fust we called there."

The woman drove away; the look on her handsome, common face half frightened, half fierce. Mr. Havisham had noticed, during his interviews with her, that though she had a passionate temper and a coarse, insolent manner, she was neither so clever nor so bold as she meant to be; she seemed sometimes to be almost overwhelmed by the position in which she had placed herself. It was as if she had not expected to meet with such opposition.

"She is evidently," the lawyer said to Mrs. Errol, "a person from the lower walks of life. She is uneducated and untrained in everything, and quite unused to meeting people like ourselves on any terms of equality. She does not know what



"'SHALL I BE YOUR BOY, EVEN IF I 'M NOT GOING TO BE AN EARL?' SAID CEDRIC."

to do. Her visit to the Castle quite cowed her. She was infuriated, but she was cowed. The Earl would not receive her, but I advised him to go with me to the Dorincourt Arms, where she is staying. When she saw him enter the room, she turned white, though she flew into a rage at once, and threatened and demanded in one breath."

The fact was that the Earl had stalked into the

room and stood, looking like a venerable aristocratic giant, staring at the woman from under his beetling brows, and not condescending a word. He simply stared at her, taking her in from head to foot as if she were some repulsive curiosity. He let her talk and demand until she was tired, without himself uttering a word, and then he said:

"You say you are my eldest son's wife. If that is true, and if the proof you offer is too much for us, the law is on your side. In that case, your boy is Lord Fauntleroy. The matter will be sifted to the bottom, you may rest assured. If your claims are proved, you will be provided for. I want to see nothing either of you or the child so long as I live. The place will unfortunately have enough of you after my death. You are exactly the kind of person I should have expected my son Bevis to choose."

And then he turned his back upon her and stalked out of the room as he had stalked into it.

Not many days after that, a visitor was announced to Mrs. Errol, who was writing in her little morning room. The maid, who brought the message, looked rather excited; her eyes were quite round with amazement, in fact, and being young and inexperienced, she regarded her mistress with nervous sympathy.

"It 's the Earl hisself, ma'am!" she said in tremulous awe.

When Mrs. Errol entered the drawing-room, a very tall, majestic-looking old man was standing on the tiger-skin rug. He had a handsome, grim old face, with an aquiline profile, a long white mustache, and an obstinate look.

"Mrs. Errol, I believe?" he said.

"Mrs. Errol," she answered.

"I am the Earl of Dorincourt," he said.

He paused a moment, almost unconsciously, to look into her uplifted eyes. They were so like the big, affectionate, childish eyes he had seen uplifted to his own so often every day during the last few months, that they gave him a quite curious sensation.

"The boy is very like you," he said abruptly.

"It has been often said so, my lord," she replied, "but I have been glad to think him like his father also."

As Lady Lorridaile had told him, her voice was very sweet, and her manner was very simple and dignified. She did not seem in the least troubled by his sudden coming.

"Yes," said the Earl, "he is like — my son — too." He put his hand up to his big white mustache and pulled it fiercely. "Do you know," he said, "why I have come here?"

"I have seen Mr. Havisham," Mrs. Errol began, "and he has told me of the claims which have been made ——"

"I have come to tell you," said the Earl, "that they will be investigated and contested, if a contest can be made. I have come to tell you that the boy shall be defended with all the power of the law. His rights ——"

The soft voice interrupted him.

"He must have nothing that is *not* his by right, even if the law can give it to him," she said.

"Unfortunately the law can not," said the Earl. "If it could, it should. This outrageous woman and her child ——"

"Perhaps she cares for him as much as I care for Cedric, my lord," said little Mrs. Errol. "And if she was your eldest son's wife, her son is Lord Fauntleroy, and mine is not."

She was no more afraid of him than Cedric had been, and she looked at him just as Cedric would have looked, and he, having been an old tyrant all his life, was privately pleased by it. People so seldom dared to differ from him that there was an entertaining novelty in it.

"I suppose," he said, scowling slightly, "that you would much prefer that he should not be the Earl of Dorincourt."

Her fair young face flushed.

"It is a very magnificent thing to be the Earl of Dorincourt, my lord," she said. "I know that, but I care most that he should be what his father was — brave and just and true always."

"In striking contrast to what his grandfather was, eh?" said his lordship sardonically.

"I have not had the pleasure of knowing his grandfather," replied Mrs. Errol, "but I know my little boy believes ——" She stopped short a moment, looking quietly into his face, and then she added, "I know that Cedric loves you."

"Would he have loved me," said the Earl dryly, "if you had told him why I did not receive you at the Castle?"

"No," answered Mrs. Errol; "I think not. That was why I did not wish him to know."

"Well," said my lord, brusquely, "there are few women who would not have told him."

He suddenly began to walk up and down the room, pulling his great mustache more violently than ever.

"Yes, he is fond of me," he said, "and I am fond of him. I can't say I ever was fond of anything before. I am fond of him. He pleased me from the first. I am an old man, and was tired of my life. He has given me something to live for. I am proud of him. I was satisfied to think of his taking his place some day as the head of the family."

He came back and stood before Mrs. Errol.

"I am miserable," he said. "Miserable!"

He looked as if he was. Even his pride could not keep his voice steady or his hands from shak-

ing. For a moment it almost seemed as if his deep, fierce eyes had tears in them. "Perhaps it is because I am miserable that I have come to you," he said, quite glaring down at her. "I used to hate you; I have been jealous of you. This wretched, disgraceful business has changed that. After seeing that repulsive woman who calls herself the wife of my son Bevis, I actually felt it would be a relief to look at you. I have been an obstinate old fool, and I suppose I have treated you badly. You are like the boy, and the boy is the first object in my life. I am miserable, and I came to you merely because you are like the boy, and he cares for you, and I care for him. Treat me as well as you can, for the boy's sake."

He said it all in his harsh voice, and almost roughly, but somehow he seemed so broken down for the time that Mrs. Errol was touched to the heart. She got up and moved an arm-chair a little forward.

"I wish you would sit down," she said in a soft, pretty, sympathetic way. "You have been so much troubled that you are very tired, and you need all your strength."

It was just as new to him to be spoken to and cared for in that gentle, simple way as it was to be contradicted. He was reminded of "the boy" again, and he actually did as she asked him. Perhaps his disappointment and wretchedness were good discipline for him; if he had not been wretched he might have continued to hate her, but just at present he found her a little soothing. Almost anything would have seemed pleasant by contrast with Lady Fauntleroy; and this one had so sweet a face and voice, and a pretty dignity when she spoke or moved. Very soon, by the quiet magic of these influences, he began to feel less gloomy, and then he talked still more.

"Whatever happens," he said, "the boy shall be provided for. He shall be taken care of, now and in the future."

Before he went away, he glanced around the room.

"Do you like the house?" he demanded.

"Very much," she answered.

"This is a cheerful room," he said. "May I come here again and talk this matter over?"

"As often as you wish, my lord," she replied.

And then he went out to his carriage and drove away, Thomas and Henry almost stricken dumb upon the box at the turn affairs had taken.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF course, as soon as the story of Lord Fauntleroy and the difficulties of the Earl of Dorincourt were discussed in the English newspapers, they were discussed in the American newspapers. The story was too interesting to be passed over lightly, and it was talked of a great deal. There were so many versions of it that it would have been an edifying thing to buy all the papers and compare them. Mr. Hobbs read so much about it that he became quite bewildered. One paper described his young friend Cedric as an infant in arms,—another as a young man at Oxford, winning all the honors, and distinguishing himself by writing Greek poems; one said he was engaged to a young lady of great beauty, who was the daughter of a duke; another said he had just been married; the only thing, in fact, which was *not* said was that he was a little boy between seven and eight, with handsome legs and curly hair. One said he was no relation to the Earl of Dorincourt at all, but was a small impostor who had sold newspapers and slept in the streets of New York before his mother imposed upon the family lawyer, who came to America to look for the Earl's heir. Then came the descriptions of the new Lord Fauntleroy and his mother. Sometimes she was a gypsy, sometimes an actress, sometimes a beautiful Spaniard; but it was always agreed that the Earl of Dorincourt was her deadly enemy, and would not acknowledge her son as his heir if he could help it, and as there seemed to be some slight flaw in the papers she had produced, it was expected that there would be a long trial, which would be far more interesting than anything ever carried into court before. Mr. Hobbs used to read the papers until his head was in a whirl, and in the evening he and Dick would talk it all over. They found out what an important personage an Earl of Dorincourt was, and what a magnificent income he possessed, and how many estates he owned, and how stately and beautiful was the Castle in which he lived; and the more they learned, the more excited they became.

"Seems like somethin' orter be done," said Mr. Hobbs. "Things like them orter be held on to—earls or no earls."

But there really was nothing they could do but each write a letter to Cedric, containing assurances of their friendship and sympathy. They wrote those letters as soon as they could after receiving the news; and after having written them, they handed them over to each other to be read.

This is what Mr. Hobbs read in Dick's letter:

"DERE FREND: i got ure letter an Mr. Hobbs got his an we are sory u are down on ure luck an we say hold on as longs u kin an dont let no one git ahed of u. There is a lot of ole theves wil make al they kin of u ef u dont kepe ure i skined. But this is mosly to say that ive not forgot wot u did fur me an if there aint no better way cum over here an go in pardners with me. Biznes is fine an ile see no harm cums to u Enny big feler that trise to cum it over u wil hafter setle it fust with Perfessor Dick Tipton So no more at present "DICK."

And this was what Dick read in Mr. Hobbs's letter:

"DEAR SIR: Yrs received and wd say things looks bad. I believe its a put up job and them thats done it ought to be looked after sharp. And what I write to say is two things. Im going to look this thing up Keep quiet and Ill see a lawyer and do all I can And if the worst happens and them earls is too many for us theres a partnership in the grocery business ready for you when yure old enough and a home and a friend in

"Yrs truly, SILAS HOBBS."

"Well," said Mr. Hobbs, "he 's pervided for between us, if he aint a earl."

"So he is," said Dick. "I 'd ha' stood by him. Blest if I did n't like that little feller fust-rate."

The very next morning, one of Dick's customers was rather surprised. He was a young lawyer just beginning practice. As poor as a very young lawyer can possibly be, but a bright, energetic young fellow, with sharp wit and a good temper. He had a shabby office near Dick's stand, and every morning Dick blacked his boots for him, and quite often they were not exactly water-tight, but he always had a friendly word or a joke for Dick.

That particular morning, when he put his foot on the rest, he had an illustrated paper in his hand—an enterprising paper, with pictures in it of conspicuous people and things. He had just finished looking it over, and when the last boot was polished, he handed it over to the boy.

"Here 's a paper for you, Dick," he said; "you can look it over when you drop in at Delmonico's for your breakfast. Picture of an English castle in it, and an English earl's daughter-in-law. Fine young woman, too—lots of hair—though she seems to be raising rather a row. You ought to become familiar with the nobility and gentry, Dick. Begin on the Right Honorable the Earl of Dorincourt and Lady Fauntleroy. Hello! I say, what 's the matter?"

The pictures he spoke of were on the front page, and Dick was staring at one of them with his eyes and mouth open, and his sharp face almost pale with excitement.

"What 's to pay, Dick?" said the young man. "What has paralyzed you?"

Dick really did look as if something tremendous had happened. He pointed to the picture, under which was written:

"Mother of Claimant (Lady Fauntleroy)."

It was the picture of a handsome woman, with large eyes and heavy braids of black hair wound around her head.

"Her!" said Dick. "My, I know her better 'n I know you!"

The young man began to laugh.

"Where did you meet her, Dick?" he said. "At Newport? Or when you ran over to Paris the last time?"

Dick actually forgot to grin. He began to gather his brushes and things together, as if he had something to do which would put an end to his business for the present.

"Never mind," he said. "I know her! An I 've struck work for this mornin'."

And in less than five minutes from that time he was tearing through the streets on his way to Mr. Hobbs and the corner store. Mr. Hobbs could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses when he looked across the counter and saw Dick rush in with the paper in his hand. The boy was out of breath with running; so much out of breath, in fact, that he could scarcely speak as he threw the paper down on the counter.

"Hello!" exclaimed Mr. Hobbs. "Hello! What you got there?"

"Look at it!" panted Dick. "Look at that woman in the picture! That 's what you look at! *She* aint no 'ristocrat, *she* aint!" with withering scorn. "She 's no lord's wife. You may eat me, if it aint Minna—*Minna!* I 'd know her anywheres, an' so 'd Ben. Jest ax him."

Mr. Hobbs dropped into his seat.

"I knowed it was a put-up job," he said. "I knowed it; and they done it on account o' him bein' a 'Merican!"

"Done it!" cried Dick, with disgust. "*She* done it, that 's who done it. She was allers up to her tricks; an' I 'll tell yer wot come to me, the minnit I saw her pictur. There was one o' them papers we saw had a letter in it that said somethin' 'bout her boy, an' it said he had a scar on his chin. Put them two together—her 'n' that there scar! Why, that there boy o' hers aint no more a lord than I am! It 's *Ben's* boy,—the little chap she hit when she let fly that plate at me."

Professor Dick Tipton had always been a sharp boy, and earning his living in the streets of a big city had made him still sharper. He had learned to keep his eyes open and his wits about him, and it must be confessed he enjoyed immensely the excitement and impatience of that moment. If little Lord Fauntleroy could only have looked into the store that morning, he would certainly have been interested, even if all the discussion and plans had been intended to decide the fate of some other boy than himself.

Mr. Hobbs was almost overwhelmed by his sense of responsibility, and Dick was all alive and full of energy. He began to write a letter to Ben, and he cut out the picture and inclosed it to him, and Mr. Hobbs wrote a letter to Cedric and one to the Earl. They were in the midst of this letter-writing when a new idea came to Dick.

"Say," he said, "the feller that give me the paper, he 's a lawyer. Let 's ax him what we 'd better do. Lawyers knows it all."

Mr. Hobbs was immensely impressed by this suggestion and Dick's business capacity.

"That 's so!" he replied. "This here calls for lawyers."

And leaving the store in the care of a substitute, he struggled into his coat and marched down-town with Dick, and the two presented themselves with their romantic story in Mr. Harrison's office, much to that young man's astonishment.

If he had not been a very young lawyer, with a very enterprising mind and a great deal of spare time on his hands, he might not have been so readily interested in what they had to say, for it all certainly sounded very wild and queer; but he chanced to want something to do very much, and he chanced to know Dick, and Dick chanced to say his say in a very sharp, telling sort of way.

"And," said Mr. Hobbs, "say what your time 's worth a' hour and look into this thing thorough, and *I 'll* pay the damage,—Silas Hobbs, corner of Blank street, Vegetables and Fancy Groceries."

"Well," said Mr. Harrison, "it will be a big thing if it turns out all right, and it will be almost as big a thing for me as for Lord Fauntleroy; and at any rate, no harm can be done by investigating. It appears there has been some dubiousness about the child. The woman contradicted herself in some of her statements about his age, and aroused suspicion. The first persons to be written to are Dick's brother and the Earl of Dorincourt's family lawyer."

And actually, before the sun went down, two letters had been written and sent in two different directions—one speeding out of New York harbor on a mail steamer on its way to England, and the other on a train carrying letters and passengers bound for California. And the first was addressed to T. Havisham, Esq., and the second to Benjamin Tipton.

And after the store was closed that evening, Mr. Hobbs and Dick sat in the back-room and talked together until midnight.

(To be concluded.)



INVERTED.

By John B. Tabb.

"Bicycles!—Bicycles!"
Nay; to shun laughter,
Try cycles first,
And *buy* cycles after;
For surely the buyer
Deserves but the worst,
Who would buy cycles, failing
To try cycles first!

A LAKE GEORGE CAPSIZE.

By Edward Eggleston.



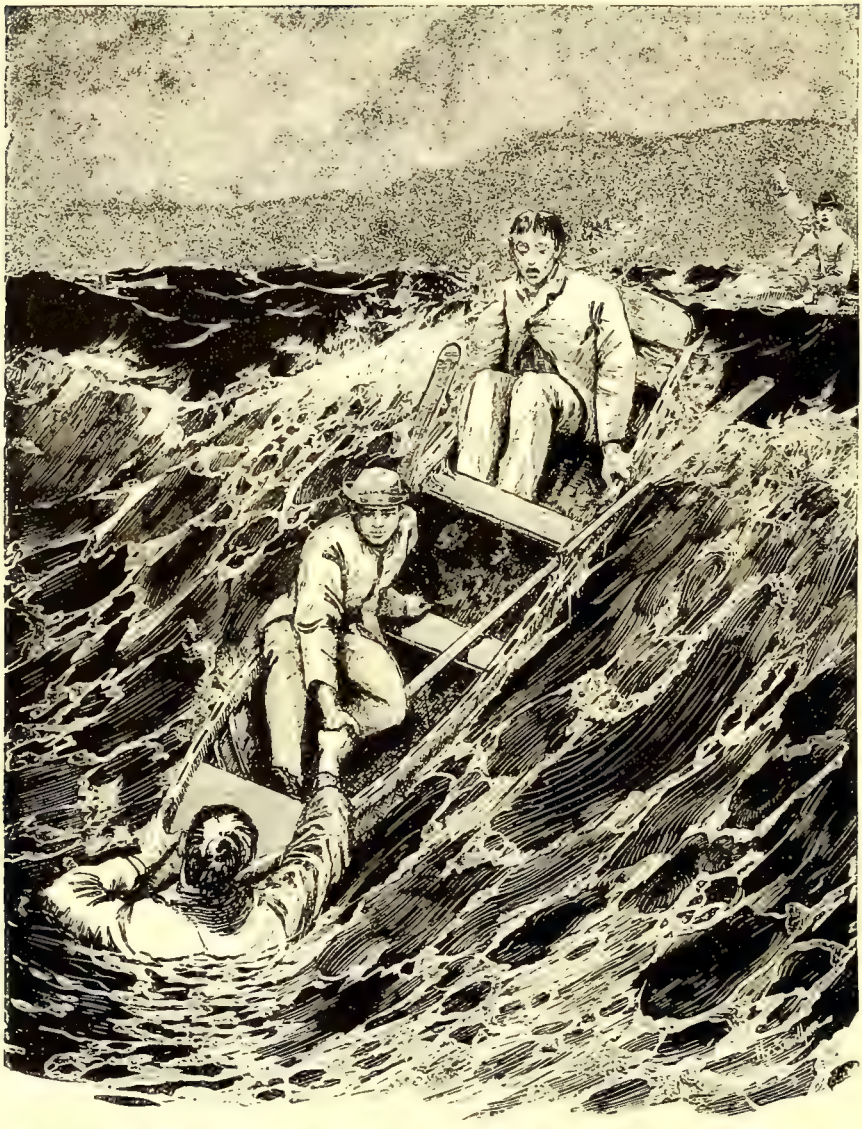
A QUIET ROW ON THE "BROAD LAKE."

Lake George can be the calmest and loveliest sheet of water that ever was shut in by mountain walls, but like all mountain lakes it is very fickle. If you have never seen it "cut up its didos," you do not yet really know our Lake. In the fall, when the tourists have gone and the hotels and cottages are quiet, Lake George now and then gets into a great rage and becomes quite sublime.

One day in the latter part of October, there came into our bay a trim little sloop-rigged sailboat, with three men aboard. They were after the ducks that always make Dunham's Bay a resting-place on their long autumn journey to the southward. This little yacht, if I may call it one, had not been long in view when there broke upon the lake a fierce, cold, north wind, driving the whitecaps up into the bay like a frightened flock of sheep.

The sailboat could now stand only the mainsail, and even with that it reeled and tumbled about fearfully in the hands of its unskilled crew, and two or three times it was nearly driven ashore, for the men seemed quite unable to make it beat up into the wind.

While the gale was thus running into the bay, my young friend Charlie Fraser, with a boy's love for excitement, came and asked permission to go



"CHARLIE BROUGHT THE BOW OF THE BOAT TO THE MAN IN THE WATER AND TOOK HIM ABOARD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

out in my rowboat, to see "what kind of a rough-water boat she might be." Though I knew him to be both a good oarsman and a good swimmer, and though the boat had always behaved admirably in a sea, I hesitated, until he proposed not to venture beyond Joshua's Rock, which marks the line between the bay and the "broad lake," as the people call it at this point. After I had let him go, I reproached myself for trusting a boy of sixteen in a gale that was momently increasing in violence. But Charlie did not care to risk too near an approach to the broad lake; he soon saw that there was danger of swamping even in the bay, and therefore he put about for home. In passing the sailboat, which was laboring hard among the rushing, roaring whitecaps, he had shouted to the young men to take in a reef; but they kept the whole mainsail flying, though they had to place all the ballast up to windward and then to sit in a row upon the windward gunwale of the boat to keep it from upsetting. Finding that the gale, which continued to rise, would certainly upset them in spite of all their exertions, one of them eased off the sheet, while the man at the tiller at the same moment brought the boat's head into the wind. This left all the weight of the ballast and the men on one side, with no balancing force of wind in the sail, and the light sloop tipped completely over in the direction opposite to the one they had feared. The sail lay flat upon the water, with one poor fellow under it, while another, encumbered with a big overcoat, was floundering in the waves; the third succeeded in climbing to the upper side of the capsized sloop and sitting astride of it. The wild, frightened cries of the young men rose above the hissing of wind and the roaring of waves, and Charlie brought his boat around and

rowed for them. The waves jerked one of his oars from the rowlock, but he soon had it in its place, and was pulling as a strong boy can pull when cries of drowning men are in his ears.

"Help! quick! I'm going! Oh, help! help!" rang in his ears and spurred him to do his utmost, as he headed straight for the sailboat, disregarding the waves that broke now and then into his own boat.

When Charlie got up to the wreck, he presented the bow of his boat first to the man who had emerged from under the sail. This young man took hold, then lost his grip and went down as the water tossed the boat; and Charlie held on to the seat to keep from being pitched after him. Then the man came up, gurgling, sputtering, and getting a new hold on the boat succeeded in scrambling in. Holding the boat into the teeth of the wind, Charlie then brought the bow to the other man in the water, and so took him aboard. There were now three people and a great deal of water in the boat; and Charlie concluded that it had all it would carry, and that it would be necessary to land his two passengers before taking the stout young man who maintained an uneasy perch on the capsized yacht. Shouting some words of encouragement to him, Charlie started for the shore; but the young man on the boat, benumbed by his ducking and the icy wind, and perhaps discouraged at seeing the row-boat leave him, fell off the capsized yacht into the water with a cry for help. Charlie put back just in time to grab him as he again let go his hold, and began to sink. But the rowboat had all it would bear in such a sea, and before taking him aboard, it was necessary to make the others throw overboard their wet coats and overcoats. Then the stout young man was pulled in over the stern, and Charlie soon brought the rowboat, staggering under its load of four persons and a great weight of water, safely to dock. A little while after, the three dripping duck-hunters were drying by the kitchen fire.

"I was under the sail," said one of them to me, "and if the boat had n't come to our help just when it did, it would have been the end of me."

A New York gentleman who heard of this affair wrote to the office of the United States Life Saving Service, at Washington, asking for the silver medal of the Government for Charlie Fraser. Of course there was a great deal of formality to be gone through with; affidavits were made by eye-witnesses, and filed away at Washington, and there the matter rested for months. Meantime Charlie had no recognition of his act except a letter from the mother of one of the young men, though he had, I suppose, what was better — the consciousness of having done his duty manfully in a pinch. One administration at Washington went out, and another came in, and we concluded that the medal had been forgotten. But one day there came to Charlie a very large official envelope, in the corner of which there was boldly printed "Treasury Department." It was also marked "Official Business," and was addressed in big letters and looked very impressive. The inside of it seemed equally important, and it read:

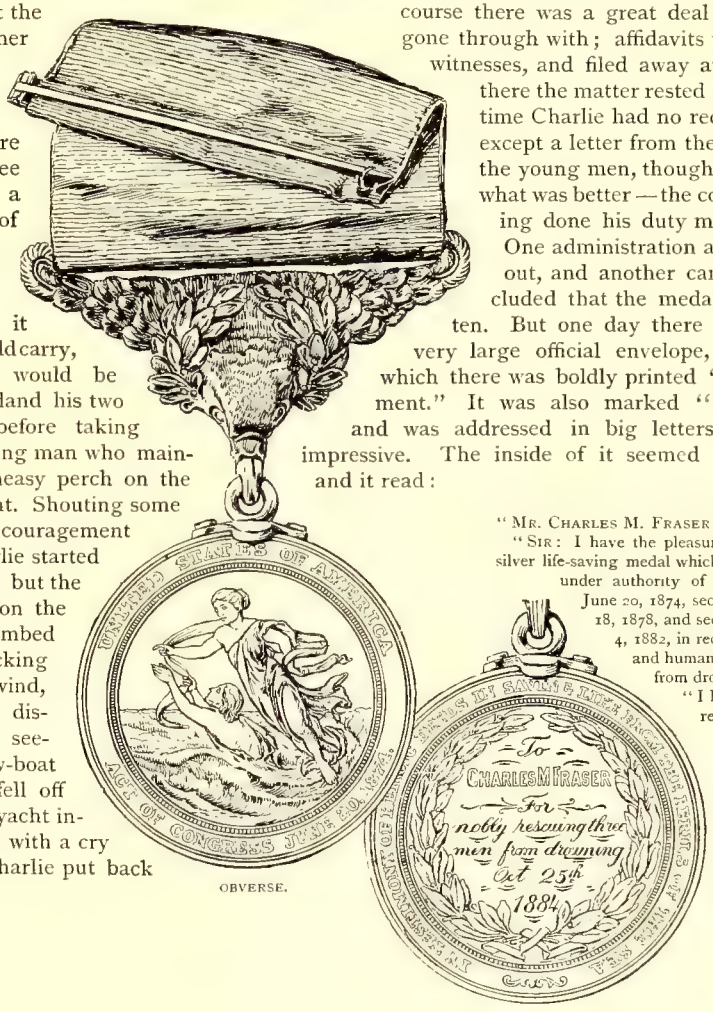
"Mr. Charles M. Fraser:

"Sir: I have the pleasure to transmit herewith a silver life-saving medal which has been awarded you under authority of section 7 of the Act of June 20, 1874, section 12 of the Act of June 18, 1878, and section 9 of the Act of May 4, 1882, in recognition of your courage and humanity in saving three persons from drowning October 25, 1884.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

D. Manning,
"*Secretary.*"

And the same day there reached him by express the silver medal in a neat case.



OBVERSE. REVERSE.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERMIT.

(Concluded.)

By Alfred Terry Bacon.



HEAD OF THE BISON, OR AMERICAN BUFFALO. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

One evening my quiet hermitage seemed more silent than ever before. That small dog, Gip, slept soundly on the earthen floor, tired out with a long day's run through the park. I had just chased away a friendly striped snake that had squirmed in through a mouse-hole and settled itself comfortably, wishing to make its home with me. The field-mice trooped silently about the room in dozens, over the table and under the chairs,— but there is no defense against them. The other night they had the impudence to sit on my pillow and pull out my hair for their nests. "Their tameness is shocking to me," as Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, complained of the beasts on his island.

Plotting against the mice, without lighting a lamp I sat by the doorway as the darkness deepened, for the night was too warm and too fine for lamp-light. The long midsummer twilight faded to a narrow band of gray just over the mountain-peak; and looking out, I could hear none of the familiar sounds of the wilderness — even the murmuring pine-woods were hushed in the perfectly calm night. But presently a soft splashing sound came from the pool in the brook behind the house. It reminded me that for nearly a year I had been

living within fifty steps of a colony of beavers, and had not yet seen a single one of them; for they are never out by daylight and I am never out by night.

The brook which runs through the park dwindles to a very small stream after the summer heat has melted all the snow from the peak; and there would be too little water for the beavers to swim in if they had not built a number of solid dams across the stream, making as many pretty ponds, where they and the muskrats and the wild ducks lead a jolly life together. There is a chain of five of these beaver-ponds, which begins quite near the house. Often in the early morning, we see places where they have been at work all night, mending their dams, cutting down willow bushes, and even felling trees of some size with a smooth cut that a skillful woodman might be proud of; but all day long there is never a sound of work in the silent village. So, hearing something plunging into the pond in the late twilight, I stole to the bank and looked through an opening in the willow thicket. There by the dim light I saw their round, dark bodies swimming around and around and up and down the pond as silently as fishes, with only a gentle splash now and then as they dipped beneath the surface. It must have been a holiday evening with them, for they were taking a rest from their hard work, and it seemed in the darkness as if they were only playing together in the water.

But I had only a little time to watch them, for some slight noise or the scent of the enemy soon spread an alarm, and in a moment every beaver had disappeared from the pond.

Some years ago, we used to read that all the beavers would soon be killed; for beaver fur had long been fashionable, and the price of every skin was very high. It is strange that the life and happiness of millions of little animals in the backwoods of America and Siberia should depend on the whims of the grand ladies of Paris and London; but so it is. When the beaver fur went out of favor, and the slaughter of the Alaska seals began, the beavers increased wonderfully in all the Western creeks and rivers. But if the Princess of Wales should happen to fancy a garment of beaver fur, woe to the unhappy little beavers of the Rocky Mountains! Thousands of other grand ladies must follow the fashion, and thousands of beavers must furnish the fur.

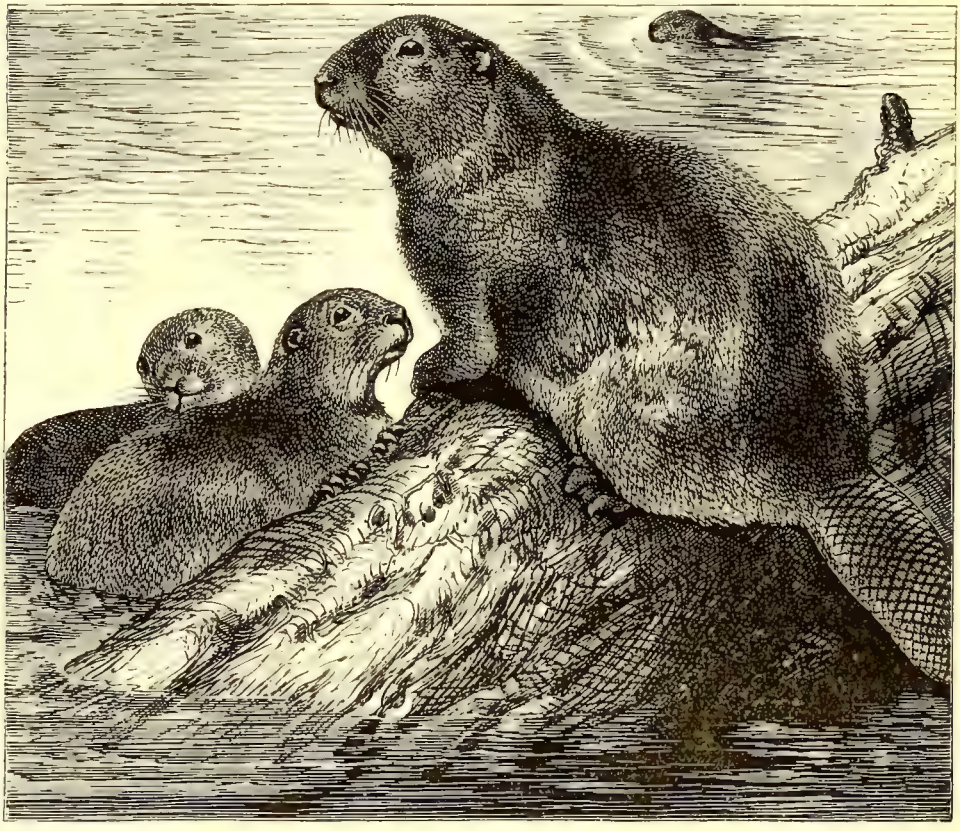
In riding over the green turf of the open country, one sees everywhere white objects which so reflect the strong sunshine that they almost dazzle the eye. These are the bleaching skulls of the buffaloes that used to roam in thousands through this region. Every one has read how, only fifty years ago, millions of buffaloes wandered over nearly half of the United States; now there are no great herds except in the Territory of Montana, and from that territory more than a hundred thousand skins have been sent to the East in a year. For nearly every skin that is sent away, about half a ton of fine meat is left to decay on the prairie. It is a reckless waste of animal life, and I am sorry to say that our government does very little to stop it. Within ten years there will be no more great herds of buffaloes in the United States. Small bands of them will linger hidden away in valleys, but by the time some boys who read this have lived to be old men, the American bison will probably be seen only where it is kept as a curiosity; just as the one little band of aurochs—the last descendants of the wild cattle which used to roam over all Europe—is kept by the Emperor of Russia. Still, even now, at times, single buffaloes or small bands of them will wander back here to their old grazing-grounds. Last summer a party of hay-makers saw a band of a dozen or more in a remote valley behind the peak. And a few days later, one of our neighbors at the nearest ranch, beyond the mountains, was sitting in the doorway of his snug home one morning, after an early breakfast, when to his astonishment, a great buffalo bull came trotting easily along within a hundred yards of the door. He would hardly have been more surprised had an elephant or a rhinoceros happened in for a morning call; for he had never seen a buffalo, nor had he ever expected to see one at his own ranch. But his surprise left him breath enough to shout, "A buffalo! a buffalo!" The house was full of men just in from the work of gathering beef-cattle for shipment; and at the startling word, every man seized the nearest rifle or pistol or shot-gun, and dashed away to join the chase; only one or two stopping hastily to throw a saddle on a horse. As soon as the chase began, the big beast ran swiftly into the thicket along the creek, and was able to keep out of sight for some time. The chase was long and exciting, but the buffalo's pursuers were too many for him. Some followed up his trail, while others watched the outskirts of the thicket; and at last one of the best marksmen among them, catching sight of the big black body, took a quick line aim and brought the buffalo down with a single bullet; so all the inhabitants of the ranch were feasted with buffalo-meat as long as it could be kept from spoiling. But where the great herds range, there is no such excitement about killing them.

One day a young fellow from the East was listening eagerly with me to the yarns of an old buffalo-hunter, and as the hunter finished his story, the young man said:

"It must be tremendously exciting sport, John!"

"Well, I 'll tell you how it is," said John. "It 's about as exciting as if you were to go out into the corral and shoot a dozen of those old dairy-cows with a pistol."

With a swift horse, trained to the business, and a heavy revolver, a man who can aim truly may often ride into a herd of buffaloes, overtaking them one by one when they are running their hardest, and, riding close beside them, can put his bullets into the hearts of dozens of them in a single day's hunt. That is the reason why the bison is the first of all the wild animals to disappear at the approach of civilized man—it can not possibly escape from a swift horseman.



"A COLONY OF BEAVERS."

The most abundant game animals among the mountains are the deer. The white-tailed deer is small and much like the antelope in color, but has a far more sleek and handsome coat. The black-tailed or mule deer is twice as large as its white-tailed cousin, and wears a quaker-colored coat, which in summer is tinged with brown. Sometimes, on horseback, I have met the deer in the mountains without giving them any alarm, and we have stood and gazed at one another at our leisure, just to satisfy curiosity. But they know that a man on foot or carrying a rifle is a dangerous creature, and they never stop long to look at him. Usually, even before the hunter catches sight of them, they have seen him. They do not bound away through the forest with a jump and a crash; but, even if taken by surprise, they vanish away between the yellow trunks of the pines as silently as the shadow of the low swooping vulture slides across the grass. They dart so noiselessly through the dark woods that in the distance they seem more like a troop of flying spirits than a herd of animals.

In those parts of the mountains which are so rocky and rough that few animals can approach them, and on the high barrens where the snow

lies late in summer, the beautiful big-horn sheep live undisturbed. It is only when they come down to the streams for water, that the hunter can have a fair chance of shooting them. They are swift and handsome animals. Their heads are crowned with ribbed and curving horns larger than those the broad-horned Texas cattle carry. Their coats are not woolly, but are covered with glossy brown hair, shading off in the lower parts to a white as pure as the snow-drifts among which they live. There are no animals, excepting the Swiss chamois and other wild goats, that can run and jump among jagged rocks as they do; and it is useless for any man or beast to try to chase them on the mountain-tops. But a few weeks ago, before the boys went out to work with the cattle, two of them were searching for horses in a cañon opening westward from the valley, and Gip was trotting along behind them, when a turn in the trail suddenly showed them a flock of wild sheep climbing a steep path up the rocky side of the cañon. Both men took quick aim and fired, and the flock went bounding on toward their home among the crags, with one fine young buck lagging behind, his leg broken by a bullet. Yet no man may hope to overtake a wild sheep among the rocks, even though the sheep has but three legs to go on; so, after wounding their fine game, it seemed as if they must lose him. But just as they were making up their minds to the disappointment, Gip took in the trouble with one quick glance and ran to their aid. He has never been taught to hunt, but he is a very wise dog, and does very well without training. He went scrambling up over the rocks ten times faster than a man could go, and soon headed off the wounded sheep. Now Gip is small, and a wild sheep is very large, and tall like a deer; and it seemed impossible that so little a dog could stop it. But the sheep naturally lowered its head to bring its horns to bear on the dog; and Gip, seeing its head within reach, gave a snap at its nose and hung on for dear life, though he was almost lifted from the ground. Even a mountain sheep can not be very nimble with a broken leg, and a dog on the end of its nose; so the boys soon climbed up after him, and when near enough not to endanger the plucky little dog, they ended the sheep's life with another shot. And so, for many days, all the men at the cabin lived on mutton finer even than the famous mutton that is fattened on the English downs.

Not long ago, old Frank, the man who lives alone at the ranch on the western side of the mountains, had the good fortune to come upon two little wild lambs in open ground, where he could easily overtake them; for they were only a few days old. Being a lone man and fond of pets, he carried them home in his arms and fed them every day with milk, until they became as tame as kittens. When they grew to be large sheep, their perfect tameness made them famous curiosities



HEAD OF A MULE DEER.

even in the Far West; but they were much greater curiosities when their owner took them to the Eastern States,—for I doubt if a tame bighorn sheep had ever before been seen in an American city. The great price which the rare animals brought well paid the man for all his trouble.

Any of the grazing and browsing animals which live in the Far West may easily be tamed if they are caught young. The antelope and deer are not uncommon pets at the frontier ranches; the mountain sheep and elk can be tamed as readily, but it is more difficult to catch them.

Nearly all the men on the ranches of Wyoming are engaged in the cattle business; and they are so accustomed to throwing the lasso in catching the free cattle and horses, that when they come on the young wild animals, they have little trouble in roping them. The cow-boys, when they are sociable about the roaring hearth-fires in winter, have many curious stories to tell about capturing every

kind of wild animal with their ropes. Sometimes when a few of them are away together gathering cattle, they will come on a bear, and, even if unarmed, it is easy for the boys to throw one or two ropes around the bear and hold it until some armed man comes to finish the work. The only trouble is in finding a horse brave enough to run near a bear while his rider throws the rope. One man, very skillful with the rope, has told me how he lassoed a mountain lion. Those great cats are so greedy that when they find a carcass, they will eat until they are stupid and slow in their movements, like a boa constrictor when it is filled with food; so, when this cow-boy found a large old lion just finishing its dinner, he had no difficulty in throwing a noose over its head and dragging it after his horse until another man came up to end its life.

Soon this queer, lonely way of living will come to an end for me. Often every day shall I look down the valley, hoping to see the white canvas top of the prairie-schooner heave in sight on the pass leading in from the open country. When all the cow-boys have finished gathering cattle and come home to the peak, the old cabin will be crowded and lively enough. Then the rest of the summer will be filled with hard work in getting together the fat beef-steers and driving them a long journey to the Pacific Railroad, where they will be loaded on trains and carried away to feed the beef-eaters of America and England.



HEAD OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN WILD SHEEP

The curlew is still whistling under the plum-bushes not far away, so that the dog sometimes starts up to see who calls him; but now all the fragrant plum-blossoms have fallen away and the

small green fruit hangs in clusters. Midsummer has gone; with it came the scorching south-east wind which turns the grass to hay and kills the flowers like a November frost. And, since they are dead, the wilderness is too lonely. While they lived, they were society enough for a hermit; they smiled a sweet good-morning at every sunrise, and filled the evening twilight with fragrance which carried my thoughts away to an old New England home and to happy days spent long ago in gathering forest flowers on the Connecticut hills. There has been enough of hermit life for one year. It has been pleasant; but the end of it will be pleasant, too.

The Dangerous Dog



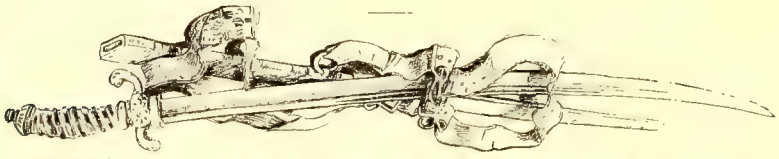
The dangerous dog in the drawing-room lay,
And snapped at the houseflies that came in his way.
"I'm a dangerous canine!" he said
Beware how you trouble a creature of my-[fly]-"
But his speech was cut short as he happened to spy
A bumble-bee close to his head!



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*An Historical Biography.*]

By Horace E. Scudder.

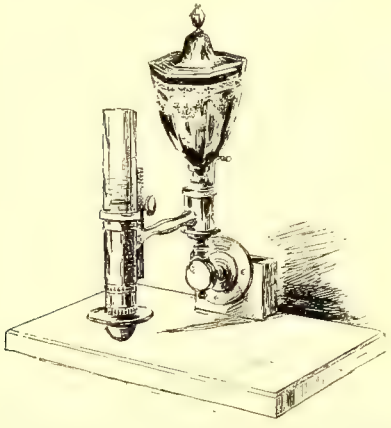


WASHINGTON'S SWORD,—NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. WASHINGTON.

It was hard for Washington at first to forget that he was no longer Commander-in-Chief. He had so long been accustomed to wake early, and

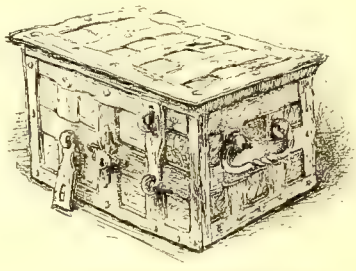


A LAMP THAT ONCE BELONGED TO WASHINGTON — NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

at once begin to think of the cares of the day, that it was a novel sensation to discover that he had no cares beyond looking after his estate. It chanced that the winter of 1783–4 was a very severe one. The roads were blocked with snow, the streams were frozen, and Washington found himself almost a prisoner at Mount Vernon. He was not even able to go to Fredericksburg to see his mother, until the middle of February. He was not sorry for his enforced quiet. It left him leisure to look over his papers and enjoy the company of his wife and his wife's grandchildren, whom he had adopted as his own children. His public papers had been put into the hands of Col. Richard Varick, in 1781, and they were now returned to him, arranged and classified and copied into volumes, in a manner to delight the methodical soul of their author.

As the spring came on, and the snow and ice melted, the roads were again open, and Mount Vernon was soon busy with its old hospitality. Washington foresaw that he would have plenty of visitors, but he did not mean to let his life be at the mercy of everybody, and he meant to keep up his regular habits and his plain living. "My manner of living is plain," he wrote to a friend, "and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed."

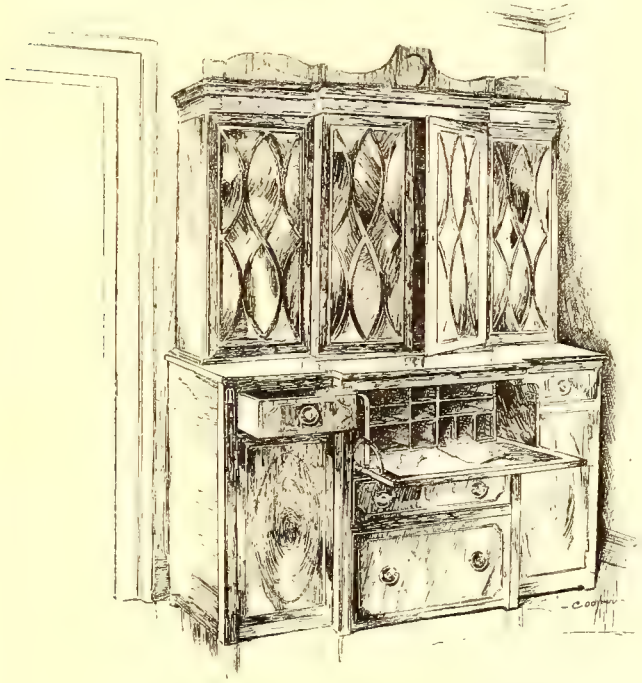
The house at Mount Vernon before this time had been very much like that in which Washington was born; now he found it necessary to enlarge it, and accordingly added an extension at each end, making it substantially as it now appears. He was his own architect, and he drew every plan and specification for the workmen with his own hand. He amused himself also with laying out the grounds about his house, and planting trees,—a great pleasure to him. Every morning he arose early, and despatched his correspondence before breakfast, which was at half-past seven. His horse



WASHINGTON'S TREASURE CHEST.

stood ready at the door, and as soon as breakfast was over, he was in the saddle, visiting the various parts of his estate. Sometimes he went hunting, for he never lost his fondness for the chase. He

dined at three o'clock, and usually spent the afternoon in the library, sometimes working at his papers till nine o'clock; but when not pressed by business, and when his house was full of guests, he spent the evening with them. If he was alone with his family, he read aloud to them; and very often on Sundays, when they could not go to church, he sat down and read a sermon and prayers.



WASHINGTON'S SECRETARY AND BOOK-CASE AT MOUNT VERNON.

Guests crowded upon him, and he was especially glad to see his old comrades. A visit from Lafayette was the occasion of a very gay time, when Mount Vernon was full of visitors, and the days were given to sport.

Washington had constant applications from persons who wished to write his life or paint his portrait. There was a sculptor named Wright who undertook to get a model of Washington's face. "Wright came to Mount Vernon," so Washington tells the story, "with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face, in plaster of Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features, and placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst I was in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts which Wright afterward made." A more successful sculptor was Houdon, who was commissioned by Virginia to make a statue of Washington. He also took a plaster model, and the fine statue which he made stands in Richmond. A portrait painter, named Pine, also paid a visit to Mount Vernon about this time with a letter from one of Washington's friends to whom Washington wrote during Pine's visit:

"'In for a penny, in for a pound,' is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit, like 'patience on a monument,' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray moves more readily to the thill than I do to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request, and to the views of Mr. Pine."

Washington was a most considerate and courteous host. He was very fond of young people, but his silent ways and the reputation which he enjoyed as a great man made it difficult for the young always to be easy in his presence. The story is told of his coming into a room once, when dancing was going on, and the sport suddenly ceased. Washington begged the young people to go on, but they refused until he left the room. Then, after they felt free again to dance, he came back and peeped through the open door.



ONE OF A SET OF FIRE-BUCKETS AT MOUNT VERNON.

He was very apt to affect older people in the same way. He was a large man, with large hands and feet, and eyes that looked steadily at one. When not speaking, he was very apt to forget there were other people in the room, and his lips would move as he talked to himself while thinking hard upon some matter. But he did not neglect people. One of his visitors tells this story: "The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table, by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired.

I was extremely oppressed with a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted from the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual, after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened and, on drawing my bed-curtains, to my utter astonishment I beheld Washington himself standing at my bed-side, with a bowl of hot tea in



HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression."

Although Washington had now retired to Mount Vernon, and seemed perfectly willing to spend the rest of his days as a country gentleman, it was impossible for him to do so. The leaders of the country needed him, and he was himself too deeply interested in affairs to shut his eyes and ears. He was especially interested in the Western country, which then meant the Ohio Valley and the region bordered by the Great Lakes. In the autumn of 1784, he made a tour beyond the Alleghanies, for the purpose of looking after the lands which he owned there; but he looked about him not only as a land-owner, but as a wise, far-seeing statesman.

It was a wild journey to take in those days. Washington traveled nearly seven hundred miles on horseback, and had to carry camping conveniences and many of his supplies on pack-horses. He had especially in mind to see if there might be a way of connecting by a canal the water system of Virginia with the Western rivers. After he came back, he wrote a long letter to the Governor of Virginia, in which he gave the result of his observation and reflection. He was not merely considering how a profitable enterprise could be undertaken, but he was thinking how necessary it was to bind the Western country to the Eastern in order to strengthen the Union. Many people had crossed the mountains and were scattered in the Mississippi Valley. They found the Mississippi River a stream easy to sail down, but the Spaniards held the mouth of the river, and if the latter chose to make friends with those Western settlers, they might easily estrange them from the Eastern States. Besides this, Great Britain was reaching down toward this last territory from Canada. In every way, it seemed to him of importance that good roads and good water communication should bind the East and the West together. He thought Virginia was the State to do this. It extended then far to the westward, and it had great rivers flowing to the sea. It was the most important State in the country, and it was very natural that Washington should look to it to carry out his grand ideas; for the separate States had the power at that time — Congress was unable to do anything. It is interesting to see how Washington, who thought he could go back to Mount Vernon and be a planter, was unable to keep his mind from working upon a great plan which intended the advantage of a vast number of people. He was made to care for great things, and he cared for them naturally.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CALLED TO THE HELM.

WHILE Washington was busy planting trees at Mount Vernon and making excursions to see his Western lands, the country was like a vessel which had no captain or pilot, drifting into danger. During the War for Independence, one of the greatest difficulties which Washington had to overcome was the unwillingness of the several States to act together as one nation. They called themselves the United States of America, but they were very loosely united. Congress was the only

body that held them together, and Congress had no power to make the States do what they did not care to do. So long as they all were fighting for independence, they managed to hold together; but as soon as the war was over and the States were recognized as independent, it was very hard to get them to do anything as one nation. Every State was looking out for itself, and afraid that the others might gain some advantage over it.

This could not go on forever. They must be either wholly independent of one another or more closely united. The difficulty was more apparent where two States were neighbors. Virginia and Massachusetts might manage to live apart, though in that case troubles would be sure to arise, but how could Virginia and Maryland maintain their individual independence? The Chesapeake and Potomac seemed to belong to one as much as to the other; and when foreign vessels came up the stream, was each State to have its own rules and regulations? No. They must treat strangers at any rate in some way that would not make each the enemy of the other.

These two States felt this so strongly that they appointed a commission to consider what could be done. Washington was a member of the commission, and asked all the gentlemen to his house. They not only discussed the special subject committed to them, but they looked at the whole matter of the regulation of commerce in a broad way, and agreed to propose to the two States to appoint other commissioners, who should advise with Congress and ask all the States of the Union to send delegates to a meeting where they could arrange some system by which all the States should act alike in their treatment of foreign nations and of each other.

That was exactly what Congress ought to have been able to do, but could not, because nobody paid any attention to it. Nor did this meeting, which was called at Annapolis in September, 1786, accomplish very much. Only five States sent delegates, and these delegates were so carefully instructed not to do much, that is was impossible for the convention to settle affairs. Still, it was a step forward. It was very clear to the delegates that a general convention of all the States was necessary, and so they advised another meeting at which all the thirteen States should be represented, and the whole subject of the better union of the States should be considered.

This meeting, which was the great Constitutional Convention of 1787, was held in Philadelphia, and to it Virginia sent George Washington as one of her delegates. He was heart and soul in favor of the movement. It was what he had been urging on all his correspondents for a long time. He was at first reluctant to go back into public life after having so completely retired; but as soon as he saw that it was his duty to accept the appointment, he set to work to qualify himself for taking part in the deliberations of the convention. Probably no one in America understood better than he the character of Americans and the special dangers through which the country was passing; but several, no doubt, were better informed about the practical working of government and about the history of other confederations. He had never been very much of a reader of books, but he had been a member for many years of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and so knew how government was carried on on a small scale, and now he began to read diligently and to compare accounts of ancient and modern political unions. He made abstracts of them, and, in fact, went to work as if he were at school, so in earnest was he to learn this important lesson.

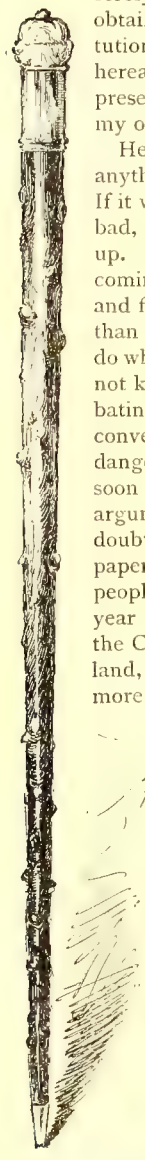
On May 9, 1787, Washington set out from Mount Vernon in his carriage for Philadelphia. He was a famous man and could not go to the convention without attracting attention. So, when he reached Chester, in Pennsylvania, he was met by General Mifflin, who was then Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and by various public men, who escorted him on the way. At the ferry across the Schuylkill, where Gray's Ferry Bridge now is, he was met by a company of light horse, and so entered the city. One of his first errands was to call on Benjamin Franklin, who was President of Pennsylvania, as the governor was then called. No doubt they talked long and earnestly about the work before them, for they were the two most eminent men in the convention.

Washington was made the presiding officer of the convention. For four months it met from day to day, engaged in the great work of forming the Constitution under which we are now governed. There were many long and earnest debates; and the members felt the importance of the work upon which they were engaged. At last, the Constitution was formed. It was not satisfactory to everybody, but the members all agreed to sign it and recommend it to the country for adoption. George Washington, as president of the convention, was the first to set his name down; and there is a tradition that as he took the pen in his hand he arose from his seat, considered a moment, and then said:

"Should the States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again be offered to cancel another in peace; the next will be drawn in blood."

Washington, as president of the convention, was directed to draw up a letter, stating what the convention had done, and send it with the Con-

stitution to Congress. This he did. He was not entirely satisfied with the Constitution, as he wrote to Patrick Henry: "I wish the Constitution which is offered had been more perfect; but I sincerely believe it is the best that could be obtained at this time. And, as a constitutional door is opened for amendments hereafter, the adoption of it, under the present circumstances of the Union, is, in my opinion, desirable."



CRAB-TREE STAFF PRESENTED BY BENJ. FRANKLIN TO GEN. WASHINGTON; NOW IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.

He said at first that he should not say anything for or against the Constitution. If it were good, it would work its way; if bad, it would recoil on those who drew it up. Perhaps he thought it was not becoming in those who discussed its parts and finally signed it, to do anything more than send it out and leave the people to do what they would with it. But he could not keep silent long. Everybody was debating it; the principal members of the convention were defending it; there was danger that it would not be adopted, and soon Washington, in his letters, was using arguments in support of it. There is no doubt that his name at the head of the paper did a great deal toward inducing people to accept it. It was more than a year before enough States had adopted the Constitution to make it the law of the land, but as time went on, and it was more certain that the new government would go into operation, the question arose as to who should be the first President of the United States. It can hardly be called a question; at any rate, it was answered at once by all. Every one named Washington, and his friends began to write to him as if there could be no doubt on this point. The most distinguished advocate of the new Constitution, Alexander Hamilton, who had been one of Washington's aids in the war, wrote to him:

"I take it for granted, sir, you have concluded to comply with what will, no doubt, be the general call of your country in relation to the new government. You will permit me to say that it is indispensable you should lend yourself to its first operations. It is to little purpose to have introduced a system, if the weightiest influence is not given to its firm establishment in the outset.

Washington was by no means elated at the prospect. On the contrary, he was extremely reluctant to be President. He was not old; he was fifty-seven years of age when the election took place, but his hard life as a soldier had broken his constitution, and the cares and anxieties he had undergone had made him feel old. "At my time of life," he wrote to Lafayette, "and under my circumstances, the increasing infirmities of nature and the growing love of retirement do not permit me to entertain a wish beyond that of living and dying an honest man on my own farm. Let those follow the pursuits of ambition and fame who have a keener relish for them, or who may have more years in store for the enjoyment." He was perfectly sincere in saying this. He knew that some people would not believe him, and would assert that he was only saying all this to get the credit of humility; but his best friends believed him, and to one of these he wrote: "If I should receive the appointment, and if I should be prevailed upon to accept it, the acceptance would be attended with more diffidence and reluctance than ever I experienced before in my life. It would be, however, with a fixed and sole determination of lending whatever assistance might be in my power to promote the public weal, in hopes that, at a convenient and early period, my services might be dispensed with, and that I might be permitted once more to retire, to pass an unclouded evening, after the stormy day of life, in the bosom of domestic tranquillity."



SUGAR-BOWL BELONGING TO A DINNER-SET PRESENTED TO MARTHA WASHINGTON BY GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

There never was any doubt about the people's choice. Every vote was cast for Washington.

(To be continued.)



BEARS EATING CORN: "THIS WAS REALLY THOUGHTFUL OF FARMER JONES, EH?"

TODDLEKINS AND TROT.

By Anna M. Pratt.



"Dear Toddlekins," said little Trot,
"May I talk to you a while?"
"Why, yeth, of courthe," said Toddlekins,
With a bashful little smile.

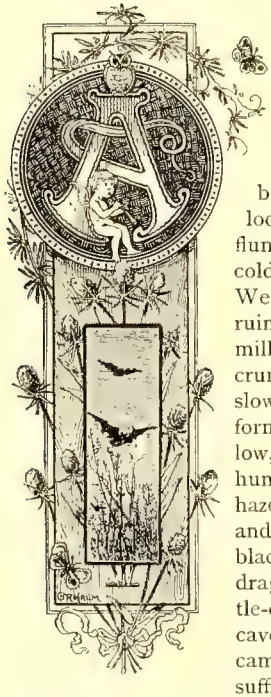
"Now, Toddlekins," said little Trot,
"If we should meet a bear"——
"Good graciouth me!" said Toddlekins,
"You give me thuch a thcare!"

"If we should meet a bear," said Trot,
"Would you let me save your life?"
"Oh merthy! Yeth!" said Toddlekins,
"But I will *not* be your wife!"



OUR ADVENTURE AT THE FLUME.

By W. L.

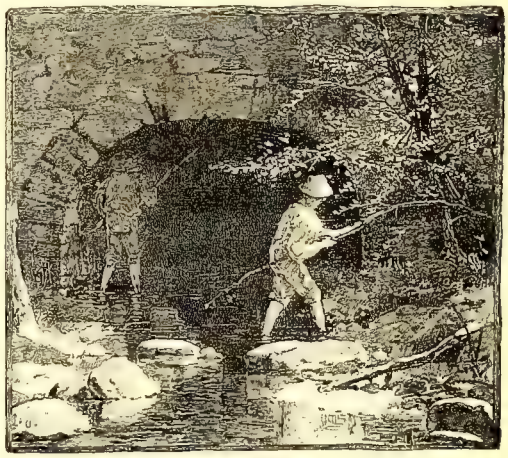


A DARK, solemn-looking place it was, and although Fred and I were as dauntless explorers as Stanley or Greely, our courage began to ooze away as we looked in at the gloomy flume from which issued the cold and sluggish water. We had come upon the ruined archway of an old mill, still standing with crumbling walls above the slow-moving waters of its former busy tail-race. The low, dark archway was overhung with birch, witch-hazel, and thimbleberry; and as we peered into its blackness, suggestions of dragons and serpents, castle-dungeons and witches' caverns and monsters' dens came into our minds already sufficiently full of wild, boyish fancies and strange imaginings.

Fred "double dared" me to go in, and I was foolish enough to think that no boy of spirit could refuse a "double dare." So, cutting weapons from the sapling birches, we stepped into the cold and repulsive-looking water. B-r-r-r!—what a shiver it gave us!

It was late in the afternoon. The shadows that lay in the deep ravines along the mountain-side looked strange and weird; and as we stepped within the gloom of the archway, a blue heron, gaunt and ungainly, with its twisted neck and long, dangling legs, flew down the creek, uttering its harsh and dismal cry.

Neither Fred nor I was feeling remarkably lion-hearted; the call of the heron had brought our hearts almost into our mouths; and just then, as we stood hesitating and peering in, something moved in the darkness beyond us, and a black object that seemed, as Fred said, "as big as an



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FLUME.

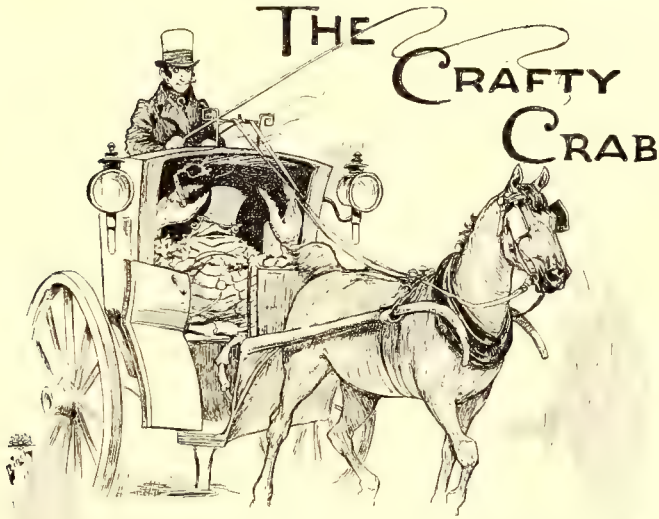
eagle" flung itself out of the shadows full into our startled faces.

Panic-stricken, we turned to fly. The bottom of the pool was slippery, the roof of the archway was low; Fred's feet flew up, my head received a sud-

den bump, and both of us went down in six inches of water.

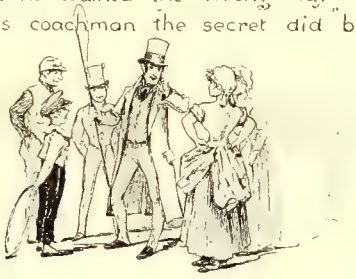
With a shriek of terror from each valiant explorer thus stricken down by the magic spells of the goblin of the den, we scrambled to our feet, dripping and disheartened, and made for the light; and as we did so we caught a glimpse of our assailant skimming away in the twilight — neither goblin, witch, nor monster, but only a harmless and equally frightened black bat.

THE CRAFTY CRAB



There once was a crafty young Crab
Who always went round in a cab
He wished no one to say
That he walked the wrong way
But his coachman the secret did blab







MORRA.

By Susan Anna Brown.

AMONG boys and girls there is a constant demand for new games, and many are invented every year, which are in fashion for a few months and then disappear altogether.

But almost every successful game is an adaptation of some old amusement that was enjoyed centuries ago. Tennis, base-ball, marbles, and many other common sports have been played for ages, in one form or another, while most games of cards can be traced back to the sixteenth century.

Many games which seem very simple and hardly worthy of the name require, in reality, considerable skill and dexterity. This is especially true of the game of Morra, which is played enthusiastically in Italy by persons of all ages.

Almost any day, in walking along a Roman street, a little group may be discovered gathered about a pair of Morra-players. From the noise and excitement, a foreigner would conclude that a quarrel of some sort was going on; but if he pause and join the company, he will see that the chief actors are all interested in the progress of the game, and that the loud screams which the players give at brief intervals are nothing more dangerous than the simultaneous calling out of numbers. He will also see that their eyes are fixed too earnestly on each other to notice the increasing crowd of spectators, and that both have their left hands constantly raised, and that at each shout the right hands are thrown violently forward. This is the old, old game of Morra which is referred to by Cicero, and other writers of his day. On many ancient monuments are found carvings which represent Morra-players. It was played on the banks of the Nile in the time of the Pharoahs; and in spite of its simplicity it is still a standard amusement around the Levant.

Perhaps some of the boys and girls on this side of the water would like to try it; but I shall warn them that, although it seems easy enough, it will require considerable practice to become at all proficient in it.

The two players are placed opposite each other, and simultaneously each throws out the right hand with some of the fingers extended, while the rest are doubled over the palm, at the same instant shouting out the sum of the fingers which he guesses are extended on his adversary's hand and his own. Of course, knowing how many he has put up himself, the only point is to guess the number of his adversary and instantly add it to his own, a process which requires some practice and experience, as an experiment will soon show, beginners often making amusing mistakes; as, for instance, saying "ten!" when they themselves have only one or two fingers up, or "four!" when the whole hand is extended.

If both guess correctly, or incorrectly, neither makes anything, but if one happens to hit the right number when his adversary misses, he scores one, by extending one finger on the left hand, which is held up constantly, that no unfair count may be recorded. The game is usually five, but sometimes "double morra" is played, the score being ten. In this case, at the end of the first five, the hands are brought together with a slap, to indicate that the second half is begun. This slap is also given at the completion of an ordinary game.

The great point is to play as rapidly as possible and exactly in unison, as otherwise an opportunity is given for unfair advantage.

A very old Latin proverb describes an honest man as, "Trustworthy enough to play Morra in the dark"; and it is a very good description, for one who has no honor about trifles can never be trusted in graver matters.

THE KELP-GATHERERS.

[*A Story of the Maine Coast.*]

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XIII.

ON THE OLD COW'S BACK.

ONCE more in the boat's stern with his steering paddle, Perce Bucklin gazed eagerly over the bobbing heads of the twins, who were rowing, and reported his observations, as they approached the castaway on the back of the "Old Cow."

"It 's nobody I can make out," he said, when near enough to recognize, as he believed, any person he knew. "But that is n't a yachting-cap he has on; it 's a handkerchief tied around his head. The sun on the water dazzles me or I —— Boys," he suddenly exclaimed, "it is n't a man! It 's a boy!"

And he shouted, "Hello, there!"

The castaway returned the hail, and as the boat came nearer, cried out:

"That you, Perce Bucklin?"

Then Perce uttered an ejaculation of the greatest astonishment:

"Boys, it 's Olly Burdeen!"

"No!" "Jingo!" "You don't say!" exclaimed the twins, who would n't believe him until they turned their heads and saw for themselves.

"Hullo, Olly!" called Moke.

"How did you ever get there?" asked Poke.

"Pull, boys!" said Perce impatiently, as they held their oars while looking around. "He must have been aboard the yacht,"—for as yet Olly made no answer. He was in fact too much agitated with joy and gratitude, after his long hours of suffering in mind and body, to make any coherent explanations.

The dory came dancing over the waves.

"Where 's the yacht?" Perce demanded.

"I don't know anything about any yacht," answered the miserable, happy Olly, stepping down to the water's edge to meet his deliverers.

"Has n't the Susette been lost?" Perce inquired.

As he was still some little distance away, and the waves were dashing on the rocks, all Olly understood was something about the Susette being lost.

It gave him a shock, with which, however, came a gleam of consolation. Mr. Hatville, then, had not returned home.

I will do Olly the justice to say that he could not under any circumstances have rejoiced at such a disaster as the wreck of the yacht; yet it was some comfort to think that the loss of the watch had not yet been discovered.

"I have n't heard of it!" Olly said in a shaky voice.

"Then how in the world did you get where you are?" inquired Perce, and as Olly was too much overcome by his feelings to answer at once, he continued: "We concluded you must have been aboard of the Susette. Where 's the best place to take you on?"

"Right here," said Olly. "But I 've a boat, too, around on the other side. I 'd like to save that."

"A boat!" Moke exclaimed. "Then why in the name of common sense ——"

"Why did n't you go ashore?" cried Poke.

"It leaks, and I have n't any oars nor anything to bail with. It was all I could do to get over here in it, without sinking. I was on the "Calf's" back till the waves began to break over it this morning."

Here a sob caught poor Olly's voice, at the recollection of all he had gone through.

"On the 'Calf'!" said Perce. "How did it happen? But never mind about that till we get you out of your scrape."

The dory pulled around the "Old Cow," while Olly scrambled over the back, picking up on his way the second thwart, which he had used to paddle with, and afterward in making his signals of distress.

On the seaward side was a cleft in the rock, into which he had propelled his dory on the top of a wave, and where, leaping to the ledges, he had held it by the painter while the wave went out. There it was still, jammed high up in the chasm, where the buffets of the tide had left it.

Olly alone could never have got it out without waiting for the next tide to help him; it was all his companions could do to loosen and lift it from those rocky jaws. This they did, after effecting a landing on the little islet; while Olly, who acknowledged himself half starved, ate some of the provis-

ions they had brought, and between mouthfuls told his surprising story.

One very important particular, however, he took care not to mention, so that no light was thrown upon the mystery of the watch which had found its resting-place in Perce Bucklin's pocket.

It would be hard to say whether this was a disappointment or a relief to the finder. He had so fully persuaded himself that there was some connection between the watch picked up on the beach and the human being cast on the rock, that he could not easily give it up, even after discovering who that human being was.

True, Olly was not a very probable owner of such a timepiece. Yet that was not an impossible thing; at any rate, he might know something about it. Perce was anxious to solve the riddle, even if it should be at his own cost; for he had no wish, as I have said before, to keep what belonged to another.

"I did n't know you in that suit of clothes, Olly," he said, as they were getting the boat out of the crevice, "and with that handkerchief on your head! I never saw such a change in anybody,—did you, boys?"

"He looks as pinched as if the lobsters had been nipping him," said Moke.

"And as blue about the gills as a turkey-gobbler," said Poke.

"I lost my hat overboard last night," said Olly, "I tied on my handkerchief this morning after I got tired of waving it. I thought you would be more apt to see the board. Was n't I missed? Was n't anybody looking for me?"

"No," Perce replied. "The young lady with the nose — the tall one — said you went with the yachters."

"She!" exclaimed Olly, who still had feelings left that could be hurt by such evidence of Amy Canfield's utter indifference to him. "She knew better than that."

"Mrs. Murcher knew better," said Perce. "She thought you had gone home to show your new suit to the folks. Did the boarder make you any other present?"

"Was n't that enough?" returned Olly, munching a cold boiled egg.

"It will do for a beginning," said Perce. "But with such a suit as that, it seems as if you ought to have a handsome — watch-chain: need n't mind about any watch," he added with a laugh, intending thus to make a jest of his remark if Olly did n't take it in earnest.

Poor Olly tried to smile with his pinched, empurpled face; at the same time casting down his eyes in some alarm, to see what there was about his dress to put such a notion into Perce's head.

"Olly does n't feel like joking," observed Moke.

"Neither would you, I guess!" exclaimed Olly, glad to change the subject. "All night on the rocks except when I was paddling or swimming for my life. No fire, not a mouthful to eat, not a wink of sleep! I got wet through a second time, getting over here from the 'Calf,' in a sinking boat. I can't tell you how it made me feel, boys, to see your fire on the beach last night, and again this morning! Why did n't you see me? I tried the handkerchief, and then the board, but I thought you never would look!"

"We were too far off," said Poke.

"We were too busy minding our own business," said Moke.

"That reminds me, the seaweed is waiting for us," said Poke. "Hurry up, boys!"

Perce was the last to leave the island; and he himself got wet up to his waist by a wave, in preventing the boat from being dashed upon the rocks after the others were aboard.

He did not care for a little salt water himself. But he thought of the watch in the pocket of his trousers. That, however, would probably not be much hurt by a few additional drops after what it had been through already. As far as he was concerned, the mystery had not been cleared up, at all, as he had expected it would be, by the rescue of the castaway.

If Olly had frankly told his entire story, how gladly would Perce have taken the treasure-trove from his pocket and held it out to him, exclaiming: "Here is your watch, boy!" gladdening his eyes with the sight. But as it was, both were silent on the subject which now filled both their minds.

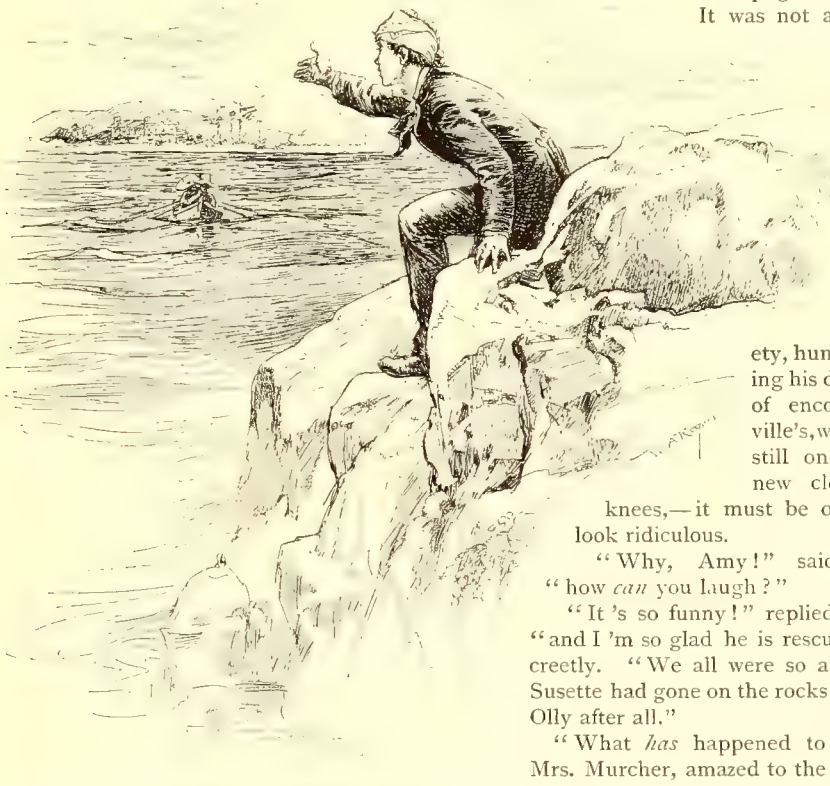
Olly had already learned from his companions that their only reasons for thinking the yacht had been wrecked, was the fact of its not having returned the night before, and the appearance, that morning, of a human form on the outlying rock,— excepting always the very private reason in Perce Bucklin's trousers-pocket.

Mr. Hatville was then most likely still undrowned; and now that his own life was saved, Olly began to study how he should shirk the responsibility of his guilty borrowing,— in his troubled thoughts looking every way except the right way, and inventing plausible fictions, where nothing would avail like the simple truth. He sat in the stern of his companions' dory, leading his own in tow by the painter; dejected and silent, and more than once thinking he would watch for a chance, when nobody was observing him, to drop overboard the watch-seal and the fragment of chain which he still carried in his vest.

Chapter XIV.

OLLY HAS A BAD DREAM.

Long before the rescuers and the rescued reached the shore with their leaky boat in tow, the excitement among Mrs. Murcher's boarders in regard to the yacht had been allayed by a telegram. The adverse wind of the evening before had caused the Susette to put into Portland; whence some of the party were to return by rail that morning.



"THE CASTAWAY RETURNED THE HAIL, AS THE BOAT CAME NEARER."

So said the message; in consequence of which, interest in the unknown individual on the back of the "Old Cow" languished somewhat, until the arrival of the little party on the beach. Then it went up to the bubbling point again; and there was the liveliest effervescence of curiosity to know how Olly Burdeen, the faithful, unromantic chore and errand boy, had met with so wonderful an adventure.

Accompanied, or preceded, by those who had gone down to see him disembark, he mounted with slow, miserable, anxious feet the piazza steps.

There all the other ladies came out eagerly to meet him, and pressed around, marveling and questioning; and Mrs. Murcher, flushed from her molding-board, held up both her doughy hands.

"Why, Olly! where *have* you been?" said one.

"In his new suit of clothes!" said another.

"The first time he ever wore them!" exclaimed a third.

And one laughed; the one of all whom Olly most dreaded to have see him in that plight.

It was not an ill-natured laugh by any means; and she would have helped it if she could. But Amy Canfield had a merry disposition. And Olly after his night of terror and fatigue, still oppressed with a horrible anxiety, humbled, drooping, rolling his distressed eyes in fear of encountering Mr. Hatville's, with the handkerchief still on his head and his new clothes torn at the knees,—it must be owned that Olly did look ridiculous.

"Why, Amy!" said Mrs. Merriman, "how *can* you laugh?"

"It 's so funny!" replied the tall brunette; "and I 'm so glad he is rescued," she added, discreetly. "We all were so anxious, thinking the Susette had gone on the rocks; and it was only our Olly after all."

"What *has* happened to you, Olly?" cried Mrs. Murcher, amazed to the end of her doughy fingers.

"I just went out to take a little row, last evening," murmured the forlorn Olly. "I lost one oar; it got tangled in the kelp, and a wave wrenched it out of my hand. Then I broke another, and the wind blew me off shore."

"And you 've been all night on the 'Old Cow'?" said the good landlady.

"Worse than that," said Olly. "I was on the 'Calf.' And a part of the time in the water. I guess if anybody had been there on the 'Calf's' back in my place — alone — such a night! — waiting for the tide to rise and cover 'em — I guess

they would n't have thought it much of a joke!" And Olly's voice broke.

"It must have been terrible, Olly! Do forgive my laughing!" said Amy, relenting. "How did you get to the 'Old Cow'?"

Olly faltered forth more of his wretched story, which was listened to with many an expression of surprise and sympathy, for he was rather a favorite with Mrs. Murcher and her lady boarders.

He had wished to go directly home to Frog-End, and had tried to induce the boys to carry him over in the ox-cart. But they were in haste to resume their work, which had been too long interrupted already; and they could not see why he should object to returning to the boarding-house.

After all, he thought to himself, the dreaded inquiry regarding the watch might as well be met first as last.

The kindness he met with made him feel more miserably remorseful and apprehensive than ever, for he knew that it was lavished upon him because his friends were still ignorant of what might at any minute now come to their knowledge.

He was really worn out with the long, fearful strain on his mind and strength, and he was quite willing to accept Mrs. Murcher's advice that he should go at once to bed and "take something hot."

The nucleus of the boarding-house was, as we have said, an old farm-house, which accounted for its not very sightly situation, there in a hollow of the hills. Besides the spacious addition, the original building remained, and at the end of the upper corridor was the old attic, with two or three steps descending to the door.

Olly's room was there, and there he was soon in bed, with ample leisure to think over the terrible part of his experience which was happily past, and the part which was unhappily to come.

He had not ventured to ask about the yachting party, lest something concerning the watch should come out. But he had accidentally overheard some one speak of the Susette having run into Portland. Everything else was uncertain. But, thankful for a reprieve however brief from the impending catastrophe, he ate the steaming gruel Mrs. Murcher brought him, sank into a state of stupor, and was soon rehearsing in dreams his dire adventures.

He was having a distressing conversation with a dog-fish of enormous size. The monster came up out of the sea, and resting its elbow on the "Calf's" shoulder, and its face on its hand,—a face and attitude grotesquely suggestive of Mr. Hatville,—accused Olly of having one of that gentleman's eyes in his pocket, although there were two spectral eyes as big as watches in the speaker's head, at the moment. The dispute was growing frightfully loud, when Olly cut it short by kicking the dog-fish, or Mr. Hatville, or whoever it was, back into the sea, and immediately woke.

CHAPTER XV.

IT WAS NOT A DOG-FISH.

IT is generally a very good way to get out of trouble, to wake, and find it a dream. But that did not serve Olly's turn this time. The voice was still heard, louder and louder, not in the sea, as he had fancied, but behind the door which separated his garret from the corridor.

"I paid two hundred and forty dollars for that watch, and fifteen dollars for the chain, let alone the seal, and I want to know who has them!"

It was Mr. Hatville's voice pure and simple, without any fishy element about it. At the same time a good pair of boots, such as no dog-fish ever wore, were tramping excitedly across the floor. Poor Mrs. Murcher's anxious, protesting voice was heard in reply, but not loud enough for Olly to make out the words.

"I hung it up when I was changing my clothes, and then went off and forgot it!" burst forth the male voice again. "But I supposed it would be safe here. I did n't know you had thieves in your house, Mrs. Murcher!"

"I have n't, sir! unless they are among your own friends," the landlady answered, in a higher key than before. "I don't believe it is stolen. It must be somewhere!"

"Of course it 's somewhere!" the boarder retorted—"somewhere in some rogue's keeping. I 'd like to see the fellow who dared to lay hands on it—the best time-keeper I ever saw! Stem-winder; chronometer movement; heavy, fine gold case! I had it regulated down to the finest point; it was losing only about a second and a half a month."

Other voices here joined in; the corridor appeared to be filling with boarders, all excited by the news of Mr. Hatville's loss.

"No," said that gentleman; "I was n't at all anxious about it; only, when I found we could n't get back last night, I was vexed to think it would run down. I would n't have had that happen for five dollars. Where 's Olly?" he demanded. "*He* must know something about it."

Olly trembled in his bed. He would have preferred just then to take his chances with a whole school of dog-fishes, of the largest size, rather than confront the wrathful owner of the watch.

"I don't think he knows anything about it,"

said Mrs. Murcher, now quite near Olly's door. "He has been away all night; he has had a terrible time out at sea — in the sea — and on the rocks. Don't disturb him! He 's fast asleep."

"If he has n't slept for a week, and can't sleep again for a fortnight," cried Hatville, "I 'll have him up and see if he knows anything about that watch."

"Let me speak to him!" said Mrs. Murcher. "You 've no idea how weak and tired and worn out he is. I 've got him into a perspiration, and now if it is checked, I shall expect nothing in the world but that he will have a fit of sickness, and may be never get over it."

"It ought not to check an honest boy's perspiration, to tell what he knows about my chronometer," Hatville muttered, while Mrs. Murcher, stepping down the two or three stairs that led to the old attic, opened Olly's door.

"Sh!" she whispered gently, motioning Mr. Hatville back. "He 's so sound asleep! It 's such a pity to wake him, poor boy! But I suppose I must."

Olly lay with his back toward her, with his head and face covered by the sheet. His perspiration had n't ceased, by any means; he felt that he was fast dissolving in a clammy feeling of abject fear.

"He 's in such a beautiful, dewy, childlike, innocent sleep" said the motherly Mrs. Murcher, laying her hand softly on his brow. "Just the thing he needs; better than all the medicine in the world!" She was tempted to add, "or than all the watches!"

Still Hatville did not relent. Without strongly suspecting Olly of taking the watch, he was yet determined to pursue his investigations, even if he broke the most beautiful, dewy, childlike, innocent slumber on earth.

"Shake him!" he said.

So Mrs. Murcher shook, gently at first, then more and more vigorously, saying, "Olly! Oliver! Olly Burdeen! Oliver Burdeen!" more and more loudly in his ear, until he suddenly sprang up with a muttered cry.

"Stop that boat! stop that —— she 's running on the 'Old Cow'! Oh, boys! — where am I?"

And, appearing to recognize Mrs. Murcher's presence for the first time, he rolled up his eyes and sank back with a groan on the pillow.

XVI.

A BAD AWAKING.

"HE 's delirious!" whispered the landlady.

"He 's dreaming," replied the boarder.

"Olly! Wake up a minute! What 's become of my watch?"

"Watch?" repeated Olly, still disguising his real fears in a well-feigned fictitious terror. "What watch? I thought I was in the water again!"

His voice trembled, though not altogether from that more remote cause which he desired to impress upon the minds of spectators.

"My watch, which I left hanging in the case beside my bureau when I went yachting yesterday," said Hatville, as much imposed upon as the sympathizing Mrs. Murcher herself. "What has become of it?"

"Your watch?" Olly repeated, with a bewildered air, as if beginning dimly to comprehend the question. "How should I know? I 've been away. I 've been wrecked. Have n't they told you?"

"You have n't the watch, *have* you?" exclaimed the landlady.

"His watch? Mr. Hatville's? Of course I have n't! What should I have his watch for?"

The brunt of the inquiry thus met, Olly felt that he was acting his part very well, and took courage. Then somebody in the corridor whispered to Mr. Hatville, who immediately asked:

"What boy was that who came here to the house for you last evening?"

"Boy? I don't know of any boy!" said Olly.

"You remember, Amy; you showed him upstairs," said Mrs. Merriman.

"I know the one you mean; one of the Frog-End boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Murcher. "He said he and some friends of Olly's were camping on the beach, and they wanted him to join them. It can't be that *he* took it!"

"Who showed him upstairs? You, Amy?" cried Hatville.

It was a moment of fearful suspense to Olly, who remembered what Perce had said of coming to invite him to their picnic, and learning that he had either sailed in the yacht or gone home to show his new clothes. He stopped breathing to hear Amy's reply, in clear, silvery tones, from the farther end of the corridor.

"Yes; I showed him up, and pointed out Olly's room. Mrs. Murcher thought Olly was there, trying on his new clothes."

"But he was n't," said Mrs. Murcher. "And the boy came downstairs again in a very few minutes."

"Where was he during those few minutes?" Mr. Hatville demanded. "Did you watch him, Amy?"

"I? No, indeed! Why should I take the trouble to watch him?" cried Miss Canfield.

"What was to prevent his going into my room," Hatville inquired, "and taking the watch?"

"Nothing that I know of." The silvery accents faltered. "I don't know but I am to blame, Mr. Hatville!"

"Oh, no! It was n't your business to watch strangers who gain admission to the house," said Hatville.

"But I did something which I see now was very indiscreet," Amy exclaimed. "It was growing quite dark in the passage, and I opened the door of your room to let in more light. I knew you were not there, and I had no idea your watch was. I am very sorry."

"You are very frank," replied Hatville. "But don't blame yourself. Of course, you had no idea of putting temptation in the way of a rogue."

"No; and I can't believe he was a rogue — such a fine, honest-looking face as he had!" Amy exclaimed. "But I had no business to open your door."

Olly overheard this conversation with strangely mingled feelings of envy and remorse, of fear and guilt. How admirable was Amy's prompt confession of her fault, and how readily it was forgiven! Why could n't he have had a little of her courage, owned his folly, and thrown himself upon Mr. Hatville's mercy! His implied denial had now cut him off from that only noble course; and he saw no way to disentangle the web in which he had involved both himself and his friend.



"'SHAKE HIM,' SAID MR. HATVILLE."

"Was n't it the same boy who came here again this morning?" asked Mr. Merriman. "He had discovered Olly on the 'Old Cow,' — though nobody knew it was Olly; and he came to get oars and a spy-glass."

"Yes," said one of the other ladies; "and he came upstairs to look from the windows. He might have gone into your room then, Mr. Hatville."

"But if he had stolen the watch the night before, would he have shown his face here again

this morning?" argued the landlady, who had been too much bewildered by what had occurred in her house, to take much part in the previous conversation.

"He might have done just that thing," Hatville replied, "in order to brazen it out, and make a show of innocence. But most likely he saw the chronometer then, and, having had time to think about it, he watched for a chance to take it this morning, when it was supposed I might have been lost in the yacht."

That seemed very probable; and Mrs. Murcher was obliged to admit that there had been no other stranger about the place, to her knowledge, except the messenger who brought Mr. Hatville's telegram. He, however, had not got out of his buggy.

"That same boy is on the beach now, gathering seaweed," said Mrs. Merriman. "At least, he was there a short time ago."

"That 's good news!" cried Hatville, gayly. "Who 'll go with me and point him out? We 'll interview this seaweed-gatherer, who does a little side business in other people's watches!"

And Olly could hear his boots departing in haste through the corridor and descending the stairs. One or two ladies went with him to identify the supposed culprit; while others remained to discuss this last exciting revelation.

"Such a bright, interesting boy!" said one; "I should n't have believed it of him!"

"I thought him a young hero!" cried another, "to leave his work and start off to the rescue!"

"Well!" said a third, "I thought so, too. He certainly organized the whole thing; and it seems strange to me that he should have shown so much zeal to save the life, perhaps, of the very person whose watch he had just taken!"

"You can't tell much from a boy's looks, or his actions either, as to what he may do when exposed to temptation," was the rather severe rejoinder of the first speaker.

"Not unless you know him pretty well," added one of the others.

"As we know Olly, for instance," observed some one else. "I actually believe Mr. Hatville at first suspected he had taken it."

"Absurd!" "Preposterous!" "Nonsense!" chorused all together. All which Olly overheard with feelings which can hardly be imagined by anybody not actually suffering what he suffered then.

Had the lady boarders spoken harshly or suspiciously of him, he might have hardened his heart. But their kind words made him bitterly regret that he had not kept his good reputation by frankly owning the fault, which, if discovered now, must convict him of dishonesty.

And to a boy like him,—not a bad boy at heart, by any means, as I trust you all understand,—it was a terrible thing to know that another was accused of downright theft, in consequence of his own foolish and cowardly conduct. And that one a friend,—a friend, too, who had just rescued him from danger and distress! Poor Olly almost wished he had been left to perish; that he had never reached the back of the "Old Cow," or been seen or heard of again.

All this he kept to himself, and lay with his face turned to the wall, thinking of the probable result of the charge against Perce Bucklin, and of retribution falling upon himself; when Mrs. Murcher came and pulled the coverlet carefully over his shoulder, and shut the door again gently as she went out, leaving him, as she supposed, to sleep.

"Of course they can't prove anything against Perce," he tried to console himself by thinking; for he was utterly ignorant of the astounding evidence that was to free him from the last shadow of suspicion, and fix the guilt on his friend.

(To be continued)

THE AMBITIOUS KANGAROO.

THEY held a great meeting a king to select,
And the kangaroo rose in a dignified way,
And said, "I 'm the one you should surely elect,
For I can out-leap every beast here to-day."
Said the eagle, "How high can you climb toward the sky?"
Said the nightingale, "Favor us, please, with a song!"
Said the hawk, "Let us measure our powers of eye!"
Said the lion, "Come wrestle, and prove you are strong!"
But the kangaroo said, "It would surely be best,
In our choice of a king, to make leaping the test!"

WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

By Henry Eckford.

Seventh Paper.

Great was the surprise of scholars, both Hindoo and European, when certain students of old languages claimed that the letters of the Sanskrit, the classical language of India, were originally derived from an alphabet, akin to the Phœnician, used by a great branch of the great race of peoples who are called Shemites, or Semites, after one of the sons of Noah. (The Jews, Arabs, Philistines, Hittites, Phœnicians, and Aramæans are Semites.) Those students believe that the wonderful peninsula of India, which, as far back as traditions go, has been crowded with men of various colors and different tongues, received a Semitic alphabet under two forms by two different roads, and perhaps at periods far apart. They believe that there was a land road and a sea road. They trace one alphabet by land, through Bactria and Cashmere, from one fierce and intelligent nation to another; and they believe that they have traced a second alphabet from Arabia to India by way of the Red Sea. The nation that carried the latter alphabet is supposed to have been the Sabæans, an ancient people of Arabia, who were once as powerful in the Southern seas as the Phœnicians, their kindred, were in the Mediterranean.

Perhaps the word Sanskrit means nothing to you, but it is the name of an important old Oriental language. Sanskrit stands in very much the same relation to many Eastern languages as Latin does to the languages of Italy, Spain, and France. In the last century, William Jones, a Welshman of marked genius, went, like many young Britons, to India to advance his fortunes under the British mercantile government of that land. It was he who first called the attention of Europe to Sanskrit. Since his day much of its poetry and legends has been read, many of its fables and dramatic works have been translated. The word Sanskrit means polished and perfected; and polished and perfected its alphabet certainly is. It is the most complete and most carefully devised alphabet of all those that we know. Sanskrit writing is very solid and handsome in appearance,—a stately script worthy of holding the decrees which mighty monarchs issued from courts magnificent with all the splendors of the Orient. There are not twenty-two letters as in the Phœnician alphabet, nor twenty-six as in ours—there are forty-seven! Instead of beginning with A, the Sanskrit alphabet begins with K. Why? Because K is a letter spoken from the throat. Indian grammarians carefully noted in what parts of the throat and mouth the different sounds of their language were made, and, for convenience, they systematized their ample alphabet on this admirable plan. They put their fourteen vowels by themselves as broad, open sounds which were shorter or longer; and, taking the consonants, they placed first on the list those which are spoken from the throat, then those spoken from the palate, then those spoken from the roof of the mouth nearest the brain, then those spoken from the teeth, and finally those spoken from the lips. The list of consonants starts with those uttered low down in the throat and ends with those uttered from the lips; added to these are the soft and flowing consonants called semi-vowels —Y, R, L, and V; and after these come the sibilants, or hissed letters, and the letter H,—forty-seven in all.

The Indian grammarians who devised this complete and scientific system must have had ears almost as sharp as those of the boy in the old story who was said to be able to hear the grass growing. They distinguished between a number of consonants containing a sound of N,—between "twangs" very slightly differing in sound; and they placed them also in the order of their utterance, beginning with an N uttered from the throat and ending with one spoken with the tongue close to the lips. Our language has two or three different N sounds, but our alphabet does not distinguish them. The French language also has several N sounds not indicated by the alphabet, so that one can not hope to speak French intelligibly, still less accurately, without practice with teachers who can render the different N sounds. The Spanish alphabet tries to indicate a second N by putting a mark over the N—thus, Ñ. Then, too, we have three sounds for which our alphabet has but one letter, S; while the Sanskrit alphabet has three letters, one for each sound of S. In the alphabet, as in many other matters, the more enlightened nations of India put to shame the most advanced nations of the Western World.

Did you ever notice how, in our script, or written characters, for the sake of clearness and to keep some letters distinct from others, we have gradually come to write some of them with tall heads

above the upper line, or with long tails below the lower line? And still we are constantly mistaking an l for a badly crossed t, and a g for a j or a y; while some letters that do not go above or below the line, such as m, n, i, w, u, and r, are constantly confounded in rapid writing. We are so used to this confusion that we seldom think of it, and we fail to wonder why some arrangement is not generally agreed to, which would do away with it. By remembering this fact, you will avoid the mistake of thinking because our alphabet, written or printed, is so good, that it could not be better. There is great room for improvement in both departments; in the printed form, the difference between n and u, for instance, is none too great; while in writing hardly one person in ten thousand distinguishes them from each other,—which letter is meant must be guessed by the reader. But the men and women who set up type and correct proofs are much bothered by these defects in our alphabet.

The difficulty of having changes made in existing alphabets is very great, yet this is not necessarily a disadvantage. Much insight into the origin and gradual improvements of sets of letters has been gained by studying the order in which the several letters stand. The order varies greatly in different nations, and varies slightly at different epochs in the same nation. In taking the Phœnician letters, the Greeks dropped some, used others for slightly different sounds, and added a few to express sounds that were important to them or that did not exist in the Phœnician. But this was done very gradually. It never has been easy to induce people to change and improve their alphabets.

But there is another reason why men have refused to change the order of letters by inserting a new and useful letter in the place where it naturally belonged. The Greeks and many other peoples used the letters of the alphabet for numerals. We use our own numbers without stopping to think whence they came. The cumbersome system used by the Romans, and called after them, consisted of strokes (I–II–III–IIII) to indicate the four fingers, and two strokes joined (V) to represent the hand, or five fingers. Ten was a picture of two hands, or two V's (X). Among the Etruscans the half of one, or, as we put it, ½, was ⋗, which we think stood for a forefinger crooked in order to denote the half of one finger. But when the Etruscans and Greeks worked at the higher mathematics or attempted hard sums in arithmetic, they are much more likely to have used letters, in order to avoid the clumsiness of these numerals; in other words, they used what looked like a kind of algebra. We know that they tried to simplify the Roman numerals at Rome by making four and nine with three strokes instead of four, by placing an I before the V and an I before the X (IV and IX).

Our use of the numerals which we call "Arabic" is comparatively recent, and it is believed that the Arabs got these numbers from India several centuries after the Koran was written, or about eight hundred years after Christ. But the fact that the Greeks and others used the letters of their alphabets for numerals, caused the order in which they were written to remain fixed. If *alpha* stood for 1, *beta* for 2, *gamma* for 3, *delta* for 4, and so on up to ten, then a newly coined or newly adopted letter could not be inserted without great confusion: it had to be tacked on to the end of the alphabet. So, when scholars find in inscriptions letters, adopted from another alphabet, which stand out of their natural order, they can make a shrewd guess at the century in which the inscription was made. Suppose an alphabet, which is also used for numerals, loses a letter in the course of time, because there is very little or no use for it; then that letter is still of service for a numeral, and it can not be dropped as a number, though it drops out as a letter. When it is found still employed as a numeral, it reveals some of the history of the alphabet to which it once belonged. These are only a few of many methods of determining the age of a given inscription. Old coins are very useful in settling what the alphabets of various nations were at different epochs.

Our own numerals are extremely convenient for ordinary arithmetic. Algebra, in which letters stand for numbers, is useful for abstract reasoning in mathematics; it treats of the properties of numbers in general. Whether the Indian numerals were originally part of some ancient alphabet, or a series of shortened signs originally somewhat like the Roman numerals that we still use, is not really decided.

There was a curious fashion among certain grammarians and mathematicians of Old India which may be mentioned here. They liked to increase their own importance by making knowledge hard to attain; as it imposed on their pupils, and even more on the outside world. They also wished to exercise the memories of their pupils, and keep them mindful of certain numbers and dates by means of memorizing words. In works on arithmetic and prosody, they deliberately wrote out long words which meant nothing if looked at as parts of a sentence, but stood for so many numbers if the reader had the clew. If such a grammarian wished to write the number twelve by this method, he would write down "moon, eyes"; because there is one moon and two eyes. If he wished to signify the number 1486, he would write "moon, seas, mountains, seasons"; because

in India people believed that in the world there were *one* moon, *four* seas, and *eight* mountain chains, and *six* seasons during the year. So ingenious were they in hiding plain things under an artificial system! The priestly rulers of Egypt, also moved by pride and the desire to seem learned, began at a remote period to make the hieroglyphics as hard as possible to understand. For a given word they would always choose as little known and seldom used a character as they could think of. And doubtless this did render them objects of greater reverence in the eyes of pupils and of common folk.

But to return to the numbers that we call Arabic and the Arabs call Indian. The numbers used by the peoples of India who wrote in Sanskrit were very like the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 0, that we use to-day. Even closer resemblances will be found if one goes back to the earliest forms of our numerals; for, during the last thousand years, our numbers have undergone some slight changes. We took them, as you have heard, from the Arabs, who did not employ them much before 800 A. D.; and the use of them did not penetrate into Europe by way of Italy and Spain until four centuries later. Together with these numerals, the Arabs learned from India how to do sums by algebra. For algebra, though an Arabic word, is a science of which the Arabs were ignorant before they reached India. How long the Indians of Hindostan had used this system of notation along with their alphabet, we can not yet determine; but it is quite possible that the old grammarians who improved the Sanskrit were enabled to fashion its alphabet into so scientific an order of groups because this separate system of numerals existed at even a more remote period, and had been found handier than the signs of the alphabet. Not using their letters as numerals, they could marshal them on the best system they were able to devise, as we, too, have been able to do with our alphabet ever since we got the Indian numerals from the Arabs.

It may be said that the invention of these numerals and of algebra for the higher mathematics stamps the old Hindoos as one of the most wonderful races of the world.

(To be concluded.)

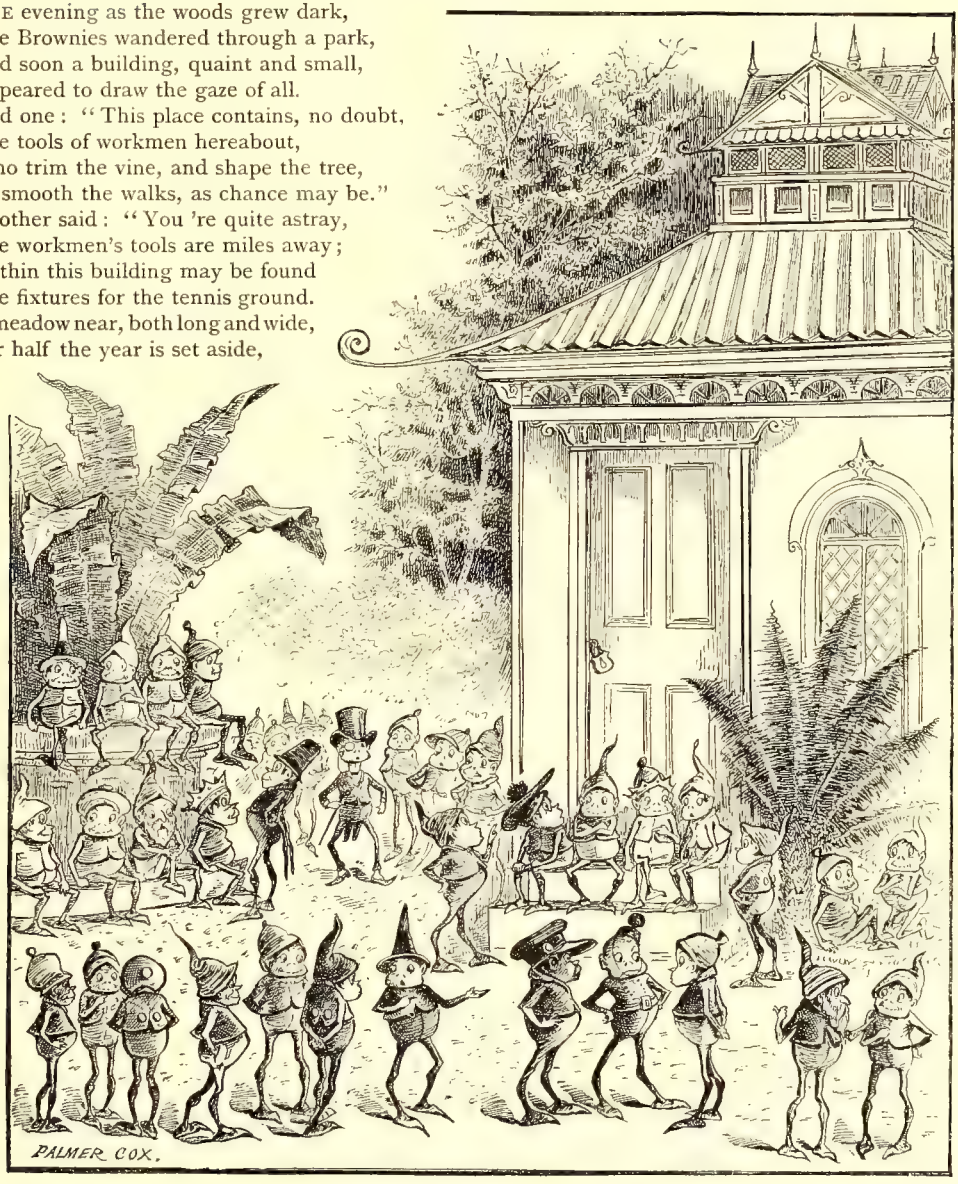


"THIS SEAT RESERVED."

THE BROWNIES AT LAWN-TENNIS.

By Palmer Cox.

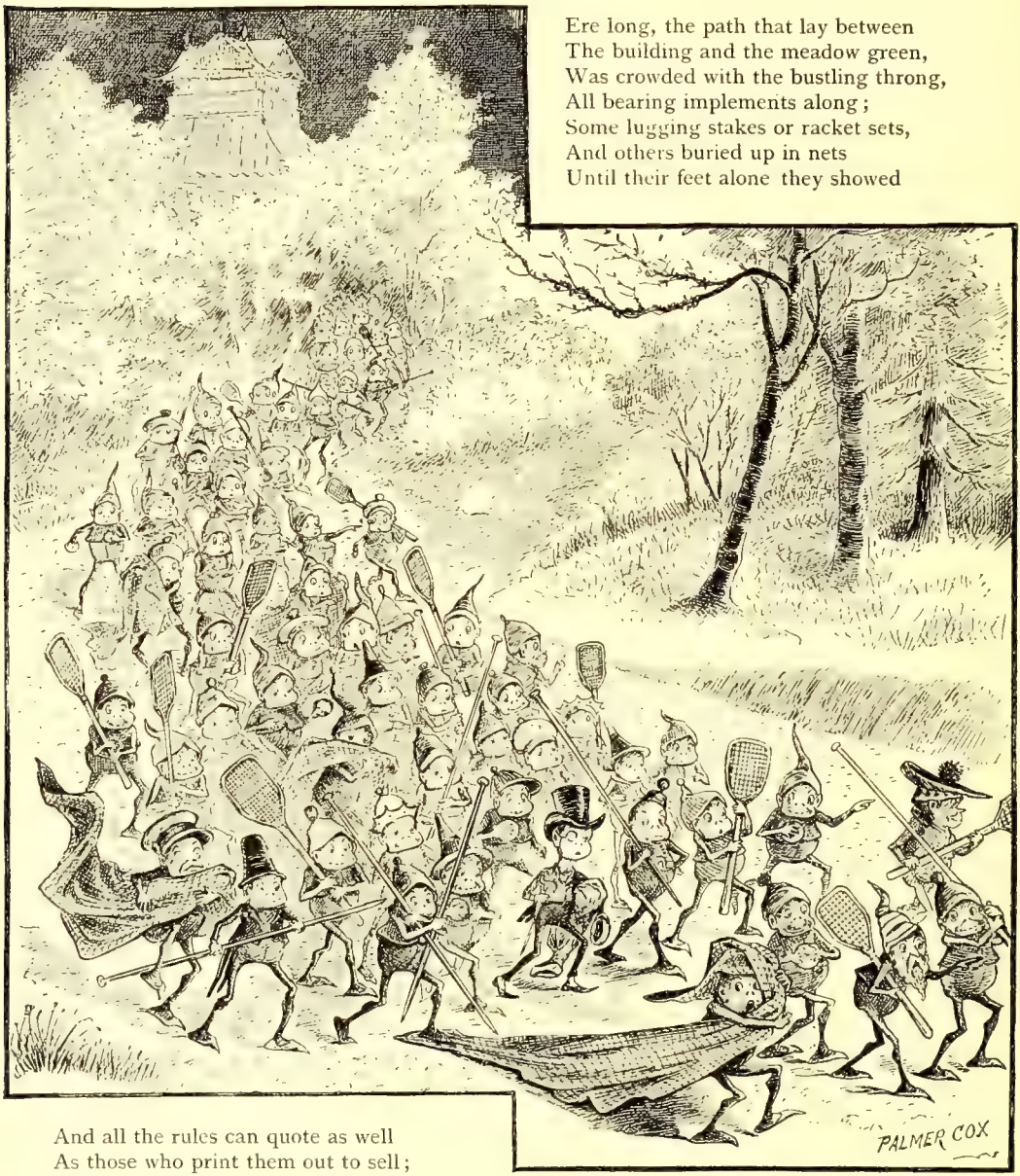
One evening as the woods grew dark,
The Brownies wandered through a park,
And soon a building, quaint and small,
Appeared to draw the gaze of all.
Said one: "This place contains, no doubt,
The tools of workmen hereabout,
Who trim the vine, and shape the tree,
Or smooth the walks, as chance may be."
Another said: "You 're quite astray,
The workmen's tools are miles away;
Within this building may be found
The fixtures for the tennis ground.
A meadow near, both long and wide,
For half the year is set aside,



And marked with many a square and court,
For those who love the royal sport.
On afternoons assembled there,
The active men and maidens fair
Keep up the game until the day
Has faded into evening gray.
And then the racket, net, and ball
Are stowed away for future call."

"In other lands than those we tread,
I played the game," another said,
"And proved my skill and muscle stout,
As 'server' and as 'striker-out.'

May praise the keeper's cautious mind,
But all the same an entrance find,
And for the present evening claim
Whate'er is needed for the game."



Ere long, the path that lay between
The building and the meadow green,
Was crowded with the bustling throng,
All bearing implements along;
Some lugging stakes or racket sets,
And others buried up in nets
Until their feet alone they showed

And all the rules can quote as well
As those who print them out to sell;
The lock that hangs before us there
Bears witness to the keeper's care,
And tramps or burglars might go by,
If such a sign should meet the eye.
But we, who laugh at locks or law
Designed to keep mankind in awe,

Beneath their loose and trailing load.
To set the posts and mark the ground
The proper size and shape around,
With service-line and line of base,
And courts, both left and right, in place,

Was work that caused but slight delay;
And soon the sport was under way.
And then a strange and stirring scene
Was pictured out upon the green.

Some watched the game and noted well
Where this or that one would excel.
And shouts and calls that filled the air
Proved even-handed playing there.
With anxious looks some kept the score,

At times so hot the contest grew,
Established laws aside they threw,
And in the game where four should stand,
At least a dozen took a hand.
Some tangled in the netting lay
And some from base-lines strayed away.
Some hit the ball when out of place
Or scrambled through unlawful space.
But still no game was forced to halt
Because of this or greater fault.



And shouted "'vantage!" "game all!" or
To some "love, forty!" "deuce!" to more;
But when "deuce set!" the scorer cried,
Applause would ring on every side.

And there they sported on the lawn
Until the ruddy streaks of dawn
Gave warning that the day was near,
And Brownies all must disappear.

A MATTER-OF-FACT CINDERELLA.

By Mrs. Annie A. Preston.

"Oh! what a fine carriage, and what handsome horses! They are as gay as the coach and horses of Cinderella!" and the bright-faced little girl, with a glory of spring sunshine illuminating her glossy hair, clasped her bare brown hands in delight.

"It dashed by so quickly, I had not time to notice it," replied Grandma Eaton, looking over her glasses down the turf-striped country road after the rapidly departing carriage. "I wonder whose it can be? There! it has stopped. What is that for, Ella, child?"

"I don't know, Grandma, dear; but I think something about the harness has given way. See! the horses are dancing and prancing. The gentleman has jumped from the carriage. He has taken something from his pocket. It looks like a knife. Oh, yes!"

"I had good eyes once, but they have served their day," sighed Grandma Eaton.

"The horses are quiet, now," went on Ella, who had not once taken her observant eyes from a spectacle so unusual for that quiet neighborhood. "Now the strap is mended, I think, and everything is all right," added the child with a little sigh of regret; and as the gentleman drove swiftly on, she left the window and skipped out to the edge of the road, to see the fine horses prance away.

"I guessed rightly, Grandma, dear!" cried Ella as she came running back from the scene of the accident. "It was a broken strap, for here is a piece, almost torn in two, that was cut off. And here is a penny I found right under it; a bright, new penny — as yellow as gold!"

"This is no penny," said the woman, taking the shining coin in her own hand and looking at it closely; "it is an eagle. I know an eagle when I see one, although I have not had one of my own for many a day."

"Ten mills make one cent, ten cents make one dime, ten dimes make one dollar, ten dollars make one eagle! A golden eagle! Oh, how much good it will do us!" exclaimed the little girl as she glanced at her grandmother's thin shawl and at the scant belongings of their humble home.

"We are not to think of that," said Grandma Eaton, speaking so decidedly that a flush overspread her thin, worn face. "The coin belongs to the gentleman who just dropped it; and I do not doubt that a way will be opened for it to be returned to its owner. Those who seek to do right seldom lack opportunity. Cinderella's horses and carriage pass this way too seldom to escape notice, and probably some of our neighbors will be able to tell us to whom they belong."

But all the men in the quiet, out-of-the-way neighborhood had been at town-meeting that afternoon, and none of the women folk, excepting Grandma Eaton and little Ella, had seen the fine sight. They would have remembered it almost as the figment of a dream, had it not been for the bright ten-dollar gold piece laid away in cotton in Grandma Eaton's best china tea-pot, on the top shelf of the parlor cupboard.

On the very next Monday morning after this episode, that same glossy-haired, blue-eyed Ella, with grandma's thin shawl pinned about her shoulders, made one of a bevy of girls who, with arms full of books, slates, and lunch-baskets, were drawing near a plain little brown school-house, standing in the shade of a tall, plumy pine-tree on a sandy hillside that was supposed to be exactly in the center of the Pine Meadow school-district.

"Oh, there 's a fire in the school-house!" cried Lizzie Barber; "and I 'm glad, for my fingers are cold. I was in such a hurry I forgot my mittens."

"We don't often find a fire made on the first day of school," said Abby Wood, "because the committee-man has to go for the teacher."

"He must have kindled it before he started away," said Ella, "because it has been burning some time. I can tell by the thinness of the smoke."

"That is just like you, Ella Eaton," put in Angelina Brown. "You 're always pretending to know things by what you see that no one else would ever think about. Can't you be obliging enough to look through the walls and tell us who is there? Perhaps school has begun."

"I have no way of telling that," laughed Ella, good-naturedly; "but, no doubt some of the boys are there to make first choice of the seats."

"The boys must have climbed in at one of the windows," whispered Ella. "Let us serenade them to let them know we are here."

And she began one of their familiar school songs in a clear, ringing voice, her companions at once joining in with the melody.

By this time they had crossed the waste of sand, and were at the school-house door; but, on trying to enter, they were surprised to find the stout hasp and padlock as secure as it had been through all the long vacation.

Immediately heavy footsteps were heard hurriedly crossing the school-room, one of the small windows was thrown up with a bang, and a stout, rough-looking, tangled-haired, shabby fellow scrambled out in great haste. He cast his eyes sharply about, made a rush at the group of affrighted little girls huddled together upon the broad door-stone, grabbed Ella's lunch-basket with one hand, and Angelina's dinner-pail with the other, cleared the low rail fence near by at a running jump, and was lost to sight in the woodland at the end of the field.

As the ruffianly tramp ran in one direction, the little girls, dropping all their wraps and traps, and seizing hold of hands, ran almost as fast in the other.

How far they might have gone, had they not been turned about by meeting the committee-man and the pretty young lady teacher, it would be hard to say.

The girls were sure a grim, weather-beaten tramp would be found under every desk, and two or three in the wood closet, and they could not be persuaded to enter the school until a thorough search had been made.

It was not so bad as that; but what they did find was a broken window, a fragment of bread, the teacher's chair split into kindlings and nearly burned, and a large bundle of expensive silks and laces.

The intruder had apparently either fallen asleep by the fire and overslept himself, or, not supposing that school was to begin so early in the season, had intended to make the secluded building his hiding-place for the day.

"There was a burglary committed at Willinotic night before last," said Mr. Stiles, the committee-man, "and I fancy these are a part of the spoils. A large reward is offered for the detection and identification of the robbers; so, girls, it will be to your advantage to remember how that fellow looked."

"I shall never forget him," said Lizzie; "he was the tallest man I ever saw."

Abby was sure he was short. Angelina fancied he was lame; and Ella remembered he had a bent nose. They all agreed that he was fierce and horrid, and were equally sure they should know him if they should ever see him again.

The affair made a great local excitement; and when the goods were identified as belonging to the great Willinotic dry goods firm of Clark & Rogers, the girls who had enjoyed such an experience with a real burglar were the envy of all the boys in the community.

But time sped on, the nine-days' excitement had become but a memory in the dull routine of school duties, and June had arrived with its roses, when one day word came from Clark & Rogers, asking Mr. Stiles, the committee-man, to bring the little



"THE GOLD PIECE WAS LAID AWAY IN GRANDMA EATON'S BEST CHINA TEA-POT."

girls who had encountered the burglar, to Willinotic, to see if they could pick him out of a number of men who had been arrested while undermining a railway culvert some days before: "There is a tall one, and a short one, a lame one, and one with a bent nose," the letter said; "so it seems that there is a great deal of material upon which the little women may exercise their memories."

"I am so glad my mother sent to New York for my gypsy hat," said Angelina. "My mother finished my blue dress last night," said Lizzie; and while Abby was telling what she expected to wear, Ella ran on ahead, fearing that she might be questioned upon the same subject, for she knew very well that nothing new, pretty, or fresh would fall to her lot. A thought of the gold eagle did cross her mind; but she bravely put it away from her.

And neither could the dear old grandmother help thinking of the gold piece when she heard that Ella had been summoned to Willinotic; but she, too, resolutely conquered the temptation, saying to herself:

"My grandchild shows her good breeding in her gentle manners and speech, and they are better than fine clothes."

The day at Willinotic was a unique experience for the bevy of little country girls. They enjoyed the hour's ride on the railway and the fine sights in the handsome streets of the large town; but the grand, white-marble court-house, where they were taken, filled most of them with a vague alarm. The sultry summer air drew cool and fresh through the long corridors, and they almost shivered as they were given seats in a lofty room, from which the glaring sun was studiously excluded. Through the half-open doorway they caught glimpses of the grave, gold-spectacled judge at his high desk; the black-coated lawyers seated at their long table in front; the witness-stand with its railing; and a pale-faced prisoner sitting beside an officer.

"There is going to be a thunder-shower," said Angelina, "and I know I shall be frightened to death."

"Let 's all take hold of hands," said Abby Wood. "I never felt so lonesome in all my life. I 'm going back to the depot for fear we shall be left."

"I 'll go with you," said Lizzie. "I don't remember anything about the old tramp, only that he was short — and I wish I had n't come."

"Why, Lizzie Barber," cried Angelina, "you have always said he was the tallest man you ever saw! How Mr. Stiles will laugh!"

"Well, I shan't stay to be laughed at!" half sobbed Lizzie. "Come, Ella."

"We must not leave this room, where Mr. Stiles told us to stay until he came for us," said Ella, so resolutely that her companions sat down again, although Abby whispered to Angelina:

"The idea of our minding a little girl like Ella, just as if she were the school-teacher herself!"

Happily, Mr. Stiles appeared in time to prevent another outbreak, saying:

"Come, Angelina. You may as well go in first."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Angelina. "I wish Mother had come!" And she was led away into the great court-room.

One by one Mr. Stiles came for the girls, until Ella was left alone. She curled herself up like a kitten in one of the large arm-chairs, and silently took in her unaccustomed surroundings with keen enjoyment.

"Come, Ella," said Mr. Stiles kindly. And she followed him slowly into the court-room, hearing some one whisper lightly as she passed:

"So there is another one. I wonder if her testimony will carry as much weight as that of her mates. It was foolish to expect such children, and girls too, to identify any one."

As Ella cast a slow, thoughtful look about the room, her blue eyes suddenly dilated, and, leaving Mr. Stiles's side, she walked straight up to one of the lawyers, who regarded her curiously, when, dropping a quaint little courtesy that her grandmother had taught her, she said modestly:

"Excuse me, sir,— perhaps I ought not to tell you here, but perhaps I may not see you again,— and I found your gold eagle."

"What did you say?" asked the gentleman kindly. "How do you happen to know me, little girl? And what was that about a gold eagle?"

"I do not know you, sir; but Grandma says one may speak to a stranger on business. I saw you that day — Freeman's meeting-day, it was, you know — when you drove through North Damesfield, and a strap in your harness broke. When you took out your knife to mend it, you dropped a gold eagle, and I picked it up. Grandma has it at home in her china tea-pot, and will be ever so glad I saw you, for ten dollars is a great deal of money to have in the house — when it is not your own."

It was a funny little episode to happen in the crowded court-room, and the lawyers all turned to listen; and the grave judge, from his high seat, looked kindly down upon the little girl, while a smiled tugged at the corners of his mouth and hinted of granddaughters at home.

"How do you know it was I who lost the money?" asked Mr. Gorden, with twinkling eyes.



"Why, I saw you, sir, and I could not help knowing you again."

"How was it, Mr. Gorden?" asked the judge, as if this diversion was not altogether unwelcome; and the lawyer replied:

"I did drive through North Damesfield, on Freeman's meeting-day, by the old turnpike, to avoid the mud by the river road. The harness did break, and I feared for a time that I might have trouble with my horses; I had purchased them only two days before. I did make a new hole in the strap with my pocket-knife, and I surely on that day lost a ten-dollar gold piece. I thought, however, that it was stolen from me at the miserable little tavern where I had spent the previous night. I am so glad to find myself mistaken, that I

gladly give the gold piece to my little friend here, who, it seems to me, has a better claim to it than I have."

"Oh, sir, I thank you, but, indeed, I do not think Grandma would let me take it, because, really, it does n't belong to me at all."

"It does, if I choose to give it to you, my child," said the gentleman, smoothing her glossy curls. "And now, do you think you will be so sure of the fellow who gave you such a sorry fright, and stole your dinner, as you were of me?"

"Oh, yes, sir! If he is here, I shall know him. I saw him plainly." And, turning about as she was told, she faced the half dozen prisoners, with a little shiver. "That is the one," she said at once; "the one with his hands in his pockets. His nose is bent just a little to one side, you see. And, oh! sir! if you look at the thumb on his right hand you will see that the end has been cut off; and that the nail grows sharp and long, like a claw. I saw it when he snatched my lunch-basket, but I have never thought of it since. I seemed to see it again when I saw his face."

"That is an interesting little point, showing the association of ideas," said one of the lawyers in a low tone to another; and the prisoner whom the little girl designated was ordered to take his hands from his pockets. He refused doggedly at first; but, seeing that it was of no use for him to resist, he withdrew them, and, holding up his peculiar thumb in a defiant way, he muttered:

"The girl saw my thumb when she came in, and spoke about it because she wants to get the reward."

"The prisoner kept his hands in his pockets ever since he entered the court-room," said the sheriff.

"Not continually, I think," said one of the lawyers; and Mr. Gorden suggested:

"It may be well to put this child's memory to another test." And, turning to Ella, he asked kindly, "Are you often in Willinotic, little girl?"

"I was never here until to-day, sir," she answered.

"Do you think you would know my horses if you saw them on the street?" inquired Mr. Gorden.

"Yes, sir," said Ella, "I am sure I should know them anywhere."

"She will have her match this time, I fancy," said one of the lawyers to another in a low voice; "of course she is not prepared for the variety of teams to be seen on our main street."

A great deal of curiosity was felt in regard to this third test of the womanly little girl's memory, and the court took a recess, lawyers, judge, Mr. Stiles, and all the school-girls going to the deep balcony of the court-house.

Ella seemed simply unconscious that the eyes of the whole party centered upon her as she leaned against the railing, holding her hat in her hand, while the wind lifted her curls and brought the color back to her pale cheeks.

There were, indeed, many fine carriages and horses. Ella was closely observant, but not confused. She did not appear to notice one team more than another until ten minutes had passed; then the color went out of her cheeks again, her eyes opened wide, and she exclaimed:

"There they come, sir! up the street — the gray with a sorrel mate. It is a different carriage, but the very same lap robe. You had it spread over a white fur one when I saw you."

"Very true," said Mr. Gorden. "Your three tests of memory are unimpeachable; and now, will you be so kind as to tell us how it happens that your memory is so much more retentive than that of most children of your age?"

"I suppose, sir," said Ella, as the others gathered about to listen, "it is because my father used to teach me that it was rude and useless to stare long at any person or anything. He said I must train my eye to see everything at a glance, and we used to amuse ourselves by looking at pictures in that way. It is just like a game; and one can play at it all alone, too. I have kept it up because I live alone with my grandma out on the old turnpike, and I seldom have any one to play with. I only had one good look at you, sir, but I saw your black eyes, your gray mustache, and the look in your face that can be stern or can be very kind."

At this, Squire Gorden's brother lawyers all laughed in concert and the grave judge smiled, for they all were familiar with the look which the little girl had so artlessly described.

The thief confessed his crime later.

"I noticed how that blue-eyed girl looked at me that morning at the school-house," he said, "and I felt, somehow, as though she would know me if she ever saw me again."

The burglar was sent to prison; and Ella not only was given the gold eagle she had found, but she also received the reward for identifying the thief. And she won so many warm and helpful friends that day at the court-house that her grandmother used often to say: "That was really a Cinderella coach and pair to you, dear. And you are a matter-of-fact Cinderella yourself, though you have no fairy godmother, such as she had."

"But I have you, dear Grandma," said Ella, "and you 're worth a dozen fairy godmothers. So I 'm luckier than the other Cinderella, after all!"

A Tea-party



She Twirled upon her Tip-Toes light,
Tossed back her Tangled Tresses bright,
And cried "I'm Truly Tired of play,
I'll have a Tea-party To-day!"
She set The Table 'neath a Tree,
With Tempting Tarts,
and Toast,
and Tea.
Ten Tiny cups upon The Tray,
Ten plates
and spoons in Trim array,
Ten Twinkling Tapers
Thin and Tall,
And Then The feast was ready all.
The Thrushes Trilled and Twittered sweet,
The Turf was Tender 'neath her feet.
Her Tidy cap with lace was rimmed
Her Tasteful gown was Tucked and Trimmed
"Now here am I and here's The Treat!" she cried "But who is There To eat?
I'm very Thirsty for my Tea, I Think I'll be The company."



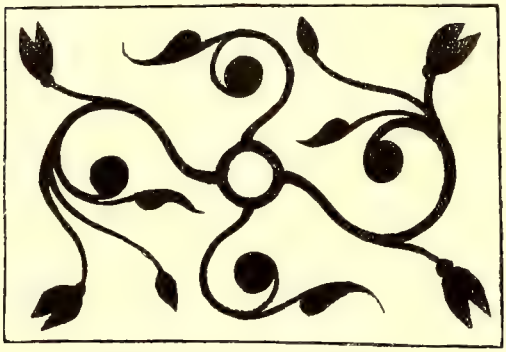
And sipping now and Tasting Then
She ate and drank for all The Ten!

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.—XVI.

VENETIAN MARQUETRY; OR, A PERFECT IMITATION OF INLAID WOOD-WORK.

By Charles G. Leland.

THERE are few persons who have not admired marquetry, or the sort of mosaic work made by sawing out pieces of wood of different colors and fitting them into one another. This is effected in



DESIGN FOR A PATTERN IN ONE COLOR

three ways. The first is by simply sawing out squares, diamonds, crosses, or any pattern of which all the pieces are alike and can be fitted together. The designing of these is a very interesting exercise. I may briefly say that it can be done by drawing cross lines at equal distances, like those of a chess-board, and tracing similarly-sized pieces from them. The Arabs and Moors excelled in such designing and work.

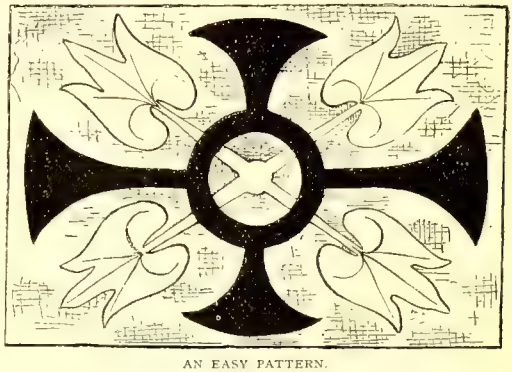
The second kind of marquetry is made with a fret, or "jig," or scroll saw. One of these may be had for a few cents, but a good equipment for the work costs from fifty cents up to any price, according to the scale on which the pupil wishes to work. Any hardware dealer will procure a complete outfit, and there are now so many books of instruction and of patterns for the work, that it is hardly necessary for me to explain it more in detail. In a few words, it consists in taking two pieces of very thin board, of different colors, fastening the two together, drawing a pattern on a piece of paper, gumming it on to one surface, and then sawing the two out. Of course, if it be neatly done, one piece will fit into the other. Thus, if one be black and the other white, the black pattern will fit into the white ground, and the white pattern into the black ground.

The third kind of marquetry is made with veneers, which are sheets of wood almost as thin as paper, and as the process of making it is rather difficult for amateurs, I shall not describe it here.

But there is a fourth, and far easier process, called Venetian Marquetry, which has never, to my knowledge, been fully noticed in print; though it is so obvious a method that I dare say many have used it. Much of the old marquetry was made of white wood stained with dyes. Venetian Marquetry is a very perfect imitation of this, not to be distinguished from the sawed-out patterns. It is made as follows:

Take a thin panel, or board, of holly or any other nice white or light-yellow wood. Pine may be used when no other can be had, though it is, from its softness, the worst for the purpose. Draw a pattern on it. This may be done by tracing. Then with a knife-wheel, mark out in the wood the entire outline of your pattern, cutting in to the depth of at least one tenth of an inch. (A knife-wheel is like a pattern-wheel; that is, it is a little disk, or flat wheel, not larger than a three-cent piece, set in a handle; but the edge of a pattern-wheel is like the rowel of a spur, in sharp points, while that of the knife-wheel, or cutting-wheel, is thin and sharp. It must be very strongly made.)

Use the utmost care in marking out your pattern with the wheel. If there are corners too sharp to turn with the wheel, mark them with a thin penknife. In fact, if you can not obtain a wheel, the whole may be done with a penknife. The wheel simply makes a more even, continuous line,

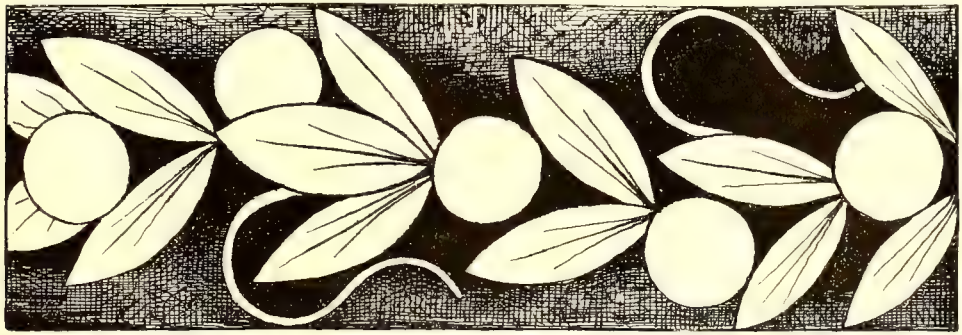


AN EASY PATTERN.

and is more convenient to use. When the partial division of the pieces is effected, paint the pattern with the dyes made for wood. Care should be taken to apply these very thinly indeed, in small quantity, to let them dry thoroughly, and then to renew them.

Warping may be prevented by carefully dampen-

ing the back of the panel, by screwing down the wood, or by keeping it pressed down by a weight while drying. Perhaps the best way in most cases is to fasten strips across the back.



AN EASY DESIGN FOR A BORDER.

Great pains must be taken to prevent the dyes from spreading beyond the outlines. The only difference between this Venetian work and sawed-out inlaying lies in this, that the pieces of wood are not quite cut through. That is all. If they were, it would be real inlaid marquetry. As dyes were very extensively used to color much of the finest old work, it will be admitted that the chief difference between this method and that in which all the pieces are fret-sawn, is that this is by far the easier. Fret-sawing of two or three veneers is, for a young amateur, much more difficult than marking out and dyeing a pattern. And it is a very important consideration that this beautiful art or method may be employed where a variety of woods and tools are not available. There are few places where two or three cheap dyes for wood, a piece of white wood, and a thin penknife can not be obtained. Thus, even common ink thinned with water will make a slate-colored dye, while several coats will stain wood jet-black. (When the dyed surface is very dry, rub it off carefully with soft paper, renew the ink, let it dry, rub off the surface again, and then oil it.) Umber in coffee will make a brown dye. But best of all are the dyes sold for the purpose.

The channels, or fine lines cut by the knife, may be carefully closed with any kind of filler. A good one may be made by very thoroughly mixing fine varnish and flour, or by rubbing up size with umber or any other coloring matter.

A great defect in much of the old marquetry was the same fault that the Englishman found in the autumnal landscape in America, when he said, "It is very pretty, to be sure, but don't you think it 's a trifle gaudy?" The old artists in wood used as many colors as they could get together; and amateurs and beginners greatly incline to this. But an artist in decorative work can produce the best and most vigorous effects with few colors and large easy patterns.

Very good work may be made by cutting away the wood here and there, and introducing substances which can not be imitated, such as ivory or tortoise-shell, metal, jet, or mother-of-pearl. Simple round, diamond, or square figures give to the whole an appearance of inlaying.

Venetian, or solid, marquetry may be applied with the aid of stencils, to large surfaces, such as the panels of doors, and dados.

There are few arts, indeed, in which so good



DESIGN FOR A BOX-LID OR PANEL

effects can be produced with so little labor and at so little expense as this. Even those who are unable to design or draw can, with a little thought, arrange simple patterns in attractive groups. Leaves and fruit, even without shading, are easily represented.

It is not difficult to learn to engrave, or run lines, on wood. Any one can learn to do it after a few days' practice. It is done with a small triangular-pointed tool, such as is used by wood-engravers. These gravers, of the best quality, cost fifty cents

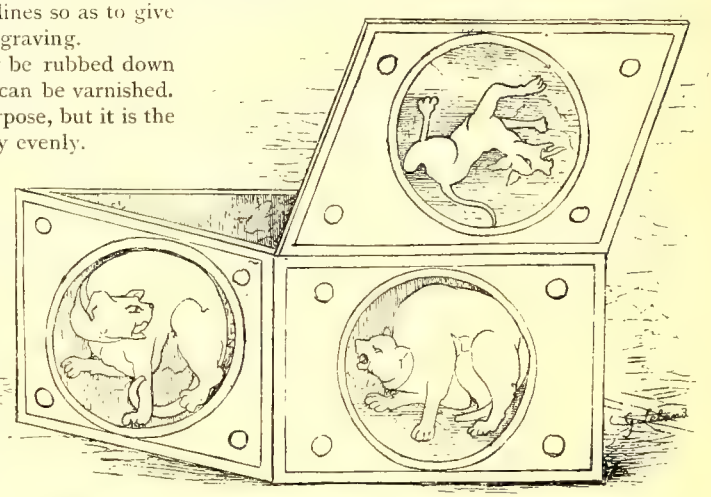
each. The lines of leaves and flowers, and a hundred other details, look best in marquetry when they are executed in this manner. I have just been examining a piece of marquetry two hundred and fifty years old. The inlaying is the best of the work, and most of it is done in lines so as to give it the appearance of a colored engraving.

The work, when finished, may be rubbed down and oiled and polished. Or it can be varnished. Mastic varnish is best for this purpose, but it is the most difficult of all kinds to apply evenly.

There is still another kind of inlaying which is not included in the foregoing paper. To make it, take a board of hard wood, well seasoned, and lay on it a coat of thick varnish. Take the sawed-out pieces, which should be of the thinnest tortoise-shell, ivory or wood, and dispose them on the board. When the first varnish is dry, lay on, for a ground, varnish very much thickened with flour or color. When this is dry, repeat it; and so on, until the ground thus made is as high as the pattern.

When inlaying is done with pieces of stone, it is called mosaic. It will be observed that in making solid marquetry, all the difficulty is limited to marking out a pattern on a smooth piece of hard white wood, and then tracing it carefully with the point of a penknife or with a cutting-wheel. The whole work is not much harder than cutting out a picture with the point of a penknife. The dye is more apt to spread evenly if, in applying it, you first give the surface a thin wash of water.

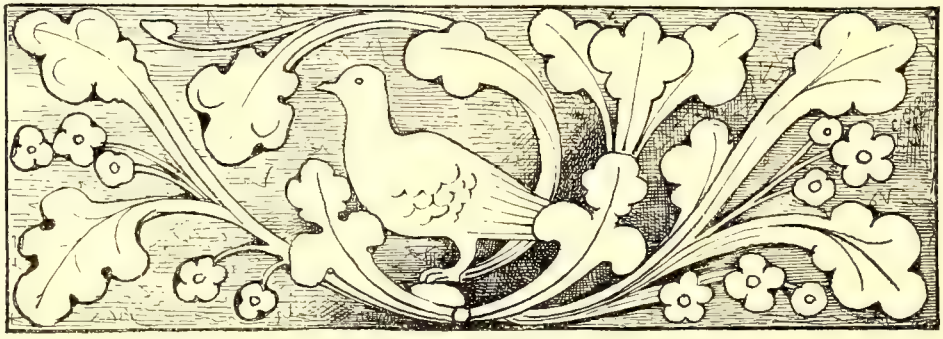
It should be remembered that where two lines are run together in parallels, as for instance, in long stems, the wood lying between is very apt to break off. This can only be prevented by using the point of a thin penknife-blade or a very small wheel, with very great care. For some work a wheel the third of an inch diameter should be used. In cases where the design is very delicate, the line need be merely scratched into the wood. Any indenting which will restrain the flow of the dyes,



A SUGGESTION FOR THE DECORATION OF A CHEST IN VENETIAN MARQUETRY.

and indicate a distinct outline is sufficient. Great attention should be paid to this. Do not expect to make a perfect piece of marquetry at a first effort.

There is a piece of Venetian marquetry in the South Kensington Museum, London, which was presented by the last Doge of Venice to Sir Richard Worsely. It last came from Apeldoorcombe, in the Isle of Wight. It is at present the property of Sir Thomas Winter. The *Court Journal* said of it, that even Her Majesty the Queen has not so fine a piece of furniture in all Windsor Castle. Its date is 1602. My attention was directed to it by a London merchant who deals solely in marquetry. And by this the reader may learn that Venetian marquetry is really capable of producing great artistic results.



A BORDER OR PANEL.





"MISS MAMIE SEZ DESE ARE 'HIGHLY CULLUD.'—I 'D LIKE TO KNOW EF DEY 'RE ANY MO' HIGHLY CULLUD DAN I AM!"



A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

By M. B. Jordan.

"A LESSON in Geography,
With all the States to bound!"
My boys grew sober in a trice,
And shook their heads and frowned,—
And this was in the nursery,
Where only smiles are found.

Then suddenly up jumped Boy Blue,—
Youngest of all is he,—
And stood erect beside my chair.
"Mamma," he said, "bound me!"
And all the other lads looked up
With faces full of glee.

I gravely touched his curly head:
"North, by a little pate
That 's 'mixed' in 'mental 'rithmetic,'
And 'can't get fractions straight.'
That never knows what time it is,
Nor where are books or slate.

"South, by two feet — two restless feet
That never tire of play,
But never fail to gladly run
(Even on a holiday)
On others' errands willingly,
In most obliging way.

"East, by a pocket stuffed and crammed
With, oh so many things!
With tops and toys and bits of wood,
And pennies, knives, and strings,
And by a little fist that lacks
The glow that water brings.

"West by the same; and well explored
The pocket by the fist.
The capital, two rosy lips
All ready to be kissed.
And,— darling, now I 've bounded you;
The class may be dismissed."

HURLY-BURLY.

(A Nonsense Rhyme.)

By Emma Mortimer White.

When the Mother Goose cow jumped over the moon,
And the little dog laughed to see,
The horse hurrahed and tossed up his hat,
And "whistled an air, did he."
The camel danced the Highland fling,
And the elephant put on skates,
While the cat went into the butcher trade
And charged the highest rates.
The mackerel rode a circus colt;
The whale leaped over the trees;
While the catfish rode on a bicycle,
That ran itself with ease.
The tiger went to bed in his boots;
The lion shot at a mark;
The eagle banged his hair in front,
And offered himself to a park.
The horned owl laughed till he almost cried,
Then cried till his eyes were dim;
But the wisest of all was a wise old hen
Who taught herself to swim.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WELL, my hearers, how do I find you this time? Getting ready for school, do you say? Ah, of course! Your Jack knows all about it. The season will soon begin at the little red schoolhouse, and it will be a joy to see the bright procession that will go marching by my meadow every morning, the girls chatting and humming in the cheeriest way, and the boys all whistling gayly—whether just for the fun of it or to keep up their courage, I 'll not attempt to say. And the dear Little School-ma'am—bless her!—she 'll be in a perfect glow of delight!

It seems to me that the very walls of the schoolhouses ought to throb with pride over the wise young heads and the clear, happy voices that will soon make them echo with sounds of busy work and play. And so success to you all, my dears, throughout the whole term!

POOR LARK!

IT 'S no longer "Up with the Lark," I hear, for that oft-praised bird gets up, it seems, altogether too late. An enthusiastic naturalist has amused himself by investigating the question at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing. He says:—The greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning. At about half-past two the blackcap begins, and the quail apparently wakes up half an hour later. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon before the real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise till long after chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about for some time.

But hold! There 's such a thing as overdoing a good habit. Some of these birds seem to have lost their reckoning. There 's the greenfinch, for instance—the idea of getting up at the ridiculous hour of half-past one in the morning! If he keeps on, he 'll soon have to begin each day on the day before! No, no! Such early risers as he are not to be imitated. So we may have to go back to the lark after all. Or there 's the tom-tit. He 's a contented, sensible little fellow, and gets up at just the right time, I should say. Yes, let it be "Up with the tom-tit!" What say you, my dears?

THOSE MOCKING-BIRDS AGAIN.

TRAVIS COUNTY, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK: I have been long acquainted with you and ST. NICHOLAS. I live about two miles from Austin, the capital city of Texas. Birds of all kinds found in Texas may be seen about the place at proper seasons. Mocking-birds build their nests in the trees within a few yards, or steps, of the house. Last July, two young mocking-birds were taken from a nest of five. The two young mocking-birds taken from the nest were placed carefully in a large-sized cage, and the cage was suspended from a hook at the side of the front hall-door. The young birds were constantly and regularly fed for two weeks, night and morning, by both parent-birds, who hovered about the young ones during the day singing and frisking, and upon numerous occasions fighting off objectionable intruders and making great fluttering and noisy remonstrance when cats, dogs, or chickens appeared beneath the cage.

At the end of two weeks, the young mocking-birds then being about able to fly, the cage was taken inside the hall-way, and there hung, covered with a mosquito-bar, to protect the little prisoners from stinging insects.

In the hall-way, the old birds could not reach the young to feed them, but they would fly in and through the house; this they did for several days, and then, apparently, they abandoned our locality and their young altogether. As we thought the old birds would not return, we again placed the cage outside the house, in its first position, but on one occasion we failed to entirely cover the cage with the mosquito-bar; and that very evening, at the usual feeding-time, about dusk, both old birds were seen, for the first time since their departure. Each bird had food or poison in its beak, and each was seen feeding it to the young birds; and then they flew away and did not return. Not suspecting any danger to the young birds, we allowed the cage to remain in the same place all night.

Next morning early, we found one young bird dead in the cage, and the other barely alive, reeling and dazed as if under the influence of a poisonous weed or narcotic. Within a few hours, it too was dead. I am sorry that I lost two very beautiful birds; and I think the parent-birds poisoned the young captives, as the old birds were not seen by us again. Shall not the verdict be "guilty" instead of "not guilty"? Decide the question, Dear Jack.

Yours truly, LOUISE A——.

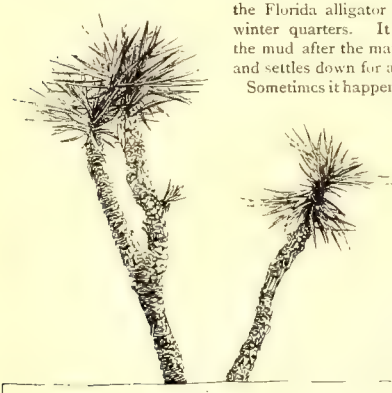
No, thank you! You can't persuade me to be the judge in *such* a case. For if I should undertake to decide the question of guilt, I 'd be sure to point out the fact that in every instance the poisoned birds were in cages, not in nests. And then you wise human folk would be sure to say that that was n't a fair way of stating the case, or that I was prejudiced. And perhaps I am. I 'm neither a

bird nor a human being, you see; I 'm only Jack-in-the-Pulpit. So settle this matter for yourselves.

A LIVING ISLAND.

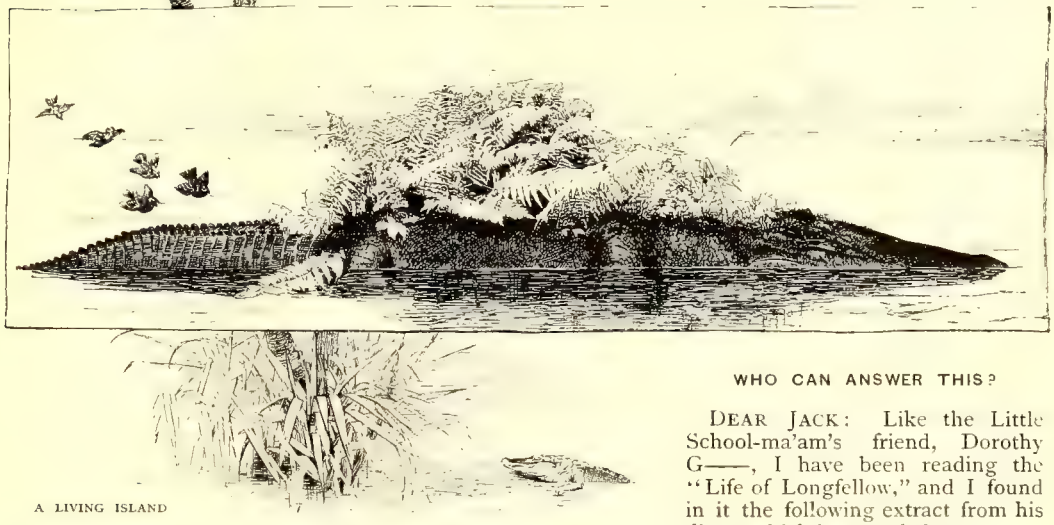
DEAR JACK: The alligator is not in any way an attractive animal. On the contrary, it is about as repellant in looks and disposition as any living creature very well can be. And yet in one respect, at least, it is to be envied: It can go through life without ever needing a dentist, unless it be to eat him; for it never keeps its teeth long enough to give them any chance to decay or ache or get out of order in any way. When an alligator's tooth is worn out or broken or in need of any kind of repair, it drops out, and, behold! a new one is ready to take its place. But I hardly need say that the alligator's teeth are a joy only to itself.

Another peculiarity of the alligator is its ability to sleep. Like other reptiles, it is so cold-blooded that it likes warmth and hates cold. It needs water, too, and as the dry season and the cool season come on together in Florida, there is a double reason why the Florida alligator should go into winter quarters. It buries itself in the mud after the manner of its kind and settles down for a long nap.



Sometimes it happens that grass and quick-growing shrubs spring up on the back of this torpid animal. As a rule these are all shaken or washed off when, with the first warm rains, the alligator rouses itself and makes for the water; but occasionally, for some reason, the mud clings and with it the plant growth, so that when the half-awakened creature slides into the water and floats stupidly off, it looks like a floating island.

In one such instance, a plover was so deceived as to build its nest in the plant-growth on the alligator's back. The living island so freighted floated slowly down the stream until it was noticed by a party of boys who were out fishing. They saw the plover rise from the little island, and suspecting a nest to be there, they gave up their fishing and rowed out to it



A LIVING ISLAND

They never suspected the nature of the island until they had bumped their boat rather rudely into it once or twice, and so vexed the alligator that it opened its huge mouth with a startling suddenness that brought a chorus of yells from the nest-robbers, and sent them off in a fit mood to sympathize with the plover, which was fluttering about and crying piteously at the raid upon its nest.

The poor bird was doomed to lose its nest, however, for the alligator, having at last been thoroughly roused, discovered how hungry it was, and dived down in search of food, thus washing off island, nest and all. Yours very truly, JOHN R. CORVELL.

WRONG NAMES FOR THINGS.

DEAR, dear! Here 's a startling list of accusations! If any of you young wise-acres have made up your minds to write a dictionary when you grow up, here 's a warning for you! Is it possible that there are so many things in the world that have been wrongly named? Just listen to this letter from my friend, M. E. L.

DEAR JACK: It is odd how names mislead. The calla lily is a calla, not a lily. The tuberose is not a rose at all. The strawberry and the blackberry are not berries. German silver came not from Germany, any more than did the Turkish bath from Turkey. French calf and Russian leather are both American. There is no wax in sealing-wax, and not a bit of bone in all the whalebone in the world. China-ware is made in our own country. Pinks are not all pink. Not every one called Black is a colored person; and how very many are called Wise who are not!

Yours truly. M. E. L.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?

DEAR JACK: Like the Little School-ma'am's friend, Dorothy G——, I have been reading the "Life of Longfellow," and I found in it the following extract from his diary, which has puzzled me:

"R. at tea. He gave us the following verse for finding on what day of the week the first of any month falls:

'At Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire.
Good Christopher Finch and Daniel Frier.'"

Now, can you, Dear Jack, or can some of your wise friends tell me how to discover on what day of the week the first of any month falls, by the aid of this couplet? Yours truly, M. W——.



AGASSIZ AND AUDUBON.

IN many respects the characters of these two great naturalists were alike,—and especially in their affectionate gentleness and mercy. Although, in the interests of science, both were led to destroy the lives of many animals, no men were more careful to avoid needless slaughter and unnecessary pain. It was Audubon who said, "*The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted.*" This saying has become the motto of a large and rapidly growing society, organized in 1886, and known as the AUDUBON SOCIETY, for the protection of birds. This society, recognizing the increasing influence of the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, has sent to us a special invitation to co-operate in its work. The circular of the AUDUBON SOCIETY shows, first, the alarming rate at which our birds are being exterminated It gives a series of startling facts; for example, "One New York firm had on hand, February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins," and it closes this paragraph as follows: "These figures tell their own story; but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields, where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight."

The purpose of the Society is to prevent, as far as possible,

1. The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
2. The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds
3. The wearing of the feathers of wild birds.

THE plan of work is very simple.

There are no expenses of any sort whatever. There are no conditions of age No formal organization is required. Each one can join by agreeing to any one of the three following pledges:

PLEDGE NO 1 — I pledge myself not to kill, wound, nor capture any wild bird not used for food so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, the killing, wounding or capture of birds by others.

PLEDGE NO. 2.— I pledge myself not to rob, destroy nor in any way disturb or injure the nest or eggs of any wild bird so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, such injury by others.

PLEDGE NO. 3.— I pledge myself not to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or household furniture, and by every means in my power to discourage the use of feathers for decorative purposes.

These pledges are not to be understood as hindering the signer from taking such birds, eggs or nests as he may require for *scientific purposes*, but refer only to wanton or mercenary destruction and robbery. Therefore no member of the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION can feel any hesitation about allying himself also with the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Boys and girls can often do more than others to protect nesting birds.

FROM MEXICO.

WE are in the State Michoacan, the Garden State of the Republic, with thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. It is a pleasant place to live in; seven thousand feet above the sea; fine air, good water, and very healthy. The corridors of the house are inhabited by a colony of birds. The female looks like the female English sparrow. The male has a scarlet breast and cap. The egg is robin-blue, with a ring of black spots around the larger end. It is called the *Gorriones*. The buzzard is very common here. On a trip we took, we saw the fine Mocha coffee growing, and some of the cities could not be seen on account of the banana plants which shade the coffee. Here we have all the familiar wild flowers, and many strange ones. I belong to an Ohio Chapter of the A. A.—G. A. Harriman.

ASSEMBLY REPORT

WE hope to receive regular annual reports from all assemblies of the A. A., as well as from the individual Chapters, and have the pleasure this month, of giving the following from the Assembly of Essex County, N. J. "The first call for an Assembly meeting was sent out by East Orange, B. Four Chapters only responded. We decided to have five delegates from each Chapter. We have meetings on the last Saturday evening of every other month, from September to June; five meetings for the year. We have reports of progress from the associate Chapters, papers by members, discussions of methods of work, and occasional addresses. We have had many difficulties to contend with, but feel that our meetings have been pleasant and helpful, and should say from our experience thus far, by all means encourage the formation of Assemblies.

Very sincerely yours, N. M. DORR.

BOSTON ASSEMBLY.

CHAPTERS 112, 729, 760, and 820 of Boston, Mass., have united for the purpose of forming a Boston Assembly.

All Chapters, in or near Boston, that would like to join, are invited to address MR. THOMAS H. FAY, Sec. of Committee,
8 N. Grove street, Boston, Mass.

DELAYED REPORTS.

551, *Clinton, Iowa.* We have over three hundred specimens, and a small library. We have been studying turtles, and have noticed that the eye of a turtle shuts from the bottom. We now intend to take up fishes, and as the Mississippi river is within one block of our rooms, we shall not lack specimens. We have held thirty-eight meetings, and cases of absence are rare.—Henry Towle, Sec.

567, *Fort Meade, Florida.*—Our Chapter of five, all of our own family, left Iowa, September 25, 1884. We came down the Skunk river to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans, thence to Tampa, and are now living nine miles southeast from Fort Meade. We left Sigourney, Iowa, in the Ena, a Racine boat, eighteen feet long, forty-two inches beam, with water-tight compartments. We had tent and camping outfit which we carried in another boat. Our party consisted of the five members of the Chapter, and a baby, one year old. We reached New Orleans Thursday, December 4, just ten weeks from our time of starting. This includes stops at all the principal towns. Our actual running time was 397 hours. Distance, 1812 miles; average, 4.53 miles per hour; least daily distance, five miles; greatest, sixty-five. The first cotton was seen at New Madrid, Mo.; the first cane, below Grady's Landing; first Spanish moss, just below Greenville, Miss.

After being here a year, three of our number made another long excursion. Tuesday, December 1, 1885, we put our boat into Peace creek, thence to Charlotte Harbor, up the Caloosahatchie, through lakes Fliet and Hicapochee, into lake Okeechobee; across the northern end of the lake, into the Kissimee river, up to Kissimee lake, then up Tiger creek into Tiger lake, whence we walked thirty-five miles home, making in the round, 700 miles, in six weeks. Once we were over seven days without seeing a soul outside our own party. One of our lady members claims the honor of being the first white woman that ever crossed Okeechobee in a small boat. In all these travels, we have never been disturbed by man or beast, and have always been treated kindly. The Okeechobee trip was made at an expense of twelve dollars for three of us. The trip down the Mississippi cost about one dollar per day for the six. This, of course, does not include cost of boats, tents, and equipage. We found it a pleasant method of travel, and many of the A. A. might enjoy something similar. My wife and two daughters made the trip, so it is within the range of young lady members, if they have a taste for such travels.—Irving Keck, Sec. "567."

568, *Meadville, Pa.* We number now only four, the others having left college; but what we lack in number is made up in zeal We study nature with a great deal more care than when we first formed a Chapter, and have spent some of our most enjoyable hours in rambling though the woods.

We send greeting to the Chapters, and say, "Long live the A. A., as one of the best schools in which any one can learn."—F. L. Armstrong, Sec.

574, *Indianapolis, Ind.* The future looks bright. We are all interested, and, although very lately reorganized, we hope to grow rapidly.— Tom Moore, Sec.

Concerning "Puff-balls."

All our botanical friends will be interested in the following paper on the curious fungi commonly called "puff-balls"; but I must emphasize the words of caution given by Professor Trelease and warn you not to eat any puff-balls whatever, until you have been taught to distinguish the good from the poisonous, by a competent botanist, with the actual specimens in his hand. So long as you have the slightest doubt, remember the old test—"Eat one,—then if you live, it was an edible mushroom; if you die, it was a poisonous fungus!" Here is what Professor Trelease says:

I have been asked several times by the boys of the Agassiz Association to go with them on little collecting excursions, and I have always found them much interested in toadstools, and other fungi. From what I have seen on these and similar excursions, I have been led to think that if given a little idea about some of these plants a good many people would be glad to observe them more closely.

One group of fungi in particular—the puff-balls—has a great deal of interest for me. It is a very difficult group to study, and if the sharp-eyed boys of the Agassiz Chapters all over the country will be on the lookout for puff-balls this summer and fall, they can be of assistance in some work that there is much need of doing with these plants.

Every boy who lives in the country must have seen the giant puff-ball (*Lycoperdon bovista*) that grows in pastures, looking like a great white egg, sometimes nearly two feet high, set up on its small end. It is not easy to see where these curious growths come from, for they sometimes appear as large as one's fist, or larger, in the morning, in places where there was nothing of the sort the night before. Then they often grow for several days, and finally turn brown and break up into a dusty mass that at last blows away like smoke, leaving nothing but a dried, torn remnant behind.

When one of these large puff-balls is seen, scrape the dirt away carefully about it, and the secret of its appearance will be discovered; for a mass of fine white threads spread away from it in every direction. This spawn takes the place of the roots of a tree, absorbing food from the decaying leaf mold, or whatever there may be of the same nature in the ground. All of its food is obtained in this way; so that the delicate spawn-threads may spend a long time in feeding and storing up food before they give any evidence of their existence. But at last a puff-ball begins to grow; at first, very small, then larger, but never very large, until a rain may give it the opportunity to break through the sod, and then, swelling up rather than growing, it suddenly makes its appearance.

While they are young, firm, and pure white, when cut open, these large puff-balls are very good eating, sliced, seasoned well, and fried in butter, and especially if dipped in egg and cracker crumbs. But I must caution my readers to leave other fungi alone, even if they *think* the specimens they find are mushrooms, *for some of the fungi that look a good deal like mushrooms are extremely poisonous.* Even a puff-ball soon loses its value for food, and should never be eaten after it becomes the least discolored, or offensive in smell. When this change occurs, it seems as if the plant was rapidly going to decay; but this is not the case,—it is simply ripening. For a puff-ball is nothing more nor less than the fruit of the underground mycelium, or spawn; and the dusty mass that it dries into is composed of myriads of spores, which take the place of the seeds of flowering plants. How many puff-balls there would be if every one of these microscopic spores developed! In a puff-ball sixteen inches in diameter, if they occupy only one-third of the space, there are no less than 300,000,000,000,000,000 spores,—an inconceivable number. I do not know why it is, but these spores do not germinate readily, and very few of them produce other plants. Perhaps it is quite as well, as, if they all grew, there would be room for no other kind of vegetation.

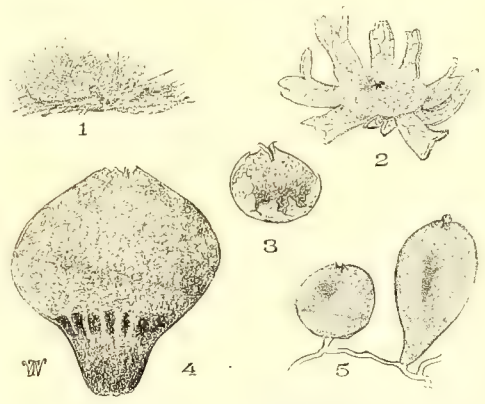
Another very good edible puff-ball is the little lead-colored species (*Bovista plumbea*), about as large as a marble, that is very common in hilly pastures. When it is young and white, it is even more delicious than the large species. With these I think I should let my bill-of-fare rest.

A few other common puff-balls are the exquisite earth-stars (*Geaster*), that are commonest in sandy places and under evergreens; the studded puff-ball (*Lycoperdon gemmatum*), very abundant on the ground in woods; the fleecy white puff-ball (*L. Wrightii*) that grows along paths in meadows; and the pear-shaped puff-ball (*L. pyriforme*), found everywhere on old logs, in tufts that are united by firm white cords.

These plants will make an interesting addition to the cabinet of a Chapter that will take the trouble to look for them and preserve them properly. They ought to be gathered in two states,—just before they open to discharge their spores, and when perfectly ripe. They must not be handled so as to rub off the mealy or warty covering that some have, and should be carefully taken home in a basket and laid in a good warm place to dry. Some of the larger species soften and become so offensive when first beginning to ripen that they may appear to be spoiled; but if put in an out-of-the-way place, where they will annoy nobody, they usually come out all right. When fully dry they should be laid in pasteboard trays or boxes, properly labeled, and put into the cabinet.

I shall be very glad to name puff-balls for members of the Agassiz Association as far as I can. Specimens sent for identification must be dried, carefully wrapped in tissue-paper, and packed with cotton or soft paper in a tin or wooden box, addressed to me as below. Each specimen sent should be marked with a number corresponding to that of the duplicate kept for the Chapter cabinet, so that my names may be given with reference to the numbers. If any specimens are to be returned, this should be indicated in the letter accompanying them, and the proper amount of return postage included.

William Trelease,
Shaw School of Botany, St. Louis, Mo.



1. FLEECY WHITE PUFF-BALL. 2. BEECH EARTH STAR. 3. LEAD-COLORED PUFF-BALL. 4. STUDDED PUFF-BALL. 5. PEAR-SHAPED PUFF-BALL.

Notes.

Frogs' Eggs. I think I can tell Mrs. N. B. Jones (see April number) what her "jelly-like mass" was. Last spring our boys brought home similar masses, some globular, some in strings. We put them in water in a sunny place. In less than a week we had tiny tadpoles swimming about. Unfortunately the curiosity concerning them was so great that they were continually lifted from the water, and after a few weeks all died. We thought the eggs must have been frogs' eggs, but we had two or three varieties. I hope to repeat the experiment, and continue it long enough to see exactly what animal will develop.—Mrs. J. C. Kinear, Sec. Ch. 598.

Mocking-bird. One or two subscribers have stated through "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," that the mocking-bird, (*mimus polyglottus*) is not guilty of poisoning its young; but I have positively seen it done. The birds will feed their young for a while and when they find that it is impossible to get at them through the wires of the cage, they bring a poisonous red berry, which the young eat. I can furnish the signatures of six or eight persons who have seen this with their own eyes.—P. L. Benedict, Sec. 331.

[*This establishes the fact that mocking-birds have brought berries believed to be poisonous, to their young. But it is unsafe, as I have before shown, to infer the bird's motives from its acts. We can not know that the bird changed the diet of its young "because it could not get at them," nor do we know that it knew the deadly nature of the berries. A jury could not convict of murder.*]

Devil-fish.—And Ostriches. Last summer we saw a devil-fish of the ray family, genus *Cephaloptera*. It had something like great wings on its sides. These were called pectorals. From tip to tip across these it was sixteen feet, four inches, and from head to junction of tail, eight feet six inches. Its tail was about two feet long, and not more than an inch in thickness. A flour-barrel was put in its mouth.

We had also, fortunately, an opportunity of seeing thirty-six live ostriches. They belonged to Dr. Sketcherly, who bought them in Port Natal, and was taking them to his ostrich farm in Los Angeles, California. We noticed that the males were all black, with white tail and wing-feathers, and pink bills; while the females were gray, with white tail and wings like the males, and black bills, which were triangular, with one end rounded off, and not duck-bill shaped, as I have read. Their legs resemble those of a horse, only they have two toes. Their eyes were large, dark, and mild. Two males were said to be very dangerous. A whole turnip was picked up and swallowed by one of them, and it was quite surprising to see it gradually turning from the front of his neck around to the back portion of it, and finally disappear suddenly into his back between the wings, where

the crow was said to be situated. Five natives were in attendance. Their features were regular, and their complexion dark brown; they had straight, black hair. One of them spoke English.— Mrs. E. E. Walden, Galveston, Texas.

Buttercups. I have noticed that buttercups often make a mistake and grow six petals, instead of five.— C.

[*Such variations are common. I have seen trilliums with four parts throughout; Houstonias, with five and six divisions; and Hepaticas completely double, like tiny roses.*]

Bees. A simple remedy for honey thieves. A gentleman who owns a bee farm discovered a large swarm of bees stealing honey from one of his smallest hives. The latter, because of their inferior numbers, were unable to protect their stores, and he tried various methods to aid them.

One day, at the suggestion of a friend, he laid a branch of asparagus before the entrance, completely concealing it from the eyes of the marauding bees, which flew wildly around, searching in vain for the opening, while the occupants of the hive, having made their exit through the asparagus, knew what lay behind it, and afterward stored their honey unmolested.—Agnes Lydon, Sec. Milwaukee Chapter E.

Minutes of a Good Meeting.

"Meeting called to order at 1.10 P. M. For the benefit of new members, an explanation of the organization of the Chapter (No. 331) was given, also of the origin of the A. A. The hand-book of the A. A. was then reviewed, each topic taken up and explained, portions of the constitution, by-laws, etc., being read. Next came the report of the secretary. Next, that of the treasurer. The question, 'Ought the English sparrow in this country to be considered an American bird?' was decided in the affirmative. Then came the election of new members. Three were elected. The revised copy of by-laws was then signed by all present. Secretary then read extracts from the A. A. columns of St. Nicholas, and explained about 'centuries.' He also read from the reports of other Chapters. A motion was then made that some one member bring in at each meeting an essay. Secretary then read annual report to be sent to Lenox. Approved. The next step was the paying of initiation fees by the new members. The treasurer was authorized to send to Lenox for a 'charter.' The questions in ornithology in December St. Nicholas, and the answers to same in March number, by Percy L. Benedict, Sec. 331, were read by the Vice-President. Next came a chemical experiment on the nature of flame,— the three cones, luminous, semi-luminous, non-luminous. A bent glass tube was thrust into the non-luminous cone and lighted at the other end,— a proof that the gas around the wick was not ignited."

Question for next meeting, "Which is the most useful animal?" Meeting adjourned at 2 50 P. M.— Percy L. Benedict, Secretary.

Kioto, Japan.

I was unfortunate enough, last March, to have all my letters, letter-book, hand-books, and other matter relating to the A. A. as secretary of Chapter 789, burn, together with everything else in my house, and the house itself. I have thus lost the addresses of some persons who had written to this Chapter. I mention this only to explain to those who might otherwise have occasion to think this Chapter negligent, the reason we can not answer them, unless they will have the kindness to write again.— C. M. Cady.

Every member of the A. A. will regret to hear of the misfortune that befell Mr. Cady in the burning of his house. Doubtless those members who had written to the Japan Chapter will now write again.

Exchanges.

Every collector is invited to send for my exchange list.—S. O. Pindar, Hickman, Ky.

I wish to correspond with all Chapters intending to raise silk-worms next year.— Chas. A. Jenkins, Sec. Ch. 447, Chittenango, N. Y.

Mr. L. L. Goodwin, Daisy, Tenn., will exchange fragments of ancient pottery, arrow-heads, stone axes, and tomahawks — genuine and scarce; write first. I specially desire a large star-fish, entire jaws of a shark, a large lobster, and jaws and teeth of sea-fishes.

Chapters, New and Reorganized.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
972	Anadarko, Ind. Ter. (A)	.....	Charley A. Reynolds.
234	New York, N. Y. (G)	4..	Miss Isabella Roelker, 237 W. 51st Street.
63	East Dennis, Mass. (A)	20..	Harry E. Sears.
535	Hallowell, Maine (A)	4..	Miss M. Lillian Hopkins.
40	Sauquoit, N. Y. (A)	12	Miss H. Josephine Campbell.
156	Peoria, Ill. (A)	5..	W. T. Van Buskirk, 111 Penn. Ave.
973	Ludington, Mich. (B)	13	Miss Emma Gaudette.
592	New York, N. Y. (P)	4..	Miss Cecilia A. Francis, 54 W. 58th Street
974	Richmond, Va. (C)	4	Miss Rebekah N. Woodbridge, 8 E. Franklin St.
193	Providence, R. I. (A)	5..	Harry I. Griffin, 110 Carpenter Street.
250	Houghton, Mich. (A)	..36..	Morton C. Getchell.
16	Kerr City, Florida (A)	.. 6.	Miss Emma Hammond.
165	Norwalk, Ct. (A)	.. 6..	Mr. A. Quintard.
705	Philadelphia, Pa. (Y)	—..	Miss Edith Earpe, 641 N. 43d Street.
723	Hopkinton, Mass. (A)	5..	Geo. W. Chandler.
841	Montclair, N. J. (B)	4	Mr. Wm. Hollins, Box 277

Dissolved.

458	Haverhill, Mass.	F. H. Chase.
620	Manlius, N. Y	Geo. C. Beebe.
900	San Francisco, Cal	H. H. Loy.

Notice.

Secretaries of Chapters 701–800 are requested to send in their reports as near *Sept. 20* as possible.

All are invited to join the Association.

Address all communications for this Department to

Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Lenox, Mass.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Contributors are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of St. Nicholas. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

Washington, D. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: This is the first letter I have ever written you. I like your stories very much; the best one of this year, I think, is "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Only I did not like to have the new Lord Fauntleroy coming in to take his place. I hope Mrs. Burnett will have the Earl buy the new Lord Fauntleroy out.

Your interested reader, Mary G—

Clifton, near Bristol, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: We are an English family with big and little members in it. Whenever St. Nicholas comes there is a great rush for it. We think it much better than any of our English magazines. We live near the Suspension Bridge, which is 254 feet above the river. Our horses eat sugar, apples, and salt out of our hands. One is called Howard, the other, Chester. We hardly ever get any ice here, and very little snow. We think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a real good story; it is very like English life. We enjoy the letters from the little American boys and girls very much. Please print this letter, as it comes a long way — from England. I am a big member writing for the rest of our family.

Always your faithful readers, The Sparke Family.

B: The story you name is founded on an actual tricycle journey by a group of friends.

"Cortlandt," Omaha.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have never seen any letters from Omaha, in your delightful pages, so I think I must write, and hope you will print this letter. My mother and I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the most beautiful story we have ever read, and we have persuaded my father to read it, and he enjoyed it as much as we. My mother thinks Cedric will die before the end, but I hope not. I do not go to school, but I take French lessons of such a jolly little American "Mademoiselle!" Would it not be fun for a certain number of boy and girl readers of St. Nicholas to send a list of five or ten of their favorite books and the authors' names to you, and be printed! I hope this letter is not too long to print.

Your loving friend, Menie C. W—

CHRIST-CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to get a letter from New Zealand, as I don't think you have had one from such a long way. We have had your magazine for two years, and we all like you very much and look forward to getting you from the booksellers every month; and I am afraid we sometimes squabble over it, as we are three children and we all want it at once. Margaret, my eldest sister, generally gets it first because she can cut it best. We have a nice pony, and we call him Joe, or Joseph, because he is a piebald and has a coat of many colors. The rabbits are so bad in New Zealand that we have to keep ferrets to kill them. Father has a station, or sheep-run, with 28,000 sheep, and we are afraid of the rabbits overrunning it and eating up the grass, so father says I must bring up all my young kittens to be turned out on the run to kill the rabbits. We went to England when I was four, and I liked it very much, and was so pleased to see Granny and the aunties; but, oh, dear, the voyage made me so sick! Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I hope you will find room to put this in your magazine some day. Good-bye.

Your devoted reader, ADINE ACTON A—

PARIS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, but I am in Europe now, with my mother. We were in London the other day, and I went to Madame Tussaud's wax-works. The figures are, perhaps, better than those of the "Eden Musée," but the likenesses are simply miserable, especially Washington's, which resembles "Bunthorne," in "Patience"; and Lincoln, who was a much taller man than the late General Grant, was represented as a much smaller one. Your very loving PAQUERELLE.

NEW YORK.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you, although I have taken you for thirteen years,—ever since you were published,—and have quite often thought of doing it. I am only a New York girl, and can not write you about lovely scenery and stirring events like the girls and boys who live at a distance, but can only say again and again how dearly I love you, and how eagerly I look for you every month.

I have enjoyed the series "From Bach to Wagner" *so* much, as I am very fond of music and take violin lessons. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" better than any story you have had in a long time,—but Mrs. Burnett is always delightful,—and it makes it so nice to have it illustrated by Mr. Birch, whose drawings I admire greatly. I hope you will not find this letter too long to print or consider me too old to be one of your admirers, as I am not yet seventeen. I do not belong to the A. A., much to my regret. I used to be a member of the "Town and Country Club," but had to give it up for want of time. Good-bye, dear ST. NICK, and believe me, Affectionately yours, AMETHYST.

PORTLAND, OR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for nearly three years, and think you are very nice. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and the "Brownies" are splendid. I like to read the Letter-Box. I am eight years old and have lived in Portland nearly five years; and I go to see my grandpa in the East sometimes. I have crossed the continent five times, and, my Mamma says, have spent about five weeks of my life in a sleeping-car.

Yours truly, LOUISE K. S

16 CARLTON ROAD, FITZHUGH, SOUTHAMPTON

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are very fond of you; we jump for joy when you come each month. We have taken you for two years in Buenos Ayres; now we are living in England, but in a little while we are going to Geneva; but wherever we are, we hope to see you. Our favorite stories are: "His One Fault," "Oh, Dear," "The Brownies," "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mother likes "Personally Conducted." This is the first letter we have written; we should like to see it printed.

Your little friends, BELLA, WILLIE, AND MIDGE.

LIVERPOOL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have a little sister and a baby brother. My little sister Enid thinks the "Brownies" going to the "surtus" is the best. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is very nice. We have a big mastiff dog named Zippo. He weighs one hundred and forty pounds. He came from England when he was eighteen months old. He was raised by an earl. Perhaps it was Little Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather. I hope you will print this in your Letter-Box.

Your constant reader, BESSIE C

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have neither of us ever written to you before, but now we want to tell you something. We were seated at our desks in school, when the door opened and the principal entered, followed by four great Indians. None but the interpreter could speak English. They were dressed in citizens' clothes, so were not so interesting as they might have been. The next day several of us sent our albums to them, and the interpreter wrote the names of each, and then he whose name was signed, made his own cross underneath. Three of their names are:

"Young Prophet."
"Stiff Wing."
"Young Bear."

Your devoted readers, ED. AND KITTIE.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My age is twelve years, and I am so fond of my mother; so I must tell you how much we are all pleased with "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and his "Dearest" mother.

My father is an Englishman, but we live in this country; we all love the Queen, and we have a very high regard for the President and this Government.

My father has been a great fisherman, and has fished in many waters in this country; one time he caught a large pickerel, and the boy that was rowing the boat had no shoes on, so when the large fish was drawn in the boat it had its mouth wide open, and it slid to the boy's foot and came near decapitating his big toe. Another time he hooked a large rock fish, and it pulled him in the river, out of the boat, and he came near drowning.

We all love the ST. NICHOLAS, for the many, many pretty stories you give us. Now, "Dearest" No. 2, I will say good-bye.

JAMES LARDNER H.

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am reading the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I like it very much. I do not like the grandpa very much; yet I think when the grandpa sees Lord Fauntleroy's mother he will like her, and have her come up and live with them.

From your friend, L. C. B.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I often thought I would like to send you some of my poetry, and will inclose a piece that I composed last September, while sailing my boat at Barnegat. I am eleven years old, and have been writing poetry and stories for several years. I would be so much pleased to see this letter and poem printed in ST. NICHOLAS, and if you do not like this poetry I could send you other pieces called "The Frisky Calf," "Blacksmith's Song," "Rivuletta," etc. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours truly, ELLEN N. L.

THE FATHOMLESS DEEP.

SHIPS have gone down, and bags of gold,
And copper and silver and riches untold
Lie on the bottom of the fathomless deep,
Where so many souls have gone to sleep.

Ships have gone down with lively crews,
And there is no one to tell the sad news
About how many souls unwillingly sleep
On the bottom of the fathomless deep.

Lobsters and crabs and fishes all,
From the big whale down to the minnow small,
And porpoises frolic and jump and leap
In the waters of the fathomless deep.

The waves break with a rush and roar
Upon the sands, as they did of yore;
And often and often people weep
For the souls that have died in the fathomless deep.

Sailors sail on the ocean green,
And will continue to do so, I ween;
For they wont take warning from the souls that sleep
On the bottom of the fathomless deep.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., Sept. 11, 1885.

"A JEWEL":—Your little story is very clever, as the work of a girl of your age, and we should gladly print it in the Letter-Box if there were space for it. But we are sorry to say that we can not possibly make room for the story in our already over-crowded columns.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy, living in Paris; I do not like it much here. I have been to the Louvre several times since I have been here, and the delightful "Stories of Art and Artists" have a double interest, for when I go to the Louvre I can look for the works of artists mentioned in those stories. I have seen the picture of Mme le Brun and her daughter there, and it is beautiful. I have seen also a good many of David's. I am eleven years old, and have two sisters and one brother, all younger than myself, and we all wait for you with impatience. I have taken you now for three years, and to part with you would be like parting with an old friend.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the nicest next to "Art and Artists," I think. I go to a school with over eleven hundred boys. I leave the house at ten minutes of eight, in the morning, and I do not get home until six at night.

I hope you will print this, as it is my first letter. Now, with much love to you and the Little School-ma'am, I remain,

Your constant reader, J. H. T.

IN the article in our last number, entitled "A Royal Fish," the author stated that in this country a salmon weighing fifty pounds was considered a very large one. But a correspondent now sends us the following item describing a salmon which weighed seventy-two pounds. No salmon of this weight, however, has ever been caught *with a rod* on the American side of the ocean. Here is the item:

"Crowds of well-dressed people, men and women, went to Fulton Market yesterday and looked at an enormous salmon which was on exhibition. Mr. Blackford, to whom it belonged, had put a row of big strawberries along its back and stuffed green moss into its capacious mouth. The fish came from the Dalles, a noted fishing place on the Columbia River, Oregon. It measured fifty-two inches from its nose to the tip of its tail, was twelve inches broad, and weighed seventy-two pounds. It was caught in a net."

BALATON FURED.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much and most of all Sophie Swett and Frank Stockton and Miss Alcott and Mary Mapes Dodge. I am a little English girl, and I live in Hungary. We are going away in the spring, and father has gone already.

Your loving reader, KATHLEEN YOUNG.

BALATON FURED, HUNGARY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I feel I must add a few lines to my little daughter's note, to tell you that, as she is suffering from spinal complaint, she is obliged always to lie on her back; so to her — cut off from so many of the pleasures of stronger children — you are doubly welcome. Indeed, we all are very partial to you; your magazine has the distinction of being the most shabby book on our book-shelves. In our home, as no doubt in hundreds of others, you are a household word. Kathleen begs you, if you have room, to print her letter. With every good wish, very truly yours, MARIA YOUNG.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have been taking you for several years. I like you better than any other magazine. I have a brother twenty-one months younger than I am, and we look very much alike, and wear the same kind of clothes. He said he had a dream the other night, which he thought was very funny. He dreamed we were playing near the State Department, and a man told him not to get on the grass or he would whip him. After a while he dreamed that I came along and got on the grass, when the man caught me and whipped me by mistake, thinking I was my brother.

He thought the dream was very funny, but I did not see the fun in it. Yours affectionately, CHARLES C.

WASIOJA, MINN.

DEAR OLD SAINT: Although my brothers and I have taken you for nearly ten years, this is the first letter I have written you.

I want to thank you for Mr. Stockton's valuable "Personally Conducted" series, and also for Mr. Scudder's "George Washington." Mr. Stockton's "Personally Conducted" makes me feel as if I had visited the places he describes.

I am, and always shall be, an interested reader. FRED. J. S.

GARDINER, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been your constant reader since I was a very little girl, and you are still my favorite magazine, although I read many others. Last summer I tried a string house, but not as you described, for it is impossible to make morning-glories grow under a tree, as they need a great deal of sun. My house was shaped like a tent, with sloping sides, and outside of the morning-glories I planted a border of nasturtiums, but although I began it early, planted the seeds very thick, and took the greatest pains with it, it did not succeed, and I don't think I shall try it again, as the season here is probably too short. But I should advise any one who intends making a string house not to make it under a tree, but on a frame in the open ground. I think it is a great pity you don't come more than once a month (and I am sure all the rest of your readers will agree with me), I am so much interested in Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I hope you will have another paper on "Historic Girls" soon. I have no pets, as a great many of your readers seem to have, except a very small aquarium, but have in place of them three collections, which I have collected almost entirely myself, and am much interested in. The first, and most interesting to me, is one of birds' eggs, the second, moths, insects, and butterflies, and, last but not least, a small collection of minerals. I hope you will find room to print this, but I suppose it is hard to choose among all the letters that must be sent to you.

Your constant reader, AMY R.

HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you a letter before, but when I was looking over the letters in the ST. NICHOLAS (for which I have lately become a subscriber) I did n't see any letter from Honolulu, so I thought I would write you one about the volcano in Hawaii, which you know is one of the Hawaiian Islands. Well, about three weeks ago we heard that the bottom of the volcano had fallen in. We were afraid that we would have some severe earthquakes or, perhaps, a tidal wave; some thought the Islands might all sink, but nothing of the kind has occurred. Mr. S——, a photographer, was the first to see it; he had been let down by ropes, and was standing on a ledge taking photographs of the crater. The volcano was unusually active. He took the photographs, and just as he was taking one he saw the whole thing caving in. First the bottom fell out and then the sides fell in, and down it all went, leaving nothing but a bottomless hole. No sooner was he hauled up than the ledge on which he had been standing fell in.

Yours truly, HENRY W.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for ten years. We stopped for one year, and we could not do without you, so we have commenced again. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a beautiful story. I have never seen a letter from this province before. I hope to see my letter in print. Your constant reader, BESSIE G. T.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy from the South, and have only gone to school a few months; but as my mamma says I must some day be a Governor, and my grandma expects me to be a President, I will commence with ST. NICHOLAS. I will be satisfied if I am ever as wise and good as was Mr. Paul Hayne, our poet, who died last summer.

He had a splendid horse named Dick. Often, when he would ride out in the woods to compose a poem, he would take me with him if I would promise not to speak a word, and I know it was harder for me not to speak than for him to write the poem. ALBERT A.

WE acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of pleasant letters from the young friends whose names here follow: Raynor Brothers, Eva Campbell, Emma C. Tate, Cara Sanford, Bessie Bradenbaugh, L. C., May, "Harry's Mother," Bessie L. Lake, Ernst C. Bernbaum, Mary P. F., John Kelso, Annie Howard, Fawn Evans, Willie C. Hardy, Millicent R., Alice D. Leigh, George B. Stratton, Frank M. Crispin, Alfred B. Cushing, Flossie, Emily Innes, Reno Blackstone, Mollie Orr, Lottie E. W., Violet A., Maudie Brown, Florence H., Kitty Russell, M. S. R., Emma T., Eloise L. Derby, A. J. S., Grace F. Schoff, Maude Jackson, Fanny H. Murdock, Rosa R. A. & Rudie E. B., Geneviève D., Ettie Coombs, Roy Strong, Bertha Parsons, Maud T., Olive S. Stewart, Pansy O'Donnell, "Katisha," Cora Hoyt, Elizabeth K. Stewart, First Ward School, Charlotte Dennison, Dollie M. Brooks, Bessie Roberts, Anna D. W., Charles P. Clark, M. E. R., Matty J., Florence A., Florence V. Thorpe, Roland Wilber, Gertie Doud, Nellie & Ninita, Josie M. Merghau, A. B. Baylis, Jr., Audley & Ronald, Ella H. W., W. le bas T., Emma Willcutt, Dot, Evan, & Brooks, S., Lucy Hathaway, Lucy P. K., Kathleen, T. C., Constant Reader, Geraldine, Maud Elaine Caldwell, E. Parks, Amy H. Silvester, Winnie Galloway, Henry J. Parsons, Tryphosa, Theodosia, Tryphena Van ——, E. C. N., Harry Armstrong, Charlie P. G., Beth M., Walter Bassett, W. L. Briscoe, Constance R., Nellie B. R., Emilie K., Wennie B. Dorrance, O. W. G., Dodey Smart, Mary & May, Duncan Kilborn, Annie Russell Anthony, and Minnie R.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CHARADE. Keepsake.

OCTAGON. 1. Dab. 2. Cecil. 3. Decolor. 4. Aconite. 5. Bilious. 6. Lotus. 7. Res.

GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Rate. 2. Aver. 3. Teas. 4. Erst. II. 1. Tore. 2 Omer. 3. Reps. 4. Erst. III. 1. Erst. 2. Rhea. 3. Seas 4. Task. IV 1. Task. 2. Area. 3. Seat. 4. Kate. V. 1. Task. 2. Anne. 3. Snap. 4. Kept.

INVERTED PYRAMIDS. I. Across: 1 Oratory. 2. Erode. 3 Toe. 4. L. II. Across: 1. Masonic. 2. Sabot. 3. Mow. 4. E.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTICS. Centrals, Socrates. Cross-words: 1. snowShoes. 2. dragOn-fly. 3. chiCken. 4. baRns. 5. bAt. 6. aTe. 7. reEls. 8. opoSsum.

EGYPTIAN PUZZLE. Centrals, Memnon. Cross-words: 1. M. 2. gEm. 3. caMel. 4. oraNges. 5. croeOdile. 6. AlexaNdrian.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, imperial; 2 to 4, lanneret; 3 to 4, lapidist; 1 to 3, immortal; 5 to 6, schooner; 6 to 8, rounding; 7 to 8, hovel-ing; 5 to 7, Shadrach; 1 to 5, Iris; 2 to 6, leer; 4 to 8, tang; 3 to 7. lash.

RIMLESS WHEELS. I. Andersen. From 1 to 9, Anne; 2 to 9, Nile; 3 to 9, dome; 4 to 9, Eric; 5 to 9, rise; 6 to 9, size; 7 to 9, edge; 8 to 9, nine. II. Farragut. From 1 to 9, face; 2 to 9, able; 3 to 9, ripe; 4 to 9, rare; 5 to 9, acre; 6 to 9, gape; 7 to 9, urge; 8 to 9, type.

DIAMOND. 1. H. 2. Jib. 3. Judea. 4. Hidalgo. 5. Belle. 6. Age. 7. O

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Herrick; finals, Shelley. Cross-words: 1. HardinesS. 2. EmbellisH. 3. RationalE. 4. RehearsaL. 5. IdenticaL. 6. CarmelitE. 7. KnowinglY.

BEHEADINGS. Salmagundi. 1. S-ear. 2. A-rid. 3. L-imp. 4. M-ope. 5. A-mid. 6. G-lad. 7. U-rim. 8. N-ail. 9. D-ram. 10. I-ago.

ZIGZAG. The Atlantic Cable Landed. Cross-words: 1. True. 2 sHow. 3. glEe. 4 galA. 5. saTe. 6. sLap. 7. Atom. 8. oNce. 9. laTe. 10. semI. 11 raCe. 12. aChe. 13. Arid. 14. aBle. 15. hiLl. 16. hirE. 17. haLe. 18. hAil. 19. Need. 20. iDea. 21. stEw. 22. benD.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Maud E. Palmer — Jo and I — Maggie T. Turrill — "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1" — Mamma and Fanny — "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 2" — Hazel — "San Anselmo Valley" — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — D. B. Shumway — M Margaret and E. Muriel Grundy — Carrie Seaver and Alice M. Young — F. W. Islip

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from M. L. Bosher, 1 — Marion Strong, 1 — Grace A. Zublin, 2 — E. V. Sudell, 1 — Prince and Prancer, 1 — Paul Reese, 13 — R. E. B., 1 — Jas. A. Bond, 2 — Nellie L. Howes, 6 — T and Coffee, 1 — Nanon and Ninon, 4 — H. R. H, 1 — Robert Nead, 3 — R. Earle Olwine, 1 — Helen W. Gardner, 1 — "Jack and Jill," 5 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — M. Clare H. Guion, 4 — Karl E. Sommer, 3 — "Silver-tongue," 1 — Alice Blackinton, 1 — C. F. Bishop, 3 — "Squid," 5 — "Dad," 1 — "The Reads," 3 — Florence Althaus, 8 — No name, Cleveland, 1 — No name, Oakdale, 12 — "May and 79," 7 — "Young Man," 6 — "Tiger," 2 — Laura and Irene, 7 — E. M. B. and A. G. B., 2 — Mamie R., 13 — Lucia C. Bradley, 11 — Nellie and Reggie, 11 — H. Lovejoy, 9 — "Jack Sprat," 5 — Kittie, Chessie, Avis, and Grace, 7 — Geo. T. Hughes, 2 — Smed, 12 — Helen Burnham, 2 — Patience, 1 — Arthur and Bertie Knox, 8 — We, Us, & Co., 4 — "Mohawk Valley," 10 — Pearl Colby and Nell Bates, 10 — Louise Joynes, 3 — Daisy Van Ingen, 1 — Elise Ripley, Ripley, 7 — Lucy M. Bradley, 11 — Fred T. Pierce, 4 — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes and "De Grassy," 10 — "Original Puzzle Club," 12 — Hattie Weil, 2 — Eleanor Peart, 4 — Ida and Edith M Swamwick 7 — "Two Cousins," 13 — Lewis Kilborn, 2 — Langham, 2 — Dash, 12 — Eugene Kell and Mamma, 1.

CONNECTED PYRAMIDS.

. .
. .
. . .
. . .

UPPER PYRAMID. Across: 1. In moping. 2. The cry of an animal. 3. Relish. 4. A horseman's cap. Downward: 1. In moping. 2. To depart. 3. A small sweet-cake. 4. Elapsed. 5. Preyed upon. 6. A conjunction. 7. In moping.

LOWER PYRAMID. Across: 1. In moping. 2. A period. 3. To pass through by filtering. 4. An old-fashioned Spanish ship. Downward: 1. In moping. 2. A musical syllable 3. A kind of fish. 4. Spoken. 5. A unit. 6. A call to excite attention. 7. In moping.

Centrals, reading downward (eight letters), a bucolic.

"MYRTLE GREEN."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in rise, but not in fall;
My second in entry, but not in hall;
My third is in give, but not in take;
My fourth is in pie, but not in cake;
My fifth is in gun, but not in toy;
My sixth is modest, but not in coy;
My whole is easily found, no doubt,—
'T is a thing the world would scarce "run" without.

LELAND STANFORD B.

BURIED QUADRUPEDS.

1. If you will give me the broken seal, Pa can replace it, I am sure. 2. It would certainly be a very good idea to do so, Ethel. 3. The little black cub is only waiting for a chance to bite you. 4. I will not give her mine. 5. He gave them each a moist piece of preserved ginger. 6. She did not encourage Nettie to pursue her musical studies. 7. The parlor is already dusted, and ready for our visitors. 8. How will a man, in his position, ever retrieve himself? 9. I was there when Lem urged his claim so persistently 10. Did you ask if Pa could stop at the big grocery. 11. Pa can stop, I am sure. 12. I set out this shallow pan daily, for the birds 13. At the sound of the familiar tap I ran to the window. 14. Did you call Jack a lazy lad?

PAUL R. PIERCE

DIAMOND.

1. In alpaca. 2. Chance. 3. Pleasantry. 4. A thin fabric 5. Studied with an abstracted gaze. 6. To clear 7 In alpaca.

"ŒDIPUS."

CONNECTED SQUARES.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. .
. .
. . . .

I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. A spring. 2 A nobleman. 3. Surface. 4. To contrive.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. A scheme. 2 A slender cord. 3. Small insects. 4. A snug abode.

III. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. To devise. 2 Erudition. 3. Artifices 4. A snug place

IV. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. A collection of boxes 2. A reverberation. 3. A pretense. 4 A small city.

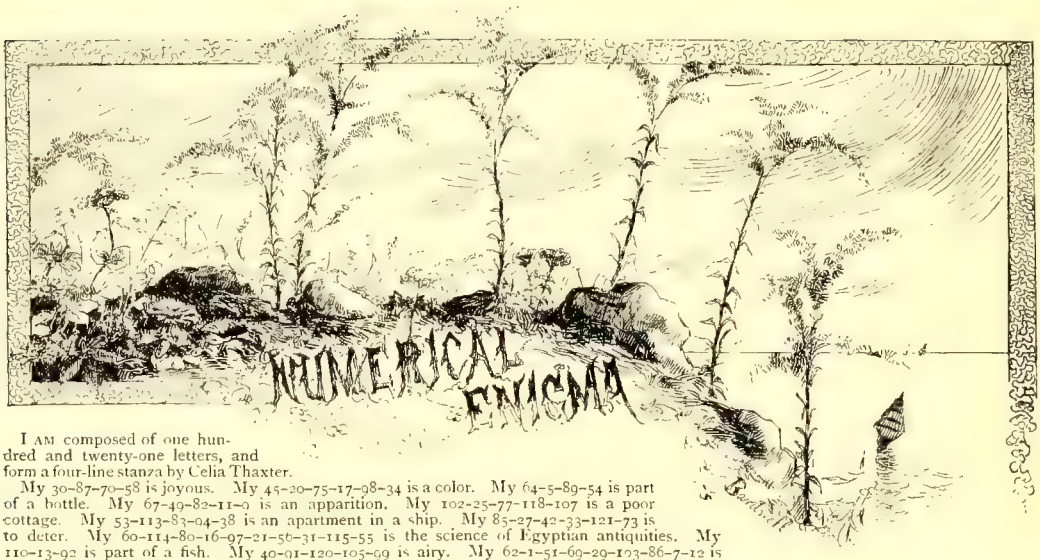
"SAM WELLER"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell what every one is wishing for, and my finals spell where it may come from.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A bivalve shell-fish. 2. A Russian feminine name. 3. To lend. 4. A prefix signifying half. 5. Destitution 6. A part sung by a female voice 7. A part of speech. 8. A girl's name.

"ŒDIPUS."

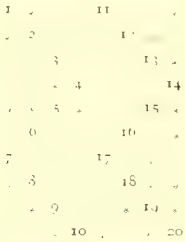


I AM composed of one hundred and twenty-one letters, and form a four-line stanza by Celia Thaxter.

My 30–87–70–58 is joyous. My 45–20–75–17–98–34 is a color. My 64–5–89–54 is part of a bottle. My 67–49–82–11–0 is an apparition. My 102–25–77–118–107 is a poor cottage. My 53–113–83–04–38 is an apartment in a ship. My 85–27–42–33–121–73 is to deter. My 60–114–80–16–97–21–56–31–115–55 is the science of Egyptian antiquities. My 110–13–92 is part of a fish. My 40–91–120–105–69 is airy. My 62–1–51–69–29–103–86–7–12 is extraordinary. My 23–32–57–3–47 is to gather. My 79–65–14–96–43–2 is to loiter. My 116–36–108–66–4–78 is to manifest. My 6–61–52–104 is to lash. My 74–101–59–112–72–119–50–88 is abased. My 26–76–24–109 is a fierce animal. My 68–81–63–28–117 is to halt. My 48–41–18–39–100 is strong. My 93–44–10–71 is to be incandescent. My 90–37–19–95 is to draw or paint. My 111–35–22–84 is secure My 106–8–46–15 is to impede.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A very small cake 2. Having the quality of imbibing. 3 Singular. 4 Those who have charge of money. 5. A free gift. 6. Cleanses. 7. Personal satires. 8. Destitute of pores. 9. To punish. 10. Primitive.

The zigzag from 1 to 10 spells the name given to a certain day in September; from 11 to 20, the name of a dish eaten in England on that day.

FRANK SNELLING.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

(1.) A kind of meat.
(2.) An odor sweet.
(3.) Struggled, strived, contended.
(4.) Last, but not least.
(5.) A Persian priest
And now my rhyme is ended.

"KATASHAW."

OCTAGON.

1. A jump. 2. Pertaining to the pope. 3. A lip having a fissure like that of a hare 4. To act. 5 Flattery. 6. A measure. 7 By means of

"ROYAL TARK."

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to acknowledge with gratitude, and leave a bunch of yarn. 2. Behead to frequent, and leave a relative. 3. Behead discloses, and leave enclosures. 4. Behead a fine rain, and leave land surrounded by water. 5. Behead askant, and leave oblique. 6. Behead a large wave or billow, and leave to incite. 7. Behead very dark, and leave attenuated 8 Behead to imbibe, and leave a place of amusement. 9. Behead fanciful, and leave to distribute. 10. Behead a subterraneous canal, and leave a pitcher. 11. Behead a mountain nymph, and leave to peruse. 12. Behead the present occasion, and leave formerly.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of an inventor.

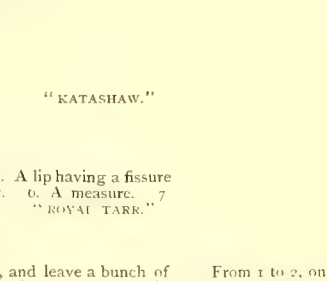
WILLIE AND CORT.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

You will find me in the *orchard*, where the pears and apples grow;
I 'm discovered in the *clauses* that the lawyers so well know;
I am found in every *present* that our loving friends bestow;
I am bound up in the *caskets* that will splendid jewels show;
I am seen within the *patient* who is sick of drugs and pills;
The *planter* carries me with him while riding o'er his hills;
'Mongst the letters of the *ledgers* I feel perfectly at home;
And from the *muffins*, sweet and fresh, I never wish to roam;
The *fairies* hold me in their arms as through the air they fly;
And every *scholar* claimeth me as he at work will ply;
I take part in all the *ballads* that are sung by young and old
I am portion of the *denizen* who roams the forests bold;
In *thickets* I 'm not absent, as you all must plainly see;
And my whole comes in September, filling farmers full of glee.

C. D.

TRIANGULAR PRISM.



From 1 to 2, one of an ancient race of people; from 1 to 3, a fragment; from 2 to 5, a small bird of the titmouse family; from 1 to 4, a form of instruction by means of questions and answers; from 3 to 6, a snout or trunk; from 4 to 5, to coin; from 4 to 6, a collective body; from 5 to 6, a structure of cross-barred work.

"ROSE MADDER."



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

FROM AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART. ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY W. B. CLOSSON.

(See page 912.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AUTUMN TO SPRING.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I WISH the stately golden-rod
  Might kiss the little wind-flower sweet,
That asters might to cowslips nod,
  And eyebright run in haste to greet
The violet from the April sod—
  So once the Fall and Spring might meet.

I wish my Little Self and I
  Might sometime cross each other's way.
My Little Self is wondrous shy;
  I can not meet her any day,
Howe'er I search, howe'er I pry
  About these meadows autumn-gay.

The runaway, the teasing elf!
  She flits where woodland blossoms drift;
She has a world of pretty pelf
  She gathered from the ripples swift;
Such joys she has, my Little Self
  Will not be lured by any gift.

She 's light as bird upon the wing,
  Her cheeks and eyes are all aglow.
To me what gladness she could bring!
  To her I should be strange, I know.
My Little Self holds fast the Spring,
  And Autumn will not let me go!

Yet still I wish the golden-rod
  Might kiss the little wind-flower sweet,
That asters might to cowslips nod,
  And eyebright run in haste to greet
The violet from the April sod.—
  But Fall and Spring can never meet!

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Chapter XIV.

It is astonishing how short a time it takes for very wonderful things to happen. It had taken only a few minutes, apparently, to change all the fortunes of the little boy dangling his red legs from the high stool in Mr. Hobbs's store, and to transform him from a small boy, living the simplest life in a quiet street, into an English nobleman, the heir to an earldom and magnificent wealth. It had taken only a few minutes, apparently, to change him from an English nobleman into a penniless little impostor, with no right to any of the splendors he had been enjoying. And, surprising as it may appear, it did not take nearly so long a time as one might have expected, to alter the face of everything again and to give back to him all that he had been in danger of losing.

It took the less time because, after all, the woman who had called herself Lady Fauntleroy was not nearly so clever as she was wicked; and when she had been closely pressed by Mr. Havisham's questions about her marriage and her boy, she had made one or two blunders which had caused suspicion to be awakened; and then she had lost her presence of mind and her temper, and in her excitement and anger had betrayed herself still further. All the mistakes she made were about her child. There seemed no doubt that she had been married to Bevis, Lord Fauntleroy, and had quarreled with him and had been paid to keep away from him; but Mr. Havisham found out that her story of the boy's being born in a certain part of London was false; and just when they all were in the midst of the commotion caused by this discovery, there came the letter from the young lawyer in New York, and Mr. Hobbs's letters also.

What an evening it was when those letters arrived, and when Mr. Havisham and the Earl sat and talked their plans over in the library!

"After my first three meetings with her," said Mr. Havisham, "I began to suspect her strongly. It appeared to me that the child was older than she said he was, and she made a slip in speaking of the date of his birth and then tried to patch the matter up. The story these letters bring fits in with several of my suspicions. Our best plan will be to cable at once for these two Tiptons,—say nothing about them to her,—and suddenly confront her with them when she is not expecting it. She is only a very clumsy plotter, after all. My opinion is that she will be frightened out of her wits, and will betray herself on the spot."

And that was what actually happened. She was told nothing, and Mr. Havisham kept her from suspecting anything by continuing to have interviews with her, in which he assured her he was investigating her statements; and she really began to feel so secure that her spirits rose immensely and she began to be as insolent as might have been expected.

But one fine morning, as she sat in her sitting-room at the inn called "The Dorincourt Arms," making some very fine plans for herself, Mr. Havisham was announced; and when he entered, he was followed by no less than three persons—one was a sharp-faced boy and one was a big young man and the third was the Earl of Dorincourt.

She sprang to her feet and actually uttered a cry of terror. It broke from her before she had time to check it. She had thought of these newcomers as being thousands of miles away, when she had ever thought of them at all, which she had scarcely done for years. She had never expected to see them again. It must be confessed that Dick grinned a little when he saw her.

"Hello, Minna!" he said.

The big young man — who was Ben — stood still a minute and looked at her.

"Do you know her?" Mr. Havisham asked, glancing from one to the other.

"Yes," said Ben. "I know her and she knows me." And he turned his back on her and went and stood looking out of the window, as if the sight of her was hateful to him, as indeed it was. Then the woman, seeing herself so baffled and exposed, lost all control over herself and flew into such a rage as Ben and Dick had often seen her in before. Dick grinned a trifle more as he watched her and heard the names she called them all and the violent threats she made, but Ben did not turn to look at her.

"I can swear to her in any court," he said to Mr. Havisham, "and I can bring a dozen others who will. Her father is a respectable sort of man, though he 's low down in the world. Her mother was just like herself. She 's dead, but he 's alive, and he 's honest enough to be ashamed of her. He 'll tell you who she is, and whether she married me or not."

Then he clenched his hand suddenly and turned on her.

"Where 's the child?" he demanded. "He 's going with me! He is done with you, and so am I!"

And just as he finished saying the words, the door leading into the bedroom opened a little, and the boy, probably attracted by the sound of the loud voices, looked in. He was not a handsome boy, but he had rather a nice face, and he was quite like Ben, his father, as any one could see, and there was the three-cornered scar on his chin.

Ben walked up to him and took his hand, and his own was trembling.

"Yes," he said, "I could swear to him too. Tom," he said to the little fellow, "I 'm your father; I 've come to take you away. Where 's your hat?"

The boy pointed to where it lay on a chair. It evidently rather pleased him to hear that he was going away. He had been so accustomed to queer experiences that it did not surprise him to be told by a stranger that he was his father. He objected so much to the woman who had come a few months before to the place where he had lived since his babyhood, and who had suddenly announced that she was his mother, that he was quite ready for a change. Ben took up the hat and marched to the door.

"If you want me again," he said to Mr. Havisham, "you know where to find me."

He walked out of the room, holding the child's hand and not looking at the woman once. She was fairly raving with fury, and the Earl was calmly gazing at her through his eyeglasses, which he had quietly placed upon his aristocratic, eagle nose.

"Come, come, my young woman," said Mr. Havisham. "This wont do at all. If you don't want to be locked up, you really must behave yourself."

And there was something so very business-like in his tones that, probably feeling that the safest thing she could do would be to get out of the way, she gave him one savage look and dashed past him into the next room and slammed the door.

"We shall have no more trouble with her," said Mr. Havisham.

And he was right; for that very night she left the Dorincourt Arms and took the train to London, and was seen no more.

* * * *

When the Earl left the room after the interview, he went at once to his carriage.

"To Court Lodge," he said to Thomas.

"To Court Lodge," said Thomas to the coachman as he mounted the box; "an' you may depend on it, things is taking a uniggspected turn."

When the carriage stopped at Court Lodge, Cedric was in the drawing-room with his mother.

The Earl came in without being announced. He looked an inch or so taller, and a great many years younger. His deep eyes flashed.

"Where," he said, "is Lord Fauntleroy?"

Mrs. Errol came forward, a flush rising to her cheek.

"Is it Lord Fauntleroy?" she asked. "Is it, indeed!"

The Earl put out his hand and grasped hers.

"Yes," he answered, "it is."

Then he put his other hand on Cedric's shoulder.

"Fauntleroy," he said in his unceremonious, authoritative way, "ask your mother when she will come to us at the Castle."

Fauntleroy flung his arms around his mother's neck.

"To live with us!" he cried. "To live with us always!"

The Earl looked at Mrs. Errol, and Mrs. Errol looked at the Earl. His lordship was entirely in earnest. He had made up his mind to waste no time in arranging this matter. He had begun to think it would suit him to make friends with his heir's mother.

"Are you quite sure you want me?" said Mrs. Errol, with her soft, pretty smile.

"Quite sure," he said bluntly. "We have always wanted you, but we were not exactly aware of it. We hope you will come."

Chapter XV.

Ben took his boy and went back to his cattle ranch in California, and he returned under very comfortable circumstances. Just before his going, Mr. Havisham had an interview with him in which the lawyer told him that the Earl of Dorincourt wished to do something for the boy who might have turned out to be Lord Fauntleroy, and so he had decided that it would be a good plan to invest in a cattle ranch of his own, and put Ben in charge of it on terms which would make it pay him very well, and which would lay a foundation for his son's future. And so when Ben went away, he went as the prospective master of a ranch which would be almost as good as his own, and might easily become his own in time, as indeed it did in the course of a few years; and Tom, the boy, grew up on it into a fine young man and was devotedly fond of his father; and they were so successful and happy that Ben used to say that Tom made up to him for all the troubles he had ever had.

But Dick and Mr. Hobbs — who had actually come over with the others to see that things were properly looked after — did not return for some time. It had been decided at the outset that the Earl would provide for Dick, and would see that he received a solid education; and Mr. Hobbs had decided that as he himself had left a reliable substitute in charge of his store, he could afford to wait to see the festivities which were to celebrate Lord Fauntleroy's eighth birthday. All the tenantry were invited, and there were to be feasting and dancing and games in the park, and bonfires and fireworks in the evening.

"Just like the Fourth of July!" said Lord Fauntleroy. "It seems a pity my birthday was n't on the Fourth, does n't it? For then we could keep them both together."

It must be confessed that at first the Earl and Mr. Hobbs were not as intimate as it might have been hoped they would become, in the interests of the British aristocracy. The fact was that the Earl had known very few grocery-men, and Mr. Hobbs had not had many very close acquaintances who were earls; and so in their rare interviews conversation did not flourish. It must also be owned that Mr. Hobbs had been rather overwhelmed by the splendors Fauntleroy felt it his duty to show him.



"'ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU WANT ME?' SAID MRS. ERROL."

The entrance gate and the stone lions and the avenue impressed Mr. Hobbs somewhat at the beginning, and when he saw the Castle, and the flower-gardens, and the hot-houses, and the terraces, and the peacocks, and the dungeon, and the armor, and the great staircase, and the stables, and the liveried servants, he really was

quite bewildered. But it was the picture gallery which seemed to be the finishing stroke.

"Somethin' in the manner of a museum?" he said to Fauntleroy, when he was led into the great, beautiful room.

"N—no—!" said Fauntleroy, rather doubtfully. "I don't *think* it's a museum. My grandfather says these are my ancestors."

"Your aunt's sisters!" ejaculated Mr. Hobbs. "*All* of 'em? Your great-uncle, he *must* have had a family! Did he raise 'em all?"

And he sank into a seat and looked around him with quite an agitated countenance, until with the greatest difficulty Lord Fauntleroy managed to explain that the walls were not lined entirely with the portraits of the progeny of his great-uncle.

He found it necessary, in fact, to call in the assistance of Mrs. Mellon, who knew all about the pictures, and could tell who painted them and when, and who added romantic stories of the lords and ladies who were the originals. When Mr. Hobbs once understood, and had heard some of these stories, he was very much fascinated and liked the picture gallery almost better than anything else; and he would often walk over from the village where he staid at the Dorincourt Arms, and would spend half an hour or so wandering about the gallery, staring at the painted ladies and gentlemen who also stared at him, and shaking his head nearly all the time.

"And they was all earls!" he would say, "er pretty nigh it! An' *he's* goin' to be one of 'em, an' own it all!"

Privately he was not nearly so much disgusted with earls and their mode of life as he had expected to be, and it is to be doubted whether his strictly republican principles were not shaken a little by a closer acquaintance with castles and ancestors and all the rest of it. At any rate, one day he uttered a very remarkable and unexpected sentiment:

"I would n't have minded bein' one of 'em myself!" he said—which was really a great concession.

What a grand day it was when little Lord Fauntleroy's birthday arrived, and how his young lordship enjoyed it! How beautiful the park looked, filled with the thronging people dressed in their gayest and best, and with the flags flying from the tents and the top of the Castle! Nobody had staid away who could possibly come, because everybody was really glad that little Lord Fauntleroy was to be little Lord Fauntleroy still, and some day was to be the master of everything. Every one wanted to have a look at him, and at his pretty, kind mother, who had made so many friends. And positively every one liked the Earl rather better, and felt more amiably toward him because the little boy loved and trusted him so, and because, also, he had now made friends with and behaved respectfully to his heir's mother. It was said that he was even beginning to be fond of her, too, and that between his young lordship and his young lordship's mother, the Earl might be changed in time into quite a well-behaved old nobleman, and everybody might be happier and better off.

What scores and scores of people there were under the trees, and in the tents, and on the lawns! Farmers and farmers' wives in their Sunday suits and bonnets and shawls; girls and their sweethearts; children frolicking and chasing about; and old



"'MY GRANDFATHER SAYS THESE ARE MY ANCESTORS,' SAID FAUNTLEROY."

dames in red cloaks gossiping together. At the Castle, there were ladies and gentlemen who had come to see the fun, and to congratulate the Earl, and to meet Mrs. Errol. Lady Lorredaile and Sir Harry were there, and Sir Thomas Asshe and his daughters, and Mr. Havisham, of course, and

then beautiful Miss Vivian Herbert, with the loveliest white gown and lace parasol, and a circle of gentlemen to take care of her—though she evidently liked Fauntleroy better than all of them put together. And when he saw her and ran to her and put his arm around her neck, she put her arms around him, too, and kissed him as warmly as if he had been her own favorite little brother, and she said:

"Dear little Lord Fauntleroy! dear little boy! I am so glad! I am so glad!"

And afterward she walked about the grounds with him, and let him show her everything. And when he took her to where Mr. Hobbs and Dick were, and said to her, "This is my old, old friend Mr. Hobbs, Miss Herbert, and this is my other old friend Dick. I told them how pretty you were, and I told them they should see you if you came to my birthday,"—she shook hands with them both, and stood and talked to them in her prettiest way, asking them about America and their voyage and their life since they had been in England; while Fauntleroy stood by, looking up at her with adoring eyes, and his cheeks quite flushed with delight because he saw that Mr. Hobbs and Dick liked her so much.

"Well," said Dick solemnly, afterward, "she 's the daisiest gal I ever saw! She 's — well, she 's just a daisy, that 's what she is, 'n no mistake!"

Everybody looked after her as she passed, and every one looked after little Lord Fauntleroy. And the sun shone and the flags fluttered and the games were played and the dances danced, and as the gayeties went on and the joyous afternoon passed, his little lordship was simply radiantly happy.

The whole world seemed beautiful to him.

There was some one else who was happy, too,—an old man, who, though he had been rich and noble all his life, had not often been very honestly happy. Perhaps, indeed, I shall tell you that I think it was because he was rather better than he had been that he was rather happier. He had not, indeed, suddenly become as good as Fauntleroy thought him; but, at least, he had begun to love something, and he had several times found a sort of pleasure in doing the kind things which the innocent, kind little heart of a child had suggested,— and that was a beginning. And every day he had been more pleased with his son's wife. It was true, as the people said, that he was beginning to like her too. He liked to hear her sweet voice and to see her sweet face; and as he sat in his armchair, he used to watch her and listen as she talked to her boy; and he heard loving, gentle words which were new to him, and he began to see why the little fellow who had lived in a New York side street and known grocery-men and made friends with boot-blacks, was still so well-bred and manly a little fellow that he made no one ashamed of him, even when fortune changed him into the heir to an English earldom, living in an English castle.

It was really a very simple thing, after all,—it was only that he had lived near a kind and gentle heart, and had been taught to think kind thoughts always and to care for others. It is a very little thing, perhaps, but it is the best thing of all. He knew nothing of earls and castles; he was quite ignorant of all grand and splendid things; but he was always lovable because he was simple and loving. To be so is like being born a king.

As the old Earl of Dorincourt looked at him that day, moving about the park among the people, talking to those he knew and making his ready little bow when any one greeted him, entertaining his friends Dick and Mr. Hobbs, or standing near his mother or Miss Herbert listening to their conversation, the old nobleman was very well satisfied with him. And he had never been better satisfied than he was when they went down to the biggest tent, where the more important tenants of the Dorincourt estate were sitting down to the grand collation of the day.

They were drinking toasts; and, after they had drunk the health of the Earl, with much more enthusiasm than his name had ever been greeted with before, they proposed the health of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." And if there had ever been any doubt at all as to whether his lordship was popular or not, it would have been settled that instant. Such a clamor of voices, and such a rattle of glasses and applause! They had begun to like him so much, those warm-hearted people, that they forgot to feel any restraint before the ladies and gentlemen from the castle, who had come to see them. They made quite a decent uproar, and one or two motherly women looked tenderly at the little fellow where he stood, with his mother on one side and the Earl on the other, and grew quite moist about the eyes, and said to one another:

"God bless him, the pretty little dear!"

Little Lord Fauntleroy was delighted. He stood and smiled, and made bows, and flushed rosy red with pleasure up to the roots of his bright hair.

"Is it because they like me, Dearest?" he said to his mother. "Is it, Dearest? I 'm so glad!"

And then the Earl put his hand on the child's shoulder and said to him:

"Fauntleroy, say to them that you thank them for their kindness."

Fauntleroy gave a glance up at him and then at his mother.

"Must I!" he asked just a trifle shyly, and she smiled, and so did Miss Herbert, and they both nodded. And so he made a little step forward, and everybody looked at him—such a beautiful, innocent little fellow he was, too, with his brave, trustful face!—and he spoke as loudly as he could, his childish voice ringing out quite clear and strong:

"I 'm ever so much obliged to you!" he said, "and—I hope you 'll enjoy my birthday—because I 've enjoyed it so much—and—I 'm very glad I 'm going to be an earl—I did n't think at first I should like it, but now I do—and I love this place so, and I think it is beautiful—and—and—and when I am an earl, I am going to try to be as good as my grandfather."



LORD FAUNTLEROY MAKES A SPEECH TO THE TENANTS

And amid the shouts and clamor of applause, he stepped back with a little sigh of relief, and put his hand into the Earl's and stood close to him, smiling and leaning against his side.

And that would be the very end of my story; but I must add one curious piece of information, which is that Mr. Hobbs became so fascinated with high life and was so reluctant to leave his

young friend that he actually sold his corner store in New York, and settled in the English village of Erlesboro, where he opened a shop which was patronized by the Castle and consequently was a great success. And though he and the Earl never became very intimate, if you will believe me, that man Hobbs became in time more aristocratic than his lordship himself, and he read the Court news every morning, and followed all the doings of the House of Lords! And about ten years after, when Dick, who had finished his education and was going to visit his brother in California, asked the good grocer if he did not wish to return to America, he shook his head seriously.

"Not to live there," he said. "Not to live there; I want to be near *him*, an' sort o' look after him. It 's a good enough country for them that 's young an' stirrin'—but there 's faults in it. There's not an auntsister among 'em—nor a earl!"

THE END.

OCTOBER.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

OCTOBER comes across the hill
Like some light ghost, she is so still,
  Though her sweet cheeks are rosy;
And through the floating thistle-down
Her trailing, brier-tangled gown
  Gleams like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble chime;
Lanterns flash out at milking time;
  The daisy 's lost her ruffles;
The wasps the honeyed pippins try;
A film is over the blue sky,
  A spell the river muffles.

The golden-rod fades in the sun;
The spider's gauzy veil is spun
  Athwart the drooping sedges;
The nuts drop softly from their burrs;
No bird-song the dim silence stirs,—
  A blight is on the hedges.

But filled with fair content is she,
As if no frost could ever be,
  To dim her brown eyes' luster;
And much she knows of fairy folk
That dance beneath the spreading oak
  With tinkling mirth and bluster.

She listens when the dusky eves
Step softly on the fallen leaves,
  As if for message cheering;
And it must be that she can hear,
Beyond November grim and drear,
  The feet of Christmas nearing.



SOME CURIOUS MARINERS.

By C. F. Holder.

One bright spring morning, two boys were walking out into the open country, near the little village of Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. Each lad carried under his arm a miniature cutter. It was the day of the great race between the Sea Mew and the Prince Albert, the reputations of which, as winning cruisers, had been earned in many a hard-fought battle on the pond then in sight. A number of boys were already at the shore, and their boats, beating up and down the lake, gave it a very animated appearance. As Ralph and Dick approached, bringing the champion cutters, all the competitors moved to the head of the lake, and soon the signal for the race was given. The Sea Mew and the Prince Albert got off first; then came the smaller boats; while following up the race, some in a skiff and some along shore, the boys shouted and cheered the imaginary skippers of the various crafts, who, it must be confessed, sailed them in a rather curious way. As the Prince Albert rounded the stake on the home-stretch, a queer personage came aboard. The boys were allowed to put their crafts about, and Ralph had waded out and was just about to stop his boat, when it came in collision with a floating mass of leaves that threw it up into the wind. From the wrecked leaves nimbly darted the only survivor, a large spider, so alarmed at the catastrophe that it reached the crosstrees of the Prince Albert before it even looked about it.

"The Prince has been boarded by a shipwrecked crew!" shouted Ralph, giving the mast a rap that sent the spider to the topmast-head.

"Let him stay," said Dick, picking up the leaves that now floated by. "You ran him down, and now you must take him ashore, or we 'll treat you as they did the man in America who was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart."

So the spider was taken back by the cutter to the starting-point, and it must have brought good luck to the cutter, for the Prince Albert came in ahead and won the "cup," as the boys called the old-fashioned blue soup-tureen, ornamented with figures of Neptune and dolphins. And within this receptacle the shipwrecked spider was carefully placed after the race was over.

"Here 's his craft!" said Dick. "Let 's put it in some water and see if he 'll take to it again."

So the "cup" was filled and the layer of leaves thrown in, when the spider, without a moment's hesitation, leaped into the water from the side of the tureen — or "cup" — and soon clambered upon the leaves, much to the amusement of the young yachtsmen, who had gathered around to see what it would do.

In this manner, Dick and Ralph carried the spider home to Dick's father, who told the boys, much to their astonishment, that it was a ship-building spider.

"Examine the leaves more closely," he said. "Don't you find that the bunch has not been accidentally caught together, but that the leaves have been drawn carefully one over another, and fastened together by silken cords, forming a perfect boat?"

The boys soon saw that this was indeed the fact, and, much interested, they started out next day, determined to become better acquainted with these



THE SPIDER AND HIS CRAFT.

nimble little boatmen. They were amply repaid for their trouble; for they had not gone far when Dick cried:

"Here is one, Ralph!" In a little bay, Dick had discovered a small bunch of leaves whirling around and around, and lying closely upon it a large and handsome spider that might easily have been the First Lord of the Admiralty of the Spider-Queen's navy. Around its brown body was a band, or sash, of rich orange color barred in a curious manner; while a double row of white spots upon the under side, Ralph said,

represented its rank. Its legs were a light red—and altogether its outward coloring made up a very fanciful and appropriate uniform.

But I grieve to say that the spider was really a pirate of the boldest and most cruel type. Finding that the circular motion was caused by the peculiar way in which the turned-up tip of a leaf caught the breeze, Ralph gave the craft a start, and away it went before the wind, the red-legged skipper lying low for plunder.

Near the head of the pond several members of the *Dolomedes fimbriatus* family (for this is their scientific name) were found, and the boys came upon one fellow in the very act of starting out on a voyage.

By lying upon the bank and keeping very still, the lads finally gained possession of many secrets of this cunning ship-builder. At first the spider seemed to be looking for something in the grass near the water's edge; finally he seized upon a dead leaf, which he dragged down a slight decline, where the boys now saw several other leaves collected. By deft movements of his long legs, the leaf was lifted and tucked in between the others — the builder lashing them together by silken cords which he spun, and fastened them by a simple pressure of his body against the leaf. This leaf being satisfactorily placed, another was brought, and the same process repeated, the creature running rapidly about, passing silken cords over the entire mass, and now and then raising himself up and down, as if testing the strength of his craft. The vessel gradually grew in size until it was an inch and a half thick and four inches across, when it seemed to satisfy its owner.

The spider now ran down to the water several times, returning every time thoroughly to inspect the vessel; finally, taking the craft in his strong mandibles, or jaws, he drew it several inches toward the water. Then, resting for a moment, he took it a second time by the side and drew it fairly to the water's edge. Once there, he took a last hold, the leafy ship glided clear of the shore, and the gay launcher, leaping aboard with surprising skill, sailed out into the stream.



THE SPIDER BUILDING HIS BOAT.

But the launch was not even yet a success. A spear of grass growing from the water became entangled in the silken cables, and stopped the fairy craft. The spider rushed at the obstruction, seized it in his mandibles, and, to the astonishment of the watchers, walked down it into the water. Soon he re-appeared and again scrambled aboard. But as he now seemed to be greatly agitated and disturbed, the boys here interfered, and cast off the raft for him, whereupon the skipper settled down as if completely satisfied. If they touched him with a blade of grass, he darted into the water and clung to the under side, coming out when

the danger was over. Soon an unfortunate fly alighted near the raft, when the pirate, instead of rowing his boat alongside, actually dashed into the water to secure his victim, swimming back to the raft to devour it at his leisure. The last the boys saw of the spider, he had jumped again at something that rippled the water; but he never returned. Possibly a self-satisfied young frog that soon hopped upon the bank could have explained the absence of the skipper of the now deserted craft.

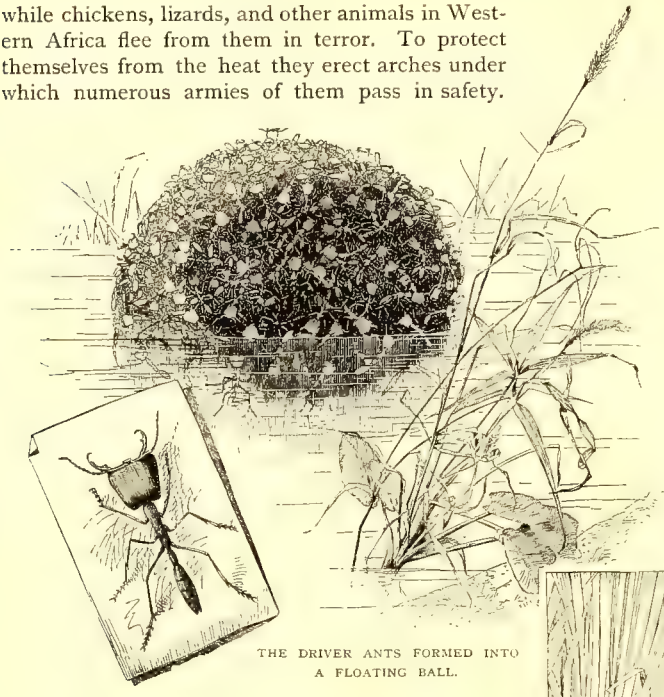
Thoroughly interested, the boys repeatedly watched the spiders, and studied their manners and their labors. They found also another spider, which, although it did not make a raft, had no fear of the water, and frequently went fishing; while Dick's father told them of still another that lived under water by carrying down bubbles of air with it. Its home, too, might be called a queer diving-bell, as may be seen from the illustration.

There are certain ants that show quite as much intelligence as the spider, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only, these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers," because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night,



THE SPIDER THAT LIVES UNDER WATER.

while chickens, lizards, and other animals in Western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat they erect arches under which numerous armies of them pass in safety.

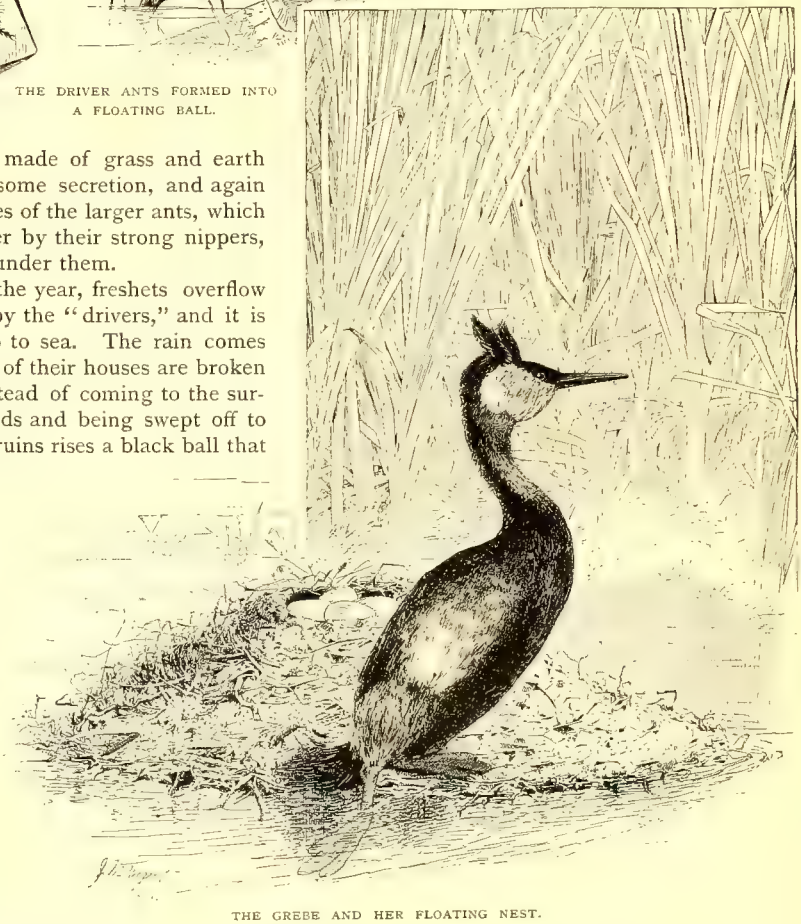


THE DRIVER ANTS FORMED INTO A FLOATING BALL.

Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

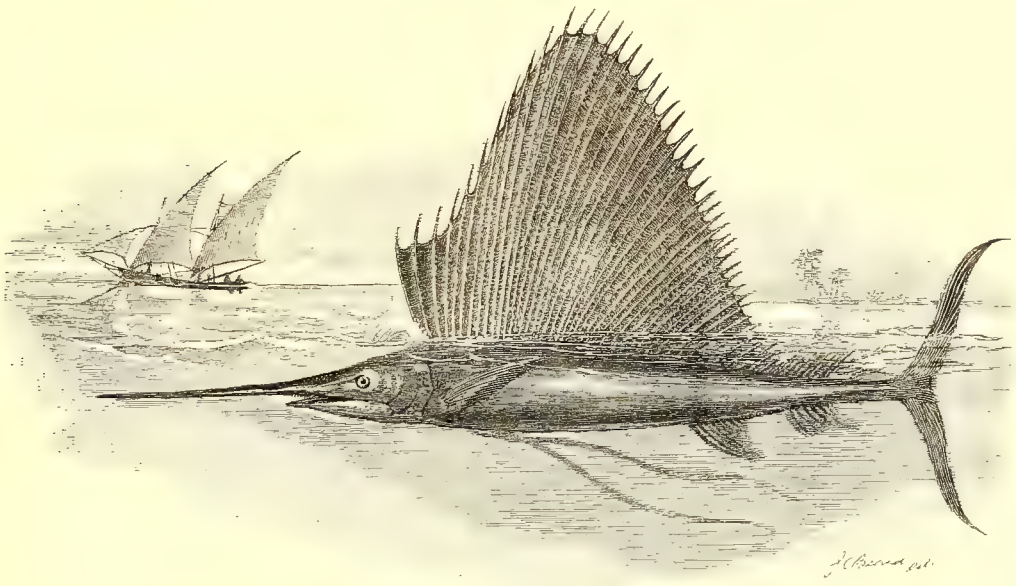
At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood, but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away. At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together, and form a solid ball of ants, the weaker in the center; often this ball is larger than a common base-ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound. And from this resting-place they escape by their curious bridges, a description of which was given in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1881.

One would scarcely look for ship-builders among birds, so many of which are boats in themselves, going either upon or under the water; but in the curious family of grebes, one branch of which produces the beautiful feathers so coveted by ladies, there is one kind that forms a nest which is a veritable ark. Instinctively these birds seek the low boggy marshes to build their nests. But there they are in continual danger from the high tides that often cover the marshes, or from the drift-wood which washes in, or from many other accidents. So the ingenious grebe, looking like a



THE GREBE AND HER FLOATING NEST.

clerk with feathery pens behind her ear, constructs a nest that will rise and fall with the tides, and can be moved from place to place. The boat is first built of rushes and grass; this is then packed with moss, and lined and relined until it is perfectly water-tight; and in this the eggs are laid. The home



THE SAILOR-FISH OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

either is anchored to tufts of grass, or drifts, perhaps, here and there, though always guided by the mother-skipper, as she stands by the helm in all kinds of weather. We have seen that the spider is completely at the mercy of the wind, but the grebe propels her boat along. If the young are half grown, they readily take to the water; but if they are just hatched, the mother, at the approach of danger, steps upon one side of the boat, and uses one of her webbed feet as an oar to paddle away from the enemy into one of the innumerable inlets or lanes in the marsh, where she is almost sure to escape.

In the warm waters of the Indian Ocean a strange mariner is found that has given rise to many curious tales among the natives of the coast thereabout. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons preceding the terrible hurricanes that course over those waters. Not a breath then disturbs the water, the sea rises and falls like a vast sheet of glass; suddenly the sail appears, glistening with rich purple and golden hues, and seemingly driven along by a mighty wind. On it comes, quivering and sparkling, as if bedecked with gems, but only to disappear as if by magic. Many travelers had heard with unbelief this strange tale; but one day the phantom craft actually appeared to the crew of an Indian steamer, and as it passed by under the stern of the vessel, the queer "sail" was seen to belong to a gigantic sword-fish, now known as the sailor-fish. The sail was really an enormously developed dorsal fin that was over ten feet high, and was richly colored with blue and iridescent tints; and as the fish swam along on or near the surface of the water, this great fin naturally waved to and fro, so that, from a distance, it could easily be mistaken for a curious sail.

Some of these fishes attain a length of over twenty feet, and have large, crescent-shaped tails and long, sword-like snouts, capable of doing great damage.

In the Mediterranean Sea, a sword-fish is found that also has a high fin, but it does not equal the great sword-fish of the Indian Ocean.

NAN'S REVOLT.

By Rose Lattimore Alling.

Chapter VI.

December came and went, and although the girls had agreed to postpone their accustomed giving of gifts to one another until spring, when they hoped to present trophies of the winter's warfare, the season was otherwise filled with the usual gayety.

Our heroines had not in the least relaxed their interest in the world in general because of their interest in their own worlds in particular, and had not "cut loose," as Nan at first had threatened. But, as their lives began to have more of purpose in them, their tastes changed somewhat, so that gradually the most "frothy" of their society friends drifted away unregretted, while new people, whom they had "found out," as Evelyn phrased it, one by one slipped into the vacant places.

So it was that with less frequent but more spirited contact with society, the winter months flew away, and when the first rays of June sunshine streamed through the glass roof into "Cathy's kingdom," the most joyous sight they fell upon was the happy face of the proud mistress, as she went about among the radiant blooms and verdure, cutting her choicest buds for Evelyn's luncheon, to be given that day in honor of Nan's return and the reunion of the "jolly four."

When the girls met in the Ferrises' dining-room, and surveyed Evelyn's beautiful table arrangements, they were more than usually jolly, and as that sweet young housekeeper had taken much pride in her festive board, she was deeply gratified by their exclamations of approval.

They pirouetted around and around it, admiring everything, beginning with the artistic lunch-cloth, embroidered by the same fingers which had laid a handful of Cathy's flowers across each napkin; and they would have proceeded to scrutinize each separate detail, had not Bert seized upon a card bearing her name, attached to a cunning basket, which, in its turn, was tied with a gorgeous bow to one of the chairs. This discovery stimulated research on the part of the others, and immediately each guest was "pouncing," as Bert said, on her own particular basket.

Nan was the first to investigate the contents. "Bonbons!" she shouted. "What richness! After luncheon, let 's toast these marsh-mallows on the ends of hat-pins over a lamp! — But who is the giver?"

Diving among the sweets for a clew, Cathy succeeded in finding a card which bore the inscription: "From the cook. Warranted pure."

"*You* did n't make 'em, Evelyn?" exclaimed Bert, popping a chocolate-cream into her mouth.

"Yes, I did," laughed Evelyn, "and it 's as *easy!* — But see here!" and she held aloft a tawny yellow vase, with a flight of butterflies, in all rich hues, encircling the top.

"Waiting for the flowers with which I hope soon to be able to fill them," Cathy said, as the girls looked radiantly at her work, and Bert hugged one of Pompeiian red, with dull blue butterflies, while Nan suggested the "divine" effect that scarlet nasturtiums would make with the yellow butterflies and the peacock-blue background of hers.

In the meanwhile, Bert, making further search under the fringe of the table-cloth, brought to view a fascinating cabinet. "With a place for a plaque, a place for a jug, and a place for my jar!" she shouted; while Cathy added, as she lovingly surveyed hers, "Yes, and a place for *secrets* behind the cunning little door!"

"Don't, girls!" protested Nan, as they heaped thanks upon her. "You need n't worry; they are not mahogany, nothing but pine, and a cheap carpenter made them, and I stained and polished them myself, so they cost hardly anything."

"Oh, now, Nan, if you *have* been to New York and do up your hair in a new way, you can't get me to believe that!" said Bert decidedly; while Evelyn asked sarcastically, "And did you also design them, Nannie?"

"Of course! What am I studying for, if I can't design a simple shelf?" cried her sister.

The girls opened their eyes wide, but Nan averted another avalanche of praise by producing the last article on her chair. She gave a deep sigh of satisfaction as she comprehended that Bert had bestowed upon her a set of photographs of the most famous pictures in the world; while Cathy sat down and gloated over her "Goethe Gallery," and Evelyn smiled into the faces of her favorite authors.

"I beg pardon, Bert," said Nan, "for the vulgarity of admiring the setting as much as the gem, — but, girls, will you just observe the magnificence of these Japanese leather portfolios?"

The girls observed with joy, and Evelyn said:

"Considering how smart we have already shown ourselves to be, I venture to inquire, dear Bert, if

you took the photographs yourself, or only tanned the leather?"

"Neither," laughed Bert; "I only *earned* them with my inky fingers, so they are the first real presents I ever gave! And now let us sit down and admire one another."

"You would be more sensible to admire my *bouillon*," suggested Evelyn, as she ordered in the cups containing the first course.

So the merriment went on, through all the changes of Evelyn's dainty banquet, while the girls compared notes on their various experiences.

"Low, very low; but my spirits are not, and what matters it therefore, so long as I 'm happy?" answered the confidential clerk. "No, money is n't everything, for I have a gain far better. I feel genuine; I respect Miss Me; and, best of all, I have found my father. So, Nannie dear, I thank you sincerely, for I never was so happy in my life. So much for my grand total, with a large deficit of *ennui*."

There was a general clicking of spoons in the after-dinner coffee-cups by way of applause, as Bert finished; and she at once demanded that Nan should next be heard.



"BERT SEIZED UPON A BASKET TIED TO ONE OF THE CHAIRS"

"Let us add up, subtract, and get our totals, both financially and spiritually," said Bert. "Who 'll begin? — Ah, what delicious chicken croquettes these are, Evelyn! — Come, Nan! You are responsible for the whole social and moral revolution, you know; so lead off with your account."

"Nonsense," replied that young woman; "if I had n't begun it, one of you would have fired our noble hearts, — for we should have died of inanition if we had lolled in the lap of luxury another week. So as you, Bert, scrambled down to the ground first, you should begin the reports. How is your exchequer?"

The young artist responded promptly:

"Well, we all are happy, I hope, — because, thank goodness, it is no longer the chief object of our lives to be so; — that is one of the valuable lessons I have learned as I sat, day after day, at table between fat Miss Lee and thin Miss Jennings. I have been dreadfully discouraged at times, but I used to have worse 'blues' when I was only trying to amuse myself. I have had a happy winter; and even if I never sell a design (I hope to sell at least one next year), I never shall regret the experiment I have made; for the feeling of self-reliance is better than a bag of gold to your friend Nan!"

"But how about the fun you were bent on having?" mildly inquired Cathy.

"Oh, I 've had a delightful time! Girls with a purpose are twice as interesting as those without; and as most of us were impecunious, we had numberless gay little three-cent larks. Ha, I can tell you there was no lack of fun!" and Nan laughed at certain merry remembrances. "But now, Cathy," she resumed, "I pine to know all about that famous greenhouse."

"Green-*houses*," replied the young florist, with dignity. "All flowers can't grow in the same temperature, my dear."

"Oh,—I want to know!" drawled Nan. "But are you dreadfully in debt? And do things really sprout?"

"Sprout!" exclaimed Evelyn. "You would think so, Nan, if you had seen the big basket of yellow pansies she sent to old Mrs. Burk on the anniversary of her wedding-day! But Cathy will never roll in wealth; she gives all her flowers away. She ought to hang out a sign with the words 'Flower Mission' on it." And Evelyn gave her friend a loving glance.

"Never mind," retorted Cathy, blushing a little. "Our crusade was not so much to earn money as for the right to be happy, each in her own way; and since I have repaid what Fred loaned me, I can give away my very own things if I wish to, especially as they are usually in the good company of jellies and other lovely delicacies from Evelyn's larder," she added. "But don't be disturbed, my dears, about my generosity; I shall charge you opulent creatures a good round dollar for every bud you get of me.—And now, Evelyn, it 's your turn; but your luncheon has been more eloquent than words ——"

"No, no!" broke in Nan, with sudden mournfulness; "Evelyn has been an egregious failure, so far as her family is concerned; she has struck for higher wages ——"

But a look from her sister warned Nan not to go further, while Cathy burst out:

"Oh, Evelyn, let *me* tell!"

"No," she said, with an odd expression of mingled pride and timidity on her face. "I will tell it myself; why should n't I? Besides, all but Bert know of it already, and I 'm sure she suspects."

"Are you *really?*" wildly demanded Bert, inconsequently except to the feminine mind.

"Yes, really!" answered Evelyn with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, while Nan groaned:

"Oh, Bert, woe is me! To think that I aided and abetted in this miserable business by encouraging Cathy to become independent, and so allowed her brother Fred to engage my sister for a wife!"

"You gave me a sister!" cried Cathy, as she tipped over her chair in an excited rush at Evelyn, whom she clasped in her arms, crying a little for joy, although her brother had partly prepared her for the glad news,—while Bert exclaimed heartily:

"You have my blessing, Evelyn dear!—And are there any more secrets to be divulged? Nan, you are in the designing business. Is there any decorative youth in view?"

"Not for me!" laughed Nan. "But, Bert, where has all your money gone? I expected you to ask me to accompany you and some delightful chaperon to Europe this summer, at your expense."

"Oh, I frittered my funds away!" she cried. "Come, come; let us toast the marsh-mallows. Light the droplight, Evelyn. Where are the hat-pins?"

"Now, Bert," said Evelyn, seriously, "I have found out your secret, and I 'm going to tell ——" But Bert had escaped and was flying upstairs, while Evelyn continued: "She has given a library to the working-girls' association, and all that the world knows is that it came from 'a girl who is thankful to have found out how much better work is than idleness.' That 's what Bert has done with her money!"

THE END.

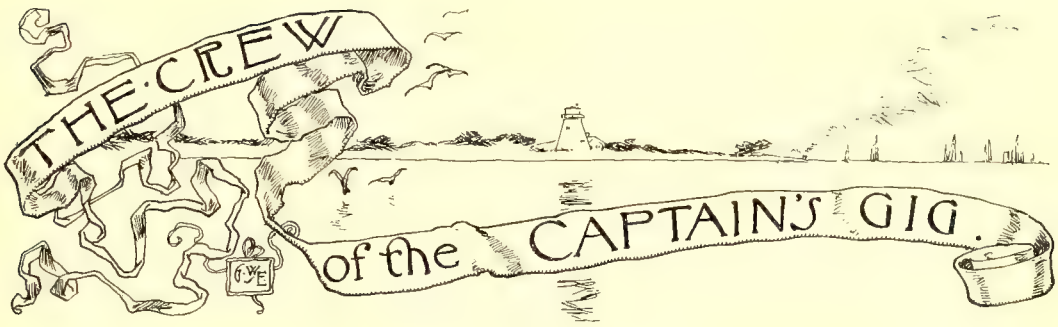
IN THE GARDEN.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

WE were working in the garden,
My little boy and I,
Both digging weeds,
And planting seeds
To blossom by and by.

"Here is some pop-corn, dear," I said,
"I 'll give you for your own;
To plant and hoe,
And watch it grow,
And have it when it 's grown."

He took the kernels eagerly,
His little hoe he dropped,
Then, out he burst:—
"Let's pop it first,
So it will come up popped!"



By Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

THE Fair Rosamond, sloop yacht, N. Y. Y. C., lay at anchor off the east shore of Cape Cod Bay, her polished brasswork and white hull glittering like gold and silver in the morning sunlight. No one was visible on board, forward or aft, until presently a youthful form showed itself above the cabin hatch, halting there a moment to survey the scene, and then stepping forth in full view upon the deck. This was Jasper. The noticeable things about Jasper were his homely, freckled face, his slim, ungainly figure, and his intensely solemn air. One would have thought, to look at him, that he was the most sober person in the world, whereas, in point of fact, he was never known to be serious two minutes at a time, and was forever making fun. He stood there for several moments, his hands in the pockets of his yachting jacket, yawning lazily and looking forward along the deck.

"Well," he at length observed, "this is a hilarious state of things, I must say! I wonder when those men are coming?" Suddenly he assumed an attitude of declamation, and, raising his head and throwing out his right hand by way of gesture, he exclaimed:

"'The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ——'"

These lines, not altogether inappropriate so far as they went, were interrupted here by some one coming up softly from behind and seizing the speaker by the collar. He quickly freed himself, however, and turning about, with hand still extended, finished his verse in good order:

"'When some one seized him by the neck.
He turned; 't was Captain Fred.'"

Captain Fred laughed.

"So here you are," said he, "come up like a whale to spout."

"A very good joke, my dear brother," replied Jasper. "I 'll tell you a better, though."

"What 's that?" asked Captain Fred.

"Your merry men have not appeared yet."

"What!" exclaimed the captain, scowling and looking forward.

Owing to a serious disagreement between the yacht's foremast hands, Captain Fred had summarily discharged them all, and sent his sailing-master to Provincetown to pick up a new crew. It was now the third day that he had been absent on this errand; and Captain Fred had counted upon his arrival, with the four sailor men, by an early train that morning. "This is dreadfully annoying!" he declared.

"'In vain the captain shouted ——'"

Jasper began quoting again.

Jasper had a talent for quotations, as the reader will presently perceive. But again he was cut off by an arrival on deck, this time that of three young ladies and a small boy. These were Captain Fred's pretty young wife, his niece Ethel, her intimate friend Kitty, and little Fred,—the last sometimes known as Frederick the Little, as distinguished from his uncle, Captain Frederick the Great. The girls looked wonderfully fresh and pretty, considering they had just made their toilet in a seven by nine state-room. Kitty was Ethel's school friend, and had only been with them a few days. She was a bright, vivacious young person, however, and had already made herself quite at home on board. It was she who spoke up now.

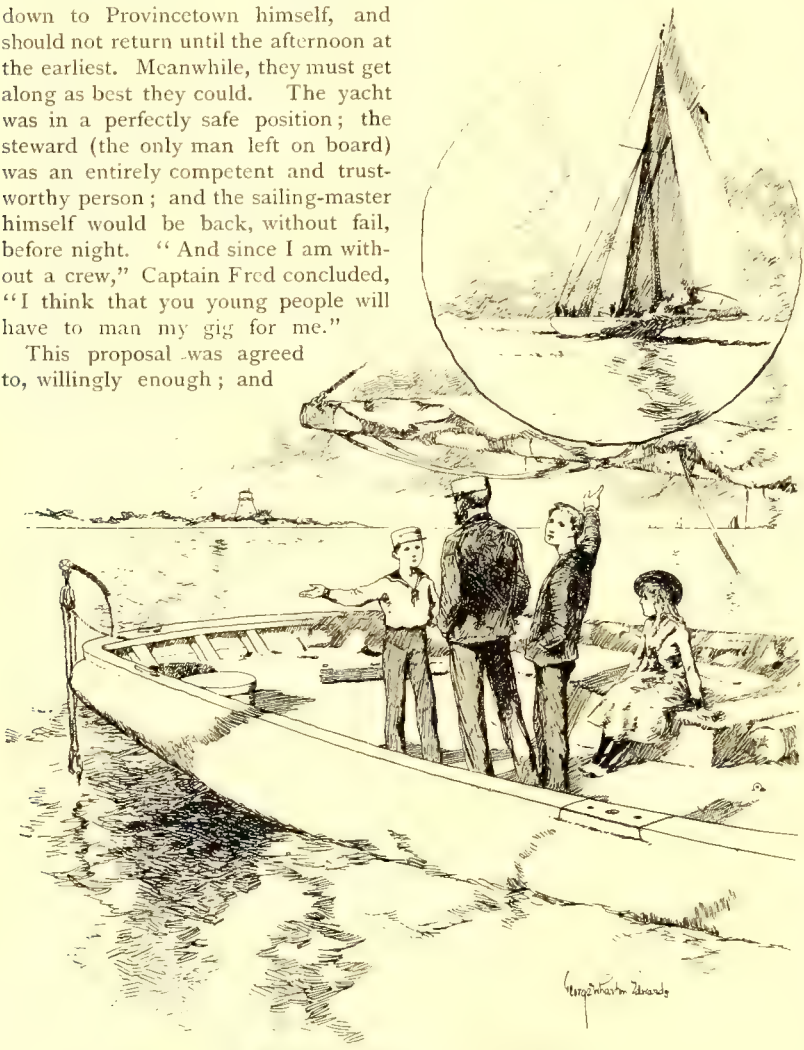
"What is the matter, Captain Fred?" cried she. "Are the tea-kettle halliards foul again, this morning?" This was in allusion to a joke of Jasper's, the first morning she had been on board.

"The matter is," said Captain Fred, looking as pleasant as he could, "that our crew has

not yet arrived; and we may have to lie here a day or two longer."

At breakfast, Captain Fred announced that he was going ashore. Something must be done at once about a crew. He should run down to Provincetown himself, and should not return until the afternoon at the earliest. Meanwhile, they must get along as best they could. The yacht was in a perfectly safe position; the steward (the only man left on board) was an entirely competent and trustworthy person; and the sailing-master himself would be back, without fail, before night. "And since I am without a crew," Captain Fred concluded, "I think that you young people will have to man my gig for me."

This proposal was agreed to, willingly enough; and a few minutes later, the gig being brought alongside, Jasper called "Giglers away!" and they all got in, Ethel and Kitty at the oars (they were accustomed to rowing together), Freddy in the bow, and Captain Fred and Jasper in the sternsheets. Mrs. Fred preferred to remain on board and read. They pulled directly inshore. The village and railroad station were some distance below, but much nearer by land than by water. "Goodbye, all!" said Captain Fred as he jumped ashore. "Take good care of yourselves. And, Jasper, do try to behave yourself for one day." Then he waved his "gripsack" and was gone.



ON BOARD THE YACHT, "FAIR ROSAMOND"

They rowed along, not caring to land,—for the shore everywhere had the genuine Cape aspect, barren and unattractive,—but finding it pleasure enough to float upon the bosom of the sparkling blue water, now drifting idly, now pulling themselves here and there as the fancy seized them. They chatted and laughed and shouted, growing even boisterous by and by, Freddy and the two girls getting into a regular romp at last in the forward part of the boat. Jasper (who was not strong) sat looking down upon this with an air of elderly indulgence. It was one of Jasper's delights to give himself patriarchal airs. Although just Ethel's age, sixteen, he was, like Captain Fred, uncle to both her and Freddy,—a relationship which had, by courtesy, been extended to Kitty during her stay with them, though that young lady had professed herself quite indifferent to the honor,—and he loved to talk of his "avuncular responsibilities."

"Ah, children," he now declared, "it does your poor old uncle good to see you enjoying yourselves in this way.

> "'I love to look on a scene like this,
> Of wild and careless play,
> And persuade myself that I am not old,
> And my locks are not yet gray.'"

"Jasper," asked Kitty, flushed with exercise and suddenly resting on her oar, "can you sing?"

"Sing!" Jasper looked at her as though he thought her crazy. "My dear niece, what can you be thinking of? I could no more sing than I could — raise a pair of side-whiskers." He gave his cheek a melancholy tap.

"Oh, yes, you can!" said Kitty. "You can sing *something*, — can't you? Some old song or other."

"Some old song?" Jasper shook his head. "No," said he,

> "'I can not sing the old songs';
> It is not that I deem them low,
> 'T is that I can't remember
> How they go."

"Pshaw!" cried Kitty, who evidently had some object in view. "I am sure you can sing something, — and you must. Don't you know 'Hail Columbia,' or 'Home, Sweet Home,' or 'Bonnie Doon'?"

"I know 'Old Grimes,'" said Jasper.

"'Old Grimes'? Well let me hear it."

So Jasper began to sing, to a tolerably correct air but in a voice which was far from musical, the song "Old Grimes is Dead." He grew somewhat in love with his own performance as he proceeded, and gave the "old gray coat" such a thorough "buttoning down before" in the chorus, that Kitty grew impatient.

"Why, to be sure!" she interrupted. "That air is the same as 'Auld Lang Syne,' and will do perfectly." Then she turned to Freddy: "Now, Freddy, what can you sing?"

"Oh, I say," protested Jasper, "you 're not going to make Freddy exhibit himself, too?

> "'Strike, if you will, this old gray head,'
> But spare a little boy like Fred."

Kitty inexorably repeated her question; and Freddy, showing no disposition to plead his tender years as an excuse, declared that he could sing "'Way down upon the Suwanee River," and he freely opened his mouth and delivered himself of a verse of the song indicated, in proof of his assertion.

"That will do capitally," pronounced Miss Kitty. "And, Ethel, you can take 'Ben Bolt,' say, and I will take 'Home, Sweet Home.' The simpler and more familiar the tunes the better. And now I 'll tell you what I wish you to do. It 's ever so much fun! We tried it one day, up at Lenox, and we got into a perfect gale over it. It 's just this: Whatever any one of us has to say, no matter what it is and without any exception, we must *sing* it instead of saying it, every one using the tune assigned him or her. Do you understand?

"It 's the eá-siest thing in the wuh-órld, when wuh-ónce you have tried-it"

She calmly illustrated her meaning to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

"Of course," she added, "it 's perfectly ridiculous. But that 's the fun of it, you know."

They all fell in with the scheme at once, though Jasper proposed to improve it a little.

"Would n't it be well," he suggested, "to prescribe some penalty or forfeit in case anybody forgets, and talks instead of singing? Suppose, for instance, we agree, each of us, to pay ten cents every time we break the rule, all money so obtained to be devoted to some charitable object."

"I consent to that," said Ethel, quite approving.

"And I, too!" cried Kitty. "It will make us all the more particular."

"Well, then, *I don't!*" shouted Freddy, rising up, very red in the face. "It 's all very well for you people who have allowances. But I 'm not as rich as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company myself."

"Well, youngster," said Jasper, "we 'll only charge you five cents when you break over."

To this Freddy assented.

"And, of course," Jasper continued, "we 'll have to make the agreement for a certain length of time — two hours, say. Will that do? Very well," — looking at his watch, — "it is distinctly understood then that from this moment — it is now half-past eleven — for two whole hours we shall *sing* everything we have to say, every one to the tune agreed on, and that we shall pay the sum of ten cents for every violation of this rule, — with the exception of Freddy, who is to pay five cents. — Each, upon honor, agrees to this solemn compact."

He looked about, and all gravely nodded assent.

"All right," said Jasper. Then, to the familiar strains of "Auld Acquaintance," without the slightest hesitation he sang these lines, giving his words the proper rhyme and rhythm almost unconsciously:

> "My gallant boys (or rather, girls),
> Take now your oars and row:
> For, if you don't, 't is very clear
> This boat will never go"

Four young people, full of frolic, found it easy to laugh at this, as well as at a number of similar outbursts on the part of the others, equally ridiculous if somewhat less elaborate. And the fun went on for some minutes. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that Miss Kitty's plan, promising as it had seemed, did not turn out quite so well as she had expected. Admirably adapted, as no doubt it was, to a picnic party, where all sorts of people would be constantly moved to say all sorts of things, it was found not to work at all well among four persons of about the same age, in an

open boat, where there was no especial necessity for saying anything. Somehow or other, after a little, the singing began to grow less funny, and presently everybody appeared to have discovered that it was easier to keep still than to express one's self, and so a grim silence fell upon the boat. Freddy played with the water alongside; the girls bent to their oars; and Jasper attended to his steering. And, bound as they were by their absurd agreement, it is to be feared that the crew of the gig would have had a dreary time of it for the next two hours, but for an idea that suddenly suggested itself to Jasper's fertile mind.

All at once the coxswain gave the helm a turn; and then the boat's keel was heard grating softly upon the sand. The others looked around in surprise. The boat was close inshore, and the next moment it brought up with a gentle bump against the bank. A short distance away a railroad crossing could be seen, and, just beyond it, a red house. Jasper rose to his feet, and sang:

"Now, what say you, my gallant crew,
To going with me ashore?
Methinks 't would be a goodly thing
To tread the land once more"

"I 'm ready, for one," cried Freddy, jumping ashore at once, painter in hand.

"Ahem!" uttered Jasper loudly.

And Master Frederick, looking up, found a finger warningly pointed in his direction, and realized that he had broken the rule. Jasper solemnly took out his note-book and made an entry. Next he leaped ashore himself and stood waiting to help the girls, who, after a moment's hesitation, also stepped ashore. Then, the boat being made fast to a convenient post, they all started leisurely up the bank.

They soon came to a road which led them directly across the railroad and toward the red house. This house was a small, one-story cottage, very humble, but with the thrifty Cape Cod look, having a bright garden in front and a neat walk, bordered with curious shells, running down to the gate. Jasper, catching sight of a well near the side door, was about to make an excuse for turning in, when Kitty forestalled him.

"Oh," sang she, her spirits already revived by the change from sea to shore, "Be it ever so humble, I must have some water."

They went in, therefore, and Jasper was about to let down the bucket, which worked by some modern arrangement, when a woman came running out with a glass.

"Here, here!" she cried shrilly. "We don't 'low strangers to meddle with that well! *I* 'll draw it for you, if you please." And she put Jasper one side, carefully letting down the bucket, and then breathlessly drawing it up. "You gave me quite a turn, I declare!" she observed as she handed Ethel the glass. "I thought you were that sewin'-machine man when I first heard ye. He said he sh'd come to-day."

She eyed them curiously. She was a spare, energetic-looking woman, with a pinched face and small bright eyes. She seemed rather puzzled when no one spoke, though the two girls and Freddy bowed their thanks profusely as they finished drinking. Her bewilderment may well have grown to wonder as she beheld Jasper, with one hand still extended after handing back the glass and the other laid dramatically upon his heart, open his mouth and begin to sing, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," familiar in Cape Cod homes as everywhere else in the world,

"'Thanks,' said the judge, 'a sweeter draught
A fairer hand ne'er *quaffed* —'"

The combined exigencies of the tune and the effort to adapt the quotation to it, left the singer, attitude and all, hanging, so to speak, at the end of a high note; and the effect was supremely ludicrous. Jasper's comrades could not restrain their laughter.

The woman regarded him for an instant with a look of amazement; but people on the Cape have a way of keeping their feelings to themselves, and she quickly recovered her self-possession.

"Humph!" said she, glancing keenly from Jasper to the rest. "Where do you folks come from, anyway?"

"We came," Jasper answered, still true to "Auld Acquaintance,"

"We came, in yonder noble ship,
From lands beyond the sea;
And we 've landed on this barren shore
To — to — see what we could see."

He broke a little on the last line and finished rather lamely.

"Humph!" the woman dryly repeated. "You 've come to a dangerous place, then. P'r'aps you may not be aware that 't was only right down here a bit that Cap'n Cook was killed."

Here Kitty, delighted to see her scheme displaying at last some of the qualities she had claimed for it, took it upon herself to answer, clasping her hands in horror at the announcement made:

"Alas, my good woman, how dreadful! And, pray,
What 's the name of this barbarous land, did you say?"

Her rhythm was not quite as smooth as Jasper's; but she was true to her air, and the rhyme at the end fairly surprised herself.

"Well," the woman answered seriously, "we gen'rally call it the Cape. Though they do say," she added, "that they 're tryin' hard to make an island of it, up to Sandwich." This was a reference, no doubt, to the famous Cape Cod Canal. Then, still looking her visitors over and trying to make them out, "Do they all sing their words," she inquired, "in the country you come from?"

Kitty was about to reply again; but at this instant a diversion occurred. Master Freddy, moved to exploration on his own account, had strayed away to the kitchen door, and, peeping within it, his eye had fallen upon a huge dish, full of freshly made crullers, resting upon the table. Utterly ravished by the sight, he had given vent to a prolonged "Oh!" and then, mindful of forfeits, but quite compelled to utter himself, he, too, began to sing, and the well worn notes of the "Suwanee River" rose rapturously to the breeze:

"Oh, how I wi—i—i—i—*ish*-I
Ha—ad a cruller!"

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman, looking around. "That reminds me. There 're my crullers all this time. I must run. Come in, wont ye? Come in an' try 'em."

Ethel being the only one inclined to hold back, and she being of a yielding nature, they all followed the woman indoors, and were ushered presently into a little sitting-room next the kitchen. It was a poorly furnished, but neat and pleasant apartment, with snow-white curtains, worn hair-cloth furniture, and a parlor organ, and with a sewing machine in one corner. Freddy came in after the rest, a huge ring of a cruller firmly grasped in one hand, and another of more elongated proportions thrust deeply down his throat. The woman followed immediately with the dish, and her cordially repeated invitation to "try 'em" was gladly accepted. Jasper possessed himself of a magnificent specimen, and loudly sang the praises of itself and donor, pleasing himself immensely by an ingenious combination of "try 'em" and "fry 'em." Ethel glanced at him reproachfully, feeling a pang of shame that he should persist in his joking in the face of this kindly hospitality. But Jasper was not to be stopped at such a time. Nor did Kitty seem disposed to be prudent. She was, as she herself might have expressed it, gradually working up to "concert pitch"; and she and Jasper, evidently, were having a much better time with their singing than they had while they were in the boat. Kitty also sought to celebrate in song the virtues of the crullers, even venturing upon a little parody wherein "sweet crullers" was substituted for "sweet home," and "crumble" for "humble," which, absolutely nonsensical as it may have been, caused Jasper to go off in fits of laughter and clap his hand upon his knee and cry "capital!" in utter violation of his vow. And then Freddy sang, too, and even Ethel sang; and they all got to laughing harder and harder, with that absurd, unreasonable laughter that laughs at almost anything, and that the more it laughs, the more it will laugh, until by and by it grows to be quite uncontrollable. All of which, the writer is aware, was exceedingly silly and ridiculous on the part of these young people whom he has introduced to the reader; but he begs the latter to remember that they were only boys and girls after all, and that they were really a little beside themselves that morning, and that, at any rate, no single one of them meant a particle of real harm by it. The only person who preserved her countenance was their hostess. That problem of a woman went in and out among them, never so much as smiling at anything that was said or done, watching them closely with her small, sharp eyes, always seeming to be "making them out," but letting no sign of any conclusion to which she might have come find its way into her face.

At length Ethel, thinking to quiet things, glanced toward the organ and asked respectfully (though to music, of course) if she might "try the instrument."

"Oh!" replied the woman, following Edith's glance, and with an odd, scared look coming into her face as she did so, "I *could n't* let ye touch that, Miss; indeed, I could n't. Why, 't aint mine, yet; an' I don't know now as 't ever will be." Then she interrupted herself with an air of deep chagrin. "Why, you mean the melodyun, don't ye? I thought all the while you meant the sewin'-machine. How stupid! Seem 's if I can't think o' anythin' lately but that sewing-machine. It 's nigh worritted my life out. You see, I bought it last winter of an agent, an' agreed to pay ten dollars a month for it till 't was paid for. But, somehow or ruther, Silas has n't earned anythin' to speak of, sence he came back from Georges Banks, an' things ha' gone hard; an' now the time is up, an' there 's twenty-seven dollars still due. I 've scraped up twenty, here and there, but I 'm lackin' seven, yet. The man 's comin' to-day to take the machine, an' I 've got to lose all I 've paid him. That was the bargain. But,"—she hesitated and her thin lip quivered,—"I vow it 's too bad! An' I don't believe the law would allow it."

At this instant, as it happened, a step and a heavy rap were heard at the outer door. The woman started.

"There he is now!" she exclaimed. "I know his knock 's well 's I do the minister's or the doctor's. 'Xcuse me a minute." And, with lips shut tight, she left the room. Then the occupants of the sitting-room heard a man's voice roughly explaining that he could not take the machine to-day, but that he should be along again to-morrow and should certainly take it then if the money was not ready. The woman seemed to have very little to say in reply; and presently, having dismissed her unwelcome caller, she came back into the sitting-room.

"About that melodyun, Miss," she resumed at once with an absent air; "you 'd be welcome to play on it, but Salome 's gone over to Hyannis for a visit, an' she accidentally took the key off with her in her rettycule. Salome 's my daughter," she added, with a touch of motherly pride. "She 's took lessons. If she was here, *she 'd* play for ye!"

What a mischievous spirit it was that prompted Kitty to break forth, in accents as tenderly regretful as any ever attained in the singing of "Sweet Home" itself! —

> "Salome! Salome!
> Would — that you — were home!"

She wondered herself, the next moment, what had possessed her, realizing that in thus turning the absent daughter's name to ridicule, she was doing a distinctly rude and unkind thing. She started up, sincerely meaning to apologize. But the woman had turned away, seeming not to have noticed it; and Kitty sank back in her chair again.

The woman had noticed, however, and there was a faint flush on her cheek and a resentful glitter in her eye as she stood at the table, pretending to look for something in her work-basket, and for several moments speaking not a word. Suddenly, with an air of decision, she turned and walked straight out to the kitchen, going to a back door that was there and opening it. Then they heard her calling somebody in her shrill, far-reaching voice:

"Silas! Si - las! *Si*las!"

Silas — whom all understood to be the woman's husband — must have been close at hand, for almost immediately a man's voice sounded without, and then the two were heard talking together in low tones inside the kitchen. The next moment they appeared at the sitting-room door.

The woman, when they entered the room, was preparing to throw a shawl about her shoulders. But nobody, at that moment, thought very much about her. Her visitors were too much struck by the appearance of the remarkable individual who attended her. He was a man of immense physical proportions, more than six feet high, and correspondingly broad. His short, stubby hair was of a dull red color, as were also the thick, wiry whiskers that covered his face. His skin, where it could be seen, was deeply burned. One of his eyes was closed and sightless. He was dressed in a big green baize jacket, oil trousers, and "fish boots." In his hand he carried a short, heavy clam hoe. Altogether he was a formidable-looking person. The two girls uttered a little cry of dismay when they saw him; Jasper himself looked troubled, and Freddy fixed upon him a look of fascinated horror. Freddy was thoroughly familiar with the story of Polyphemus (Jasper had told it to him many times), and his one thought now was that that awful monster stood before him.

"Silas," said the woman sharply, turning toward him as she pinned her shawl, "here 's some people. I don't know who they air, nor where they come from; but I do know that they 're stark, starin' crazy, every one of 'em. They can't do anythin' but sing an' laugh. I 'm afraid of 'em; an' I 'm goin' to run down to Squire Baker's an' have him send up a constable, an' have 'em taken care of. They ought to be put in the mad-house. I want you to stay here an' keep guard over 'em till I come back."

And with that, before Jasper and the rest had at all grasped the meaning of her words or comprehended her intention, she was gone.

The giant, who was left behind, reached over to draw to him a large rocking-chair that stood near by and sat down before the door, not saying a word. Freddy felt quite certain now that he was Polyphemus — Polyphemus, with his terrible single eye, sitting at the door of his cave and keeping guard over Ulysses and his band. As for the rest, they knew not what to do or say. What did it all mean? What strange people these they had come among,—the woman who took them for lunatics, and that grim creature at the door? Could the woman really have believed them crazy? She had said so. And her manner from the first, as they now recalled it, suspicious and uneasy, seemed to say so too. And, indeed, it was hardly to be wondered at, considering their absurd actions. What then would come of it? Would the constable, when he came, think they were crazy too?—and the magistrate? Cape Cod people, they had always heard, were queer people. The situation seemed really serious. They looked at each other soberly, not speaking yet, but all thinking some such thoughts as these.

But Jasper, as the man of the party, felt that it behooved him to do something at once. He got up from his chair and advanced, with as determined a bearing as he could assume, in the direction of their keeper. Ethel turned pale.

"Oh, Jasper!" she murmured. "What are you going to do? Please don't go near him."

"No," Kitty whispered, equally alarmed; "pray don't. Let us wait quietly till the constable comes. It will be all right then." No one of them thought any longer of maintaining their agreement as to singing, which, indeed, had been quite driven out of their minds.

"Pooh!" answered Jasper with lofty valor, "I 'm only going to request our monumental friend here to move one side a little so that we can pass out. It 's time we were going." Then, as the person alluded to paid no attention, he addressed him directly. "If you please, my friend, we 'd like to pass out."



"'I WANT YOU TO KEEP GUARD OVER 'EM TILL I COME BACK,' SAID THE WOMAN."

The other shook his head,—calmly and quietly enough. It was not anything the man did, nor indeed anything he said, when he came to speak, that was so terrible, after all; it was simply his forbidding face and his gigantic figure.

"I 'm very sorry," said he in a voice so deep and sepulchral one might well have fancied it was supplied to him somehow from the cellar below, "very sorry indeed. But the fact is ye can't be allowed to go,—not till Malviny comes back."

"Look here, now," observed Jasper, straightening up and trying to look terrible himself.

"Wall, I 'm lookin' here." The man calmly regarded him with his single eye.

"Do you know who we are?" Jasper continued.

The giant shook his head again. "Hev n't the slightest idee. Could n't no more say who ye air 'n I could say who 'll be keepin' Highland Light in the year nineteen hundred 'n eighty-six. Malviny says ye 're a passel o' crazytics, an' that 's all I want to know about ye. I never go behind what Malviny says. She 'll be back with the constable presently, an' they 'll settle your case. Meanwhile, here you 'll hev to stay till they come."

He leaned back in his chair and began rocking to and fro, resting his clam hoe across his knees.

"But see here," persisted Jasper; "that is all nonsense, you know, about our being crazy. We——"

"Hi! hi!" interrupted the giant, stopping his chair. "What's that ye say? Be keerful, young man. *Be* keerful!" He lifted his ponderous fore-finger and slowly waved it back and forth with an air of solemn warning. "Don't you ventur' fur to dare fur to assertify that anything Malviny says is nonsense! She allus knows what she's talkin' about. If she says you 're crazy, crazy you *be*,—an' ye can't help yourselves."

"But I say——" poor Jasper once again began.

"Now, be keerful, young man. *Be* keerful!" The awful finger again cleft the air.

"Oh!" cried Jasper, stamping his foot in impotent rage. "This is intolerable! You 've not a particle of right to keep us here. Move one side, I say, and let us pass."

He advanced a step and threateningly confronted his enemy.

But the latter remained perfectly unmoved, save that again he gravely shook his head.

"Not till Malviny comes," was his imperturbable answer. "Not till Malviny comes."

And Jasper, brave as any lad, but well aware in his heart that he would no more think of actually attacking that gigantic adversary than of throwing himself upon an advancing locomotive, yielded to the renewed entreaties of Ethel and Kitty, and sullenly returned to his seat.

Then for many minutes — just how many, no one knew — there was perfect silence in the house, — or silence the perfection of which was only marred by the ticking of the little Waterbury clock on the kitchen mantel. The prisoners sat there in a dazed, despairing sort of mood, their eyes most of the time bent upon the floor, content to wait without further motion the issue of events.

All at once, from the watcher's direction, there came a sound, loud, clear, sonorous, unmistakable — the sound of a human snore. They all looked up surprised, and a single glance at the mammoth form in the doorway assured them of the fact which the sound had intimated. Their keeper slept.

Jasper, with a swift gesture of caution to his comrades, sat and watched the sleeper for a moment, to be sure that it was so; then he rose to his feet. The time for action had undoubtedly arrived. He glanced about the room, marking its ways of egress. The windows were open, but not far enough, and it would not do to risk the noise of opening them farther. There were four doors in the room, besides that leading to the kitchen, all closed. Jasper passed three of these by as admitting without doubt to bedrooms or cupboards, and turned to the fourth. This opened, as he had expected, into a little front hall; and there, right at hand, was the outer door. Jasper's heart sank as he saw that the key was gone; but he tried the door, and lo! to his surprise, it was not locked at all. Here then was freedom at last, in their very grasp! "Come! Come!" he whispered, beckoning eagerly to his companions. And then, like a captain who must be last to quit the wreck, he stood holding open the door for the others to pass through.

Freddy came first, painfully tiptoeing his way, and scarcely able even now to remove his glance from the fearful being across the room. Then Kitty glided out and Ethel followed, and the three stood safely outside. Jasper lingered a moment, latch in hand, glancing back at the grim sentinel in the rocking-chair. The man still sat there, his head thrown back and his dreadful eye fast closed, wrapped apparently in profoundest slumber. Jasper felt all his old assurance coming back. He kissed his hand to the sleeper.

"Good-bye, my dear guardian, good-bye!" he cried, half aloud.

> "'My boat is on the shore, and my bark is on the sea;
> But before I go, once more I must say farewell to thee.'"

But what meant that movement on the part of the sleeper? Jasper stared. The huge frame was certainly shaking in its chair. Could it be that the man was laughing in his sleep? The lad did not stop to ponder the question, but closed the door behind him and hurried after the rest.

At the crossing, they came suddenly upon Mrs. Malviny. Jasper made her a bow.

"May I ask," he inquired, "if you saw Squire Baker?"

"Yes," answered she gloomily; "I saw him. He says it 's no use. Unless I pay the money, the man can take the machine. I can't — But sho! There I am again. You mean did I see him about the constable? Well, no; I did n't." She looked at them now with a humorous twinkle in her eye. "The fact is, that was one o' my jokes. You seemed to be havin' a good deal o' fun at my expense, up to the house, an' so I thought I 'd have a little at yours. I hope ye did n't have any trouble with Silas. He 's the best-natered man in the world, — would n't harm a toad-fish. If he would, I 'd set him after that sewin'-machine man! There 's Silas at the front gate now! What 's he laughin' at, I wonder? Well, good-day! If anybody in your country asks after us Cape folks, you tell 'em we aint all fools down here. We don't live on fish for nothin'."

"Well!" uttered Jasper, gazing after her a moment with an air of profound admiration, and then looking down at himself in equally deep disgust. "If we have n't been most beautifully and artistically circumvented *this* time, I should like to know the reason why! I feel as cheap as an eighty-cent dollar."

"We certainly have had a good fright!" declared Kitty.

"It seems to me," observed Ethel seriously, "that this ought to be a lesson to us not to turn everything and everybody to ridicule quite so freely in the future."

"Yes," cried Freddy. "And how about all that money you three will have to pay for talking all this while, instead of singing?"

"Sure enough!" said Kitty.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," suggested Ethel. "We will let ourselves off, once for all, for seven dollars; and we 'll make up that sum and send it to Mrs. Malviny to complete the twenty-seven dollars she owes her sewing-machine man."

"Done!" shouted Jasper with enthusiasm.

And done it was, that very night.

THE WEASEL AND THE ADDER.



Of all the sharp-toothed and vindictive little animals that prey upon their comrades and sometimes do service for man, none is sharper or more vindictive than the weasel — a bright-eyed little beast, with a coat of golden-brown fur and a clean white shirt-front. It somewhat resembles the rat, and also the squirrel; but it is, really, the deadly enemy of both.

And of all the hateful reptiles that crawl and coil and sting, there are few more venomous and hateful than is the little olive-brown snake known as the adder — a rattlesnake without rattles, and the untiring foe to mice and birds and moles, thus also occasionally proving of service to man.

Both the weasel, which belongs to the family known as the *mustelidæ*, or mouse-eaters, and the adder, which belongs to the *viperidæ*, or viper family, are, as you see, agreed upon one thing — a liking for mice for dinner. And they are just as heartily united upon another subject — their hatred of each other.

So when, as in the above picture, weasel and adder meet in the way, there is certain to be a duel to the death.

The weasel is a spry and fiery-tempered little animal; the adder is treacherous and equally hot-headed. And although, as the rule, the weasel is worsted in such encounters, sometimes the coils of the adder squirm and droop and stiffen as, with one quick snap, the sharp teeth of the weasel seize and break the mottled neck of the snake.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*In Historical Biography.*]

By Horace E. Scudder.

Chapter XXIV.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

It was on April 16, 1789, that Washington left Mount Vernon for New York, where Congress first met, and where he was to be inaugurated President. The country all along the route was eager to see him, and at every place through which he passed there were processions and triumphal arches and ringing of bells. Some of the signs of welcome were queer, and some were beautiful and touching. When he crossed the Schuylkill, there was a series of arches under which he was to ride; and when he came to the first one, a laurel wreath was let down upon his head. The people who arranged that exhibition must have been very anxious as to how it would turn out. At Trenton, where everybody remembered the famous battle he had fought, the women had put up a great triumphal arch resting upon thirteen columns, with a great dome crowned by a sunflower; then, as he rode through, he came upon a company of women and girls who came toward him, strewing flowers and singing. When he reached New York, guns were fired; and a vast crowd of people, headed by the Governor, was waiting to receive him.

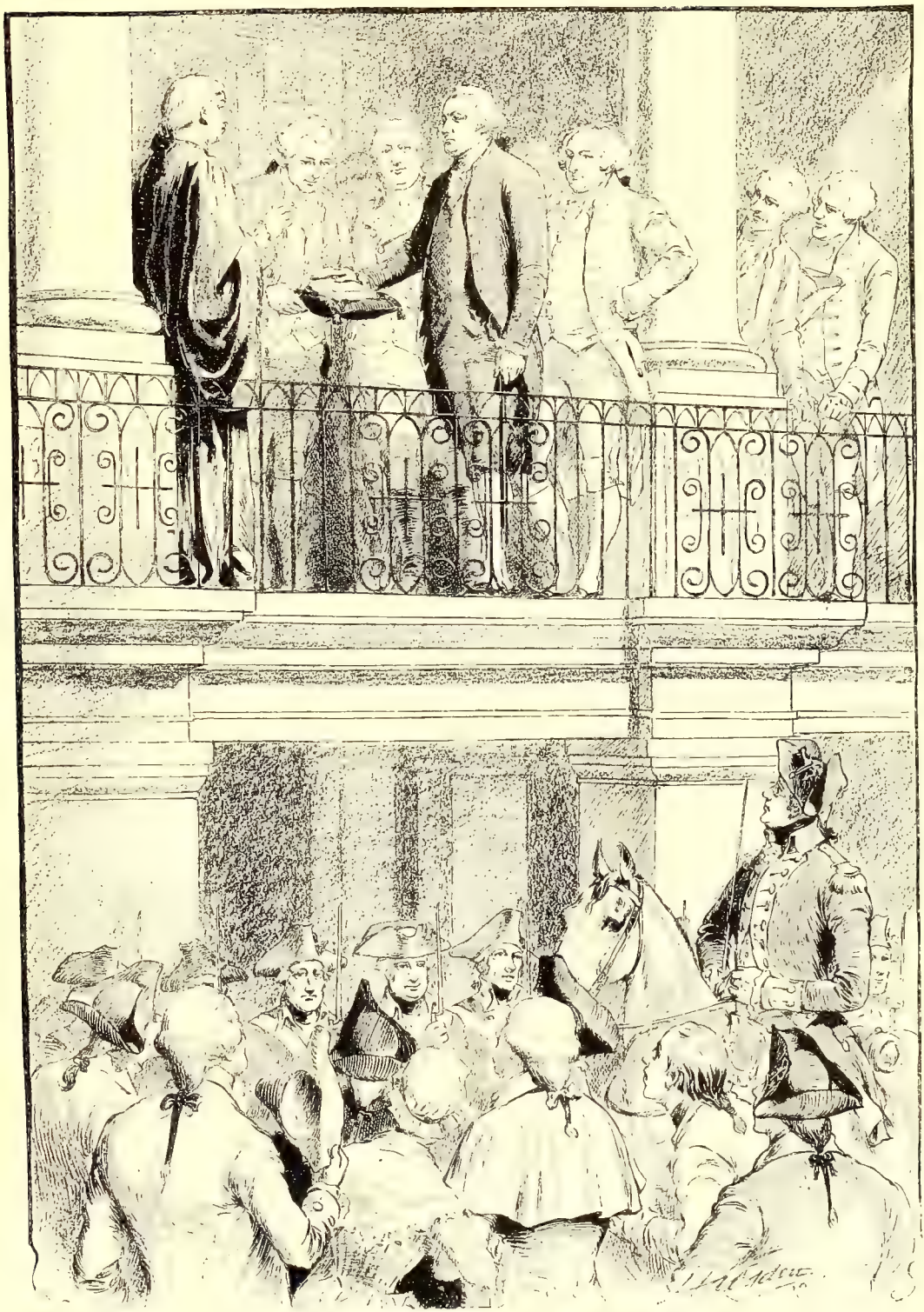
Congress had begun its sessions at Federal Hall, which stood where the present Treasury building stands in Wall street. The day set for the inauguration was April 30. Precisely at noon, the procession moved from the house where Washington was lodged, through what is now Pearl street and Broad street, to the Hall. Washington entered the Senate Chamber, where John Adams, who was Vice-President and therefore presiding over the Senate, received him in the presence of the Senate and House, and then escorted him to a balcony at the front of the Hall. A crimson-covered table stood on it, holding a large Bible. Below, Broad street and Wall street were packed with people, as were also the windows and the roofs of the houses near by. They set up a great shout as Washington appeared. He came to the front, laid his hand on his heart, and bowed to the people.

The multitude could see the commanding figure of the great general as he stood bare-headed on the balcony. He was dressed in a suit of brown cloth, of American manufacture, with knee-breeches and white silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered, as was the custom then. They saw near him John Adams and Robert R. Livingston, the Chancellor of the State of New York, and distinguished men — generals and others; but their eyes were bent on Washington. They saw Chancellor Livingston stand as if speaking to him, and the Secretary of the Senate holding the open Bible on which Washington's hand lay. Those nearest could hear the Chancellor pronounce the oath of office and Washington's reply, "I swear — so help me, God!" and could see him bow and kiss the Bible.

Then the Chancellor stepped forward, waved his hand, and said aloud: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." At the same time, a flag, as a signal, was run up on the cupola of the Hall. Instantly cannon were fired, bells rung, and the people shouted. Washington saluted them, and then turned back into the Senate chamber, where he read his inaugural address, in a low voice, for he was evidently deeply affected, — great occasions always solemnized him, — and after the address, he went on foot, with many others, to St. Paul's Church, where prayers were read by Dr. Provoost, Bishop of the Episcopal Church, and one of the chaplains of Congress. At night, there were fireworks and bonfires.

Thus, with the good-will of the people and the confidence of all the sections, — however suspicious they might be of one another, — Washington began his career as President. For eight years, he remained in office. His character was now so fixed that there is little new to be learned about it from that time forward; but there were many events that made more clear how wise, how just, how honorable and how faithful to his trust he was. He had been very loath to take upon himself the duties of President, but when once he had been placed in the chair, he let nothing stand in the way of the most thorough discharge of his duties.

Now came into play all those habits which he had been forming from boyhood. As President of the whole people, it was his business to have an oversight of all the interests of the young nation, and, as the first President, he had the opportunity of setting an example to those who were to come after him. It is one of the most excellent gifts to



INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

the American people that they should have had for their first President a man so well rounded and so magnanimous as George Washington. There were as yet no political parties, though there were the seeds of parties in the opposite ways in which public men regarded the new Constitution. Washington called to his cabinet men who disliked one another and who were really as much opposed to one another as if they belonged to antagonistic parties; but they never could draw Washington away from a strict impartiality. He made Thomas Jefferson Secretary of State, because he was most thoroughly acquainted with foreign affairs; and he made Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury, because he had shown himself the most competent man to plan a way

out of the greatest peril which beset the young nation. But Jefferson and Hamilton cordially disliked each other, and were decidedly of opposite ways of thinking.

Washington, however, did not rest contented with choosing the best men to carry on the Government. In those days, when the country had only a small population, a small area, and a small business, it was possible for one man to know very much more fully the details of government than it is now. His lifelong habits of methodical industry enabled Washington to get through an amount of work which seems extraordinary. For example, he read from beginning to end all the letters which had passed between Congress and foreign governments since the treaty of peace in 1783, making abstracts and briefs of them, so as to know thoroughly the whole history of the relations of the country to foreign governments. He required from every head of department whom he found in office, a report of the state of public business. He treated these reports as he had the foreign correspondence, and in this way he mastered all the internal affairs of the nation. The result was that he had his own judgment about any matter of importance which came up, and was not obliged to follow the lead of the cabinet officers.

There were, of course, only a few public offices to be filled then, and it was quite possible for Washington to know personally most of the men who should be appointed to fill them. He thought this one of the most important parts of his work as President; because he knew well that it is not rules and regulations, but men, that carry on any government or any business, and that, if he could put honest and capable men, who were unselfishly devoted to the country, into all the offices, he would secure a wise administration of the laws. From the first, he began to be besieged by applicants for office, and he made immediately the very sensible rule that he would not give any pledge or encouragement to any applicant. He heard what they and their friends had to say, and then made up his mind deliberately. He had, however, certain principles in his mind which governed him in making appointments, and they were so high and honorable, and show so well the character of the man, that I copy here what he said with regard to the matter:

"Scarcely a day passes in which applications of one kind or another do not arrive; insomuch that, had I not early adopted some general principles, I should before this time have been wholly occupied in this business. As it is, I have found the number of answers, which I have been necessitated to give in my own hand, an almost insupportable burden to me. The points in which all these answers have agreed in substance are, that, should it be my lot to go again into public office, I would go without being under any possible engagements of any nature whatsoever; that, so far as I knew my own heart, I would not be in the remotest degree influenced in making nominations by motives arising from the ties of family or blood; and that, on the other hand, three things, in my opinion, ought principally to be regarded, namely: the fitness of characters to fill offices, the comparative claims from the former merits and sufferings in service of the different candidates, and the distribution of appointments in as equal a proportion as might be to persons belonging to the different States in the Union. Without precautions of this kind, I clearly foresaw the endless jealousies and possibly the fatal consequences to which a government, depending altogether on the good-will of the people for its establishment, would certainly be exposed in its early stages. Besides, I thought, whatever the effect might be in pleasing or displeasing any individuals at the present moment, a due concern for my own reputation, not less decisively than a sacred regard to the interests of the community, required that I should hold myself absolutely at liberty to act, while in office, with a sole reference to justice and the public good."

To protect himself from being at everybody's call, and so unable to be of the greatest service, he established certain rules. Every Tuesday, between the hours of three and four, he received whoever might come. Every Friday afternoon Mrs. Washington received with him. At all other times, he could be seen only by special appointment. He never accepted invitations to dinner, and that has been the rule of Presidents ever since; but he constantly invited to his own table foreign ministers, members of the Government, and other guests. He received no visits on Sunday. He went to church with his family in the morning, and spent the afternoon by himself. The evening he spent with his family, and sometimes had with him an intimate friend.

He still kept up his old habit of rising at four and going to bed at nine. Mrs. Washington had a grave little formula with which she used to dismiss visitors in the evening:

"The General always retires at nine o'clock, and I usually precede him."

His recreation he took chiefly in driving and riding. He never lost his liking for a good horse, and he knew what a good horse was. He had a servant who had been General Braddock's servant, and had been with Washington ever since the battle of the Monongahela. Bishop, as he was named, was a terrible disciplinarian, and devoted to his master's interests. At sunrise every day, he would go to the stables, where the boys had been at work since dawn grooming the General's horses. Woe to them if they had been careless! Bishop marched in with a muslin handkerchief in his hand and passed it over the coats of the horses; if a single stain appeared on the muslin, the boy who groomed the horse had to take a thrashing. It was no light matter to groom a horse in those days, for, just as the heads of gentlemen were plastered and bewigged, so the horses were made to undergo what would seem to us now a rather absurd practice. The night before a horse was to be ridden, he was covered from head to foot with a paste made of whiting and other

ingredients; then he was well wrapped in cloth and laid to sleep on clean straw. By the next morning the paste had hardened, and it was then vigorously rubbed in, and the horse curried and brushed. The result was a glossy and satiny coat. The hoofs were blackened and polished, the mouth washed, the teeth picked and cleaned, and the horse was then ready to be saddled and brought out.

Mrs. Washington was a domestic, home-loving body, but a lady of great dignity and sweetness of disposition, who moved serenely by the side of her husband, receiving his guests in the same spirit. She never talked about politics, but was evenly courteous to every one. She was like her husband, too, in her exactness and her attention to little details of economy. While she was in the midst of her duties as President's wife, she wrote to one of her family: "I live a very dull life here, and know nothing that passes in the town. I never go to any public place, indeed, I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from; and, as I can not do as I like, I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal." But her real heart was at Mount Vernon and in her household affairs. "I send to dear Maria," she writes, "a piece of *chene* to make her a frock, and a piece of muslin, which I hope is long enough for an apron for you. In exchange for it, I beg you will give me a worked muslin apron you have, like my gown that I made just before I left home, of worked muslin, as I wish to make a petticoat to my gown, of the two aprons."

Washington himself never lost sight of Mount Vernon. Just as in his absence, during the war, he required weekly reports from the manager of his plantation, so now he kept up the same practice. Occasionally, when Congress was not in session, he could go home, but his visits were short and rare. It may seem strange to some that a soldier and a statesman like Washington should be also an ardent farmer; but that he was. I suppose the one occupation that Washington loved was farming; in his earlier life there is no doubt that he cared most for a soldier's fortune, but after he was fairly in possession of Mount Vernon, the care of that place became his passion, and for the rest of his life he was first and last a farmer. For my part, I like to think of Washington in this way, for the one indispensable art is the art of agriculture; all other arts are built upon it, and the man who has a piece of land, and can raise from it enough to feed and clothe and shelter himself and his family, is the most independent of men, and has a real place on the earth which he can call his own.

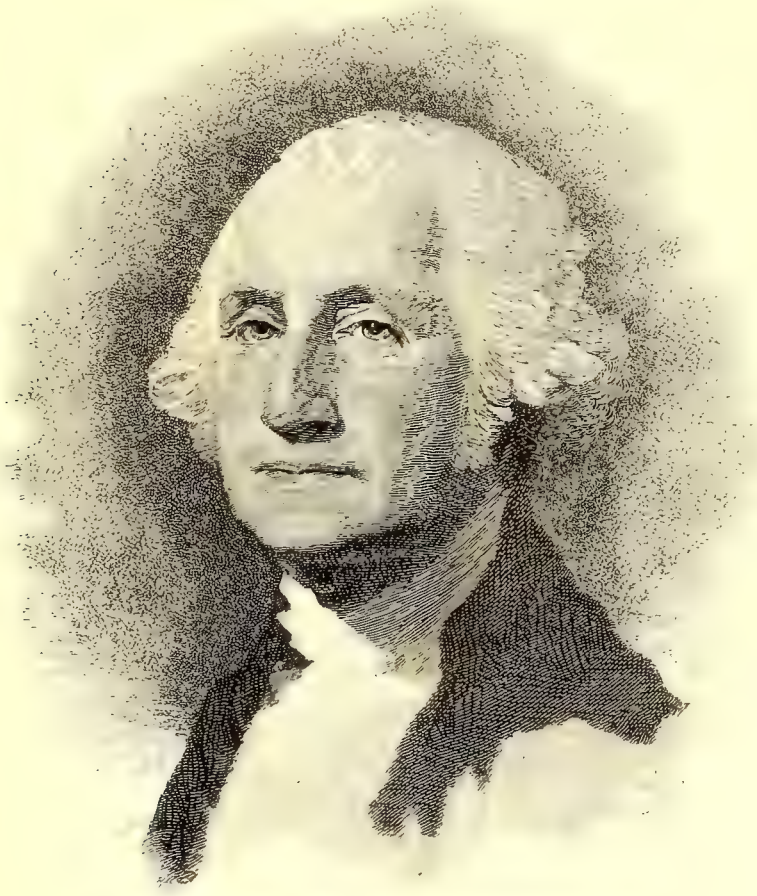
During his presidency, Washington made two tours through the country,—one into the Eastern and one into the Southern States. He was received with special honor in New England, for he was less familiarly known to the people there, and they made a great holiday in every town through which the President passed. By these tours, he made himself acquainted with the needs of the country and with the persons who were the leaders of the people.

But there were parts which he could not visit, yet in which he felt the deepest interest and concern. We have seen how, from time to time, he visited the country beyond the Alleghanies, and how much importance he attached to the settlement of the West. The greatest difficulty in the early days was through the relations which the people had with the Indians. Washington knew the Indians well; he knew how to get along with them, and he knew also what dangerous enemies they were. At the end of his first term as President, it became necessary to send a military expedition to the frontiers, and General St. Clair was placed at the head of it. When he came to bid Washington good-bye, his old chief gave him a solemn warning: "You have your instructions from the Secretary of War. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word: Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it—beware of a surprise!"

But St. Clair was surprised and terribly defeated. It was a bitter disappointment to Washington, who received the news of the disaster one December day when he was at dinner. His private secretary, Mr. Lear, was called out of the room by a servant, who said there was a messenger without who insisted on seeing the President. Mr. Lear went to him and found that he was an officer from St. Clair's army with dispatches which he refused to give to any one but President Washington. Mr. Lear went back to the dining-room and whispered this to Washington, who excused himself to the company and went out to hear the officer's news. He came back shortly after and resumed his place at the table, but without explaining the reason of his absence. He was, however, absorbed, as he often was, and muttered to himself; and one of his neighbors caught the words, "I knew it would be so!"

It was the evening when Mrs. Washington held her reception, and the gentlemen, when leaving the dining-room, went directly into the drawing-room. Washington went with them. He was calm and showed no signs of disturbance. He spoke as usual to every one, and at last the guests had gone. Mrs. Washington also left, and the General was left alone with his secretary. He was silent at first, walking to and fro in the room.

Then he took a seat by the fire, and motioned Mr. Lear to sit by him. He could no longer contain himself; he must have some relief, and suddenly he burst out: "It 's all over! St. Clair 's defeated! routed! The officers nearly all killed; the men by wholesale; the rout complete — too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!" He jerked out the sentences as if he were in pain. He got up and walked up and down again like a caged lion, stood still, and once more burst out in passionate speech: "Yes, *here*, on this very spot I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions from the Secretary of War,' said I, 'I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word: BEWARE OF A SURPRISE! You know how the Indians fight; I repeat it — BEWARE OF A SURPRISE!' He went off with that, my last warning, thrown into his ears. And yet! — To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise — the very thing I guarded him against!" — and the strong man threw up his hands while he shook with terrible emotion: "He 's worse than a murderer! How can he answer for it to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him — the curse of widows and orphans — the curse of Heaven!"



GEORGE WASHINGTON. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART.)

Mr. Lear was dumb. He had never seen or heard Washington like this. It was a pent-up volcano bursting forth. Washington himself recovered his control. He sat down again. He was silent. He felt, as a strong man does who has for a moment broken the bounds of restraint, a noble shame, not at his indignation, but at having for a moment thus given way. "This must not go beyond this room," he said presently, in a quiet, almost whispered tone. Then he added, after a pause: "General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches; saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice."

Washington kept his word. Perhaps all the more for this outbreak, he determined that St. Clair should be treated with scrupulous justice. But the incident illustrates the character of Washington. Deep down in his nature was a passionate regard for law, for obedience, for strict accountability. It was this which made him in minor matters so punctual, so orderly, so precise in his accounts; in larger matters, it made him unselfishly and wholly consecrated to the country which trusted him, just in all his dealings, and the soul of honor. This consuming passion for law made him govern himself, keep in restraint the fierce wrath which leaped up within him, and meas-

ure his acts and words with an iron will. The two notable scenes when his anger blazed out and burned up his self-control as if it were a casing of straw, were caused by Lee's faithlessness at Monmouth and St. Clair's carelessness. On each of these occasions, it was not an offense against himself which woke his terrible wrath, it was an offense against the country, against God; for in the moment of his anger he saw each of these two men false to the trust reposed in him.

Yet the difficulties with the Indians were as nothing to the perils which beset the country in its intercourse with Europe. At that time, the United States was almost a part of Europe. All its business was with France and England. It had declared and achieved political independence, but was nevertheless connected by a thousand ties of commerce, law, and custom with the Old World. The fierce revolution in France was in part set in flame by the example of America; and when war broke out between England and France, there was scarcely a man in America who did not take sides in his mind with one country or the other. There was the greatest possible danger that the country would be drawn into the quarrels of Europe.

In the midst of all these commotions, when the very members of his cabinet were acting and speaking as if they were the servants either of England or of France, Washington maintained his impartiality, and saw to it that the United States was kept out of European disputes. What was the result? He saved the country from fearful disaster; for he was like the pilot that conducts the ship through rapids and past dangerous reefs. But he himself suffered incredible contumely and reviling from the hot-headed partisans who were ready to plunge the country into the dispute. "If ever a nation," said one newspaper, "was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington. Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages; let it serve to be a warning that no man may be an idol; let the history of the Federal Government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people." That is the way some people wrote about Washington when he was President.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FAREWELL.

WHEN Washington had completed his two terms of office, he was unalterably fixed in his resolution to go back to private life. The reasons which had induced him to accept the presidency against his inclination were no longer forcible. The government was established. The country was on the road to prosperity. No one man any longer had it in his power greatly to help or greatly to hurt the people. Moreover he was weary of public life. He was tired of standing up and being pelted with mud by all sorts of obscure people; of having his motives misconstrued; of listening to the endless bickerings of public men about him. For more than twenty years he had really been at the head of the nation. Now he meant to go back to his farm; but before he went, he had it in him to say one word to his countrymen.

That Washington should write his famous "Farewell Address to the People of the United States," indicates how accurately he understood his position. He was a great man, a splendid figure in history, and he knew it. But he was too great to be vain of his distinction. He was not too great to use even his distinction for the benefit of his country. He knew perfectly well that any speech which he might make when he retired from office would be listened to as almost no other political paper was ever listened to by a people, and he determined to gather into his "Farewell Address" the weightiest judgment which he could pronounce, as summing up the result of his long study and observation of public affairs. He wrote, of course, with a special eye to the needs of the people who were immediately to hear and read the address. They had dangers about them which have since largely disappeared; for example, we do not especially need to-day the caution which the men of that day needed when Washington wrote: "A passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils."

Nevertheless, the address is so full of sound political wisdom, that I wish it might be read in every public school in the land on the 22d day of February. In it, the large-minded Washington speaks, thinking of the whole country, and pouring into his words the ripe and full judgment of a man whose one thought in his life had been to serve his country faithfully.

The observance of Washington's birthday began in a quiet way during Washington's lifetime. As early as 1783, when the war was over, but before the treaty of peace was signed, some gentlemen met together to celebrate it, and during his presidency, the day was observed by members of Congress and others who paid their respects to him, and the observance of the day became more and more general, especially after Washington's death.

The day before he was to leave office, Washington gave a farewell dinner to the Foreign Ministers and their wives, and eminent public men,

including the new President, John Adams. The company was in excellent spirits, until Washington raised his glass to wish them all good health, after the fashion of those days. He smiled and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." Perhaps he was thinking at the moment of his own happiness in going back to private life; but it suddenly rushed over the minds of those present what such a toast meant, and all mirth was gone. The next day he attended the ceremonies of the inauguration of John Adams. As he moved toward the door to retire, there was a rush of the people toward him. They cheered and cheered as he passed into the street. He answered, smiling and waving his hat, his gray hairs blown by the wind. The people followed him to the door of his house. He turned, as he entered, and looked on them. Now it was his turn to feel the pain of parting. After all, he was going away from those busy haunts where he was sure to see men who honored and loved him. Tears stood in his eyes; his face was pale and grave; he raised his hand, but he could not trust himself to speak.

He was once more at Mount Vernon, in the quiet of his home, and again the days went by in that regular routine which suited him. Here is a letter which he wrote to James McHenry, the Secretary of War:

"I am indebted to you for several unacknowledged letters; but never mind that; go on as if you had answers. You are at the source of information, and can find many things to relate; while I have nothing to say that could either inform or amuse a Secretary of War in Philadelphia. I might tell him that I begin my diurnal course with the sun; that, if my hirelings are not in their places at that time I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; that, having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; that, the more they are probed, the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; that, by the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast (a little after seven o'clock, about the time, I presume, you are taking leave of Mrs. McHenry) is ready; that, this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Pray, would not the word curiosity answer as well? And how different this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve, that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought, I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes, and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. This will account for your letter remaining so long unacknowledged; and, having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded you will not require a second edition of it. But it may strike you, that in this detail no mention is made of any portion of time allotted for reading. The remark would be just, for I have not looked into a book since I came home; nor shall I be able to do it until I have discharged my workmen, probably not before the nights grow longer, when possibly I may be looking in Doomsday Book. At present I shall only add, that I am always and affectionately yours."

But the time came when a letter to the Secretary of War was not a piece of pleasantry. There was imminent danger of war with France; Congress issued an order to raise an army, and President John Adams immediately nominated George Washington as Commander-in-Chief. The Senate promptly confirmed the nomination, and Washington accepted on two conditions: that the principal officers should be such as he approved, and that he should not be called into the field till the army required his presence. He did not think there would be war, but he believed the best way to prevent it was to show that the people were ready for it.

It was in March, 1797, that Washington left Philadelphia for Mount Vernon; in July, 1798, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief. He conducted most of his business by letter, though he spent a month in Philadelphia. He took up again the burden he had laid down, quietly, readily, since it was necessary, and without complaint; but he had not very long to bear it.

On December 12, 1799, he had been riding over his farms as usual, but a rain and sleet storm came up, and he returned to the house chilled through by the exposure. The next day was still stormy, and he kept indoors; but he had taken cold and suffered from a sore throat. He passed the evening with his family, however, read the papers and talked cheerfully. In the night he had an attack of ague, and on the next morning, which was Saturday the 14th, he breathed with difficulty, and messengers were sent for one doctor after another. He suffered acutely, but did not complain. Toward evening he said to Dr. Craik: "I die hard, but I am not afraid to die. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath can not last long." He said little more, only thanked his attendants for their kindness, and bade them give themselves no further trouble,—simply to let him die in quietness. Between ten and eleven o'clock that night he died.

Chief-Justice Marshall, when the news reached Congress, said a few simple words in the House of Representatives, and asked that a committee be appointed in conjunction with a committee of the Senate "to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the man, *first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens*"; but no manner has been found more suitable than the study of that life which is the most priceless gift to America.

THE END

THE CHILDREN'S EXHIBITION.

By Charles Barnard.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION

ONE morning last March there appeared in the New York newspapers an advertisement of a "Children's Industrial Exhibition." At first many persons could not imagine what it could be. But when the doors were opened and the reporters went to look at the exhibition, the newspapers began to tell of the many curious things to be seen in the hall. No such exhibition had ever been seen in New York, and then people began to wonder why one had not been held before. Now the true way to understand a thing is to look at it again and again. It so happened that I went to this exhibition several times, and that a ST. NICHOLAS artist went too, and so perhaps we can together give you an idea of the principal things that were on view at that curious show.

The exhibition was held in a large and handsome hall, and was arranged just like any grand fair intended to exhibit the artistic or mechanical achievements of men and women. There was only this difference: the objects to be seen were all made by little women and very youthful men. There were medals to be given for the best work, and there was a catalogue, and there were officials to explain everything to the visitors. Were there sums on slates, compositions, exercises or examples of penmanship? No. Better than these — very much better — there were real things made by boys and girls with their own hands, and, best of all, things made in school.

On entering the hall, however, the first objects to attract attention were those made by boys at home and out of school. These objects were arranged on tables by themselves, some of the work being by children in New York, and some by young folk in Yonkers. There were wood-carvings, hammered brasswork, drawings and designs, embroidery, and hundreds of curious things either useful or merely ornamental; models of boats, houses, shops, forts, and even a *carousel* with

woolly elephants that career madly around the ring whenever the clockwork is wound up. Some of the things were well made, but many were very poorly done, which shows that we must go to school to learn to make boats as well as to learn to do sums in long division. The work of the girls showed more training than that of the boys, and the sewing was very good,—some of the artistic sewing being worthy of high praise.

Speaking of sewing, our old ST. NICHOLAS friends, the kitchen-garden and the cooking-garden, were wonderfully displayed with full examples and models, and even a tea-table set in proper order precisely as arranged by the little housekeepers. The exhibit was well worth looking at, and there was always a crowd around the table, but for us it was chiefly interesting because there the noble art of sewing was demonstrated precisely as if it were a lesson in geography.

The true way to study about islands and capes and all the other divisions of land and water is to have some sand and water in a box, and then to build up the sand into miniature islands and capes, just like the real things out-of-doors. When I went to school, all the boys could say, "An island is a portion of land entirely surrounded by water," and yet not a boy in the class knew that he lived on an island. So it is with sewing. The girls I knew years ago cried so hard over the long, dreary seams, that I used to be glad I was not a girl. But nowadays there is sewing without weeping: a neat box all ready for school,—with thimbles, needles, pins, thread, scissors; hundreds of pieces of cloth, basted and ready to be stitched; no dreary seams to tire young fingers, but easy graded lessons, like a needle-work kindergarten. And as we crossed the exhibition-hall, we saw another method. There on a long table were hundreds of garments and parts of garments made by the public-school girls of Philadelphia. There, in a frame, were all the lessons arranged in regular order, showing every step—hemming, over-seaming, back-stitching and running, reversible seam, felling, gathering, darning, and mending, up to the fine art of button-hole making. The girls are from eight to fifteen years of age, and that work they did in school, while attending to their regular school lessons. We passed on to the tables where the work of school-girls of Boston and New Haven and Hoboken was shown; and in every instance, we saw regular, graded lessons in needle-work, from the plainest hemming up to the finest embroidery. New York girls, too, in the schools of the Children's Aid Society, in mission and church schools, showed by their samples that they also were students of stitchery. I saw one piece of sewing that seemed truly wonderful. It was in a glass case, and it was the "graduation exercises" of a young girl, fourteen years of age, on leaving Fräulein Calm's school in Cassel, Germany. It consisted of half a yard of muslin ornamented with every kind of sewing that can be done on a machine; half a yard of dress fabric worked up by hand into the most beautiful pleatings, in a style that would bring tears of joy to the manly eyes of a ladies' tailor; a piece of wonderful patching; and a square of darning so perfect that it was impossible to tell which was the new cloth, and which the old garment. Why, the girl must have been a finished dress-maker! She could earn good wages to-morrow by simply show-



PART OF THE EXHIBIT BY THE CHILDREN OF YONKERS, NEW YORK.

ing her "graduation exercise." And as we turned to a dozen other exhibits in the hall, we saw more sewing, from the work of the first class in hemming up to that of the little dress-makers, who could cut, fit, and make their own clothes.

What can boys do? Judging by their grand exhibit, we thought to ourselves "they can do almost anything!" Some boys who attend one of the uptown schools on the east side had formed a club for home work and study in mechanics, and there was a table filled with their work. It was chiefly models in wood of real things the boys had seen — a crane, a dumb-waiter, a stone-saw, a pile-driver, and other mechanical implements. It was all excellent work, but it was home work done out of school hours.

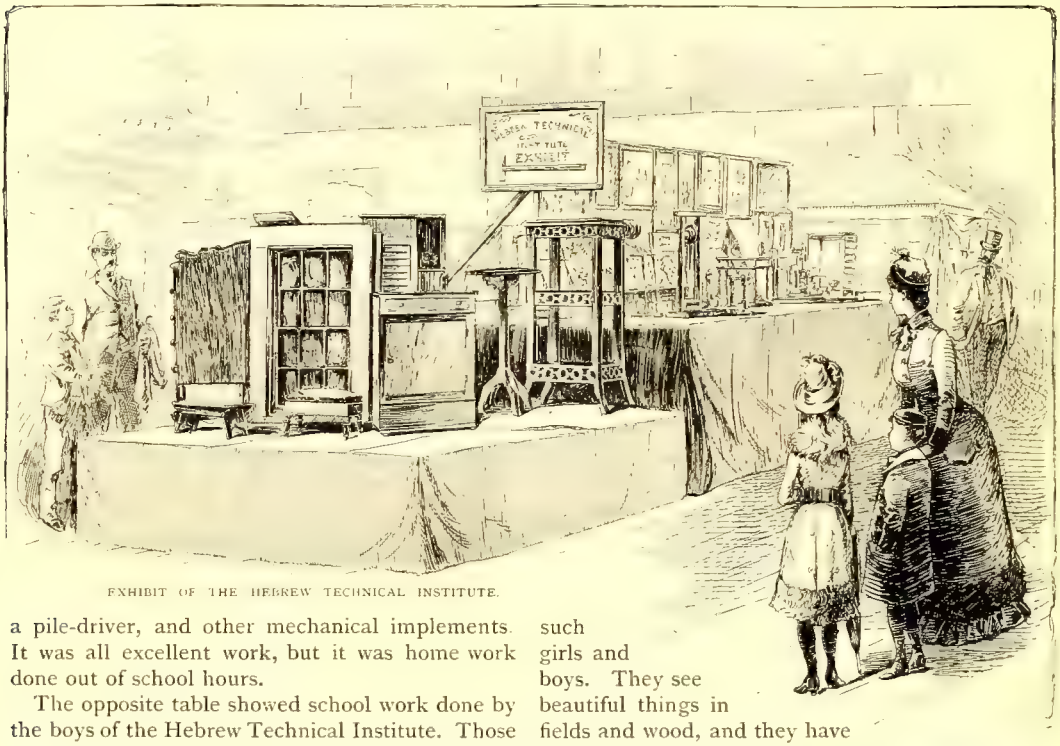


EXHIBIT OF THE HEBREW TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.

The opposite table showed school work done by the boys of the Hebrew Technical Institute. Those young master mechanics, it seems, attended school every day and at the same time learned the use of tools, the pencil, the saw, the hammer, and the plane. First of all, every boy had to learn to draw, not merely to make a pretty picture of something, but to make a regular working-drawing, so that the real thing could be constructed from it, and so that when the thing is finished, the drawing will be a true picture of it, whatever it may be. So we found there regular graded lessons in drawing, and in making joints in wood, and in construction. As the boy improves, he studies pattern-making and learns to make a mold from the pattern, and to melt lead and make a casting. We saw all the carpentry lessons arranged in order, and glanced at every lesson a boy has to take, from learning to draw to making a step-ladder. There were stools, tables, small bureaus, and other furniture made, finished, stained, and varnished by boys in the school. There was even a window-frame ready to put in the wall of a house, with sash, blinds, and all, complete and in working order; and the boy who made it was only fourteen years old.

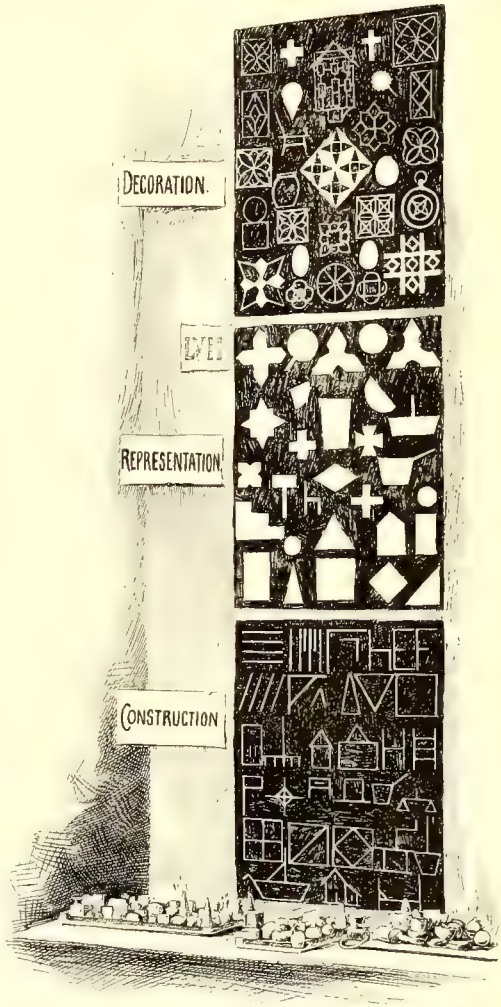
There are in every school queer girls or odd boys who somehow fail often and are at the foot of every class. These children may be as bright as any, but there is nothing in the school to bring them out. In this exhibition we found the work of some such girls and boys. They see beautiful things in fields and wood, and they have wise teachers. It is not every child that can express itself in a composition. These boys and girls express the ideas that are in them with a pencil. They study real, living things, plants and flowers, and they learn to place the forms of these things on paper and add to them something of their own day-dreams, and soon every one who sees them exclaims: "What beautiful designs!" These so-called dull children who never can understand the multiplication table, and who shed useless tears over the tables of weights and measures, here find the right kind of school for them: and they appeared, with their work, in this children's exhibition, as bright, as interested, as eager to learn as any prize-medal scholar in any grammar school.

Now we must not think that only the quiet, thoughtful girls can do such work. Every child has some sense of beauty; the trouble is that unless it is given instruction in such things, it will probably never, except by accident, find out what it can do. They are wiser about such things in Chicago.

On the wall of the exhibition-room, under the gallery, was a grand display of work, and so arranged that we could see just what every child in the public schools of Chicago studies from year to year. The pictures were arranged in three rows to illustrate the different kinds of work; and below the pictures, on a long table, was a collection of little models, made by the children in the schools. There were balls, cubes, and pyramids shaped in clay by little hands. Even the youngest children in primary schools can do this. Why, it is only fun, to shape the soft clay! Of course, every little seven-year-old fellow is in a hurry every morning to get to so grand a school, where he learns what a cube is by making a true, fair cube in soft clay. Having learned to make various shapes in clay, he then learns to make simple outlines of the same objects by placing straws together in those shapes on his desk. Next, he can go one step further, and with a pair of scissors cut cardboard into shapes that represent those forms. Then he can proceed to use these shapes in various ways to make designs, or he can cut in paper or in white wood, with a scroll-saw, pretty figures suggested by the clay-models. He can even make new lines on the old shapes, and decorate the clay forms he first made.

If your teacher tells you that a cube is a "rectangular parallelopiped, which has its six sides squares," you may think it is all right, and say it after him without tripping, and yet not have the least notion that the wooden blocks on which you learned your letters were all cubes. This Chicago youngster would not use those dreadful words to describe a cube. He would make one and give you a picture of it. Did he not construct one out of wet clay? He knows a cube anywhere, and he will never forget it. All his life long he will see cubes of every size, and he will know in an instant whether they are true cubes with all the six sides truly square. And if you give him a piece of paper, he will cut it out into a perfect cross, and then fold it up in a certain way and make a box that is a cube. Besides all this, his cubes are ornamented, so that he is already an artist, and enjoys making things beautiful.

The picture here given shows the three ways in which the Chicago primary scholar works. At the base are the forms he constructs in clay; then the outlines made of bits of straw; then the figures cut out of cardboard; and finally the decorated figures made from these forms. In this way, he studies construction or making things; representation, or picture-making; and decoration, or the making of beautiful figures that are like the things he con-



PART OF THE EXHIBIT BY THE CHICAGO PUBLIC-SCHOOLS.

structed and represented. We walked along that beautiful exhibit and saw hundreds of things molded in clay or cut out of soap or carved in wood, and then saw the drawings and ornaments made from those things. We perceived just how the Chicago boy or girl goes on from work with straw to simple drawings on a slate, and then to finished drawings in pencil on paper, until we wondered if every child in Chicago is to be an artist.

Next to that fine display of children's work from Chicago came a series of drawings by the pupils of the schools of Worcester, Mass. Here, too, we find the boys and girls making drawings of real things that they have made themselves or that

were made by others. The first drawings are to show how the things are constructed, the others to show how they look. Then the pupils take flowers or other objects and make from them original de-

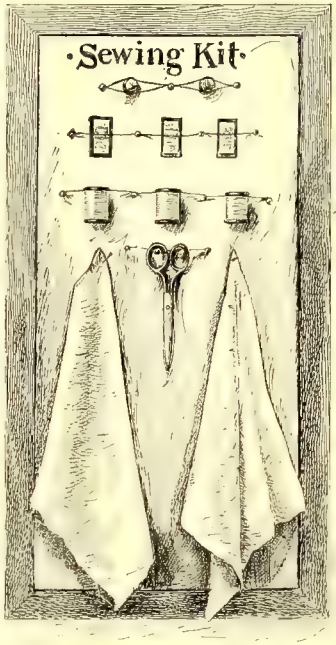


PART OF THE EXHIBIT BY THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF WORCESTER, MASS.

signs that may be used for decoration. In this exhibit, too, were beautiful pictures in water-colors to show that the young artists understood the harmony of colors. If the exhibition had shown us nothing more than the admirable work by those Massachusetts boys and girls, it would have well repaid us for coming.

Next to the Worcester exhibit stood the New Haven tables. What fine times those New England children must have! Here we found more drawings, by Connecticut boys and girls, showing that they also know how things are made, and how they look on paper. Here, too, were more of those curious shapes, cut out of paper, to be folded up into cubes and prisms, cylinders and pyramids. There even were little pots and pans, cut out of paper, every part made by itself from a drawing, and the little model made by pasting the parts together. What an easy way that must be to study squares and circles, parallel lines and the whole family of angles! New Haven boys will never stumble over that trying old question, as to the difference between two square feet and two feet square. They learn all about it in a new kind of game with scissors and paper and a pot of paste. We might spend hours in looking over the work of those New Haven boys and girls — the handsome furniture, the neat sewing and pretty embroidery, the "busy work" of kindergarten tots, and the carpentry work of the big boys; and the more we studied that school work, the more we should wish, probably, that all schools were like those schools.

Leaving the New Haven tables we came to the grand exhibit made by the school-children of Philadelphia. In that city, there are twenty-five thousand girls studying plain sewing every week of the school year. The piled-up tables loaded with sew-

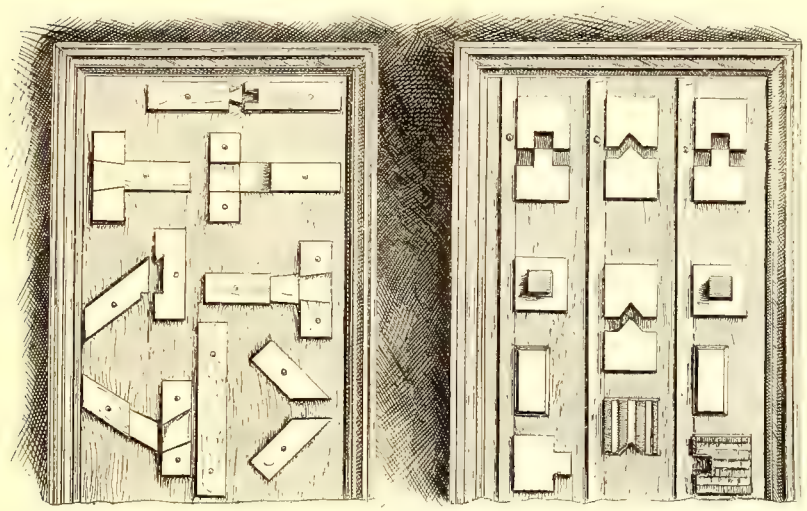


SEWING-KIT FURNISHED TO GIRL PUPILS OF THE PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS.



SAMPLES OF WORK.

ing showed only a small part of the work. On other tables we could see excellent designs and work in hammered brass, fine carvings, and even furniture and stamped leather-work. Then there was one very interesting table. On the wall above it were working drawings showing how wooden joints of all kinds are made; and on the table itself were dovetails, mortises and tenons admirably done in wood. There too were pieces of cast iron chipped



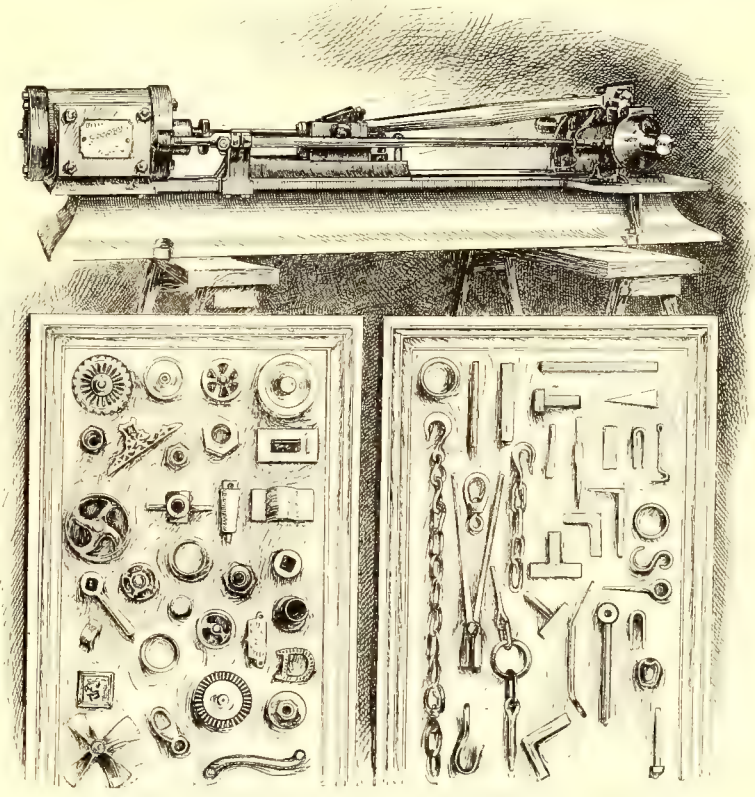
SAMPLES OF JOINING-WORK IN WOOD AND METAL, SENT BY THE PHILADELPHIA MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

and filed into various shapes. Very few workmen in shops could do better, and yet all we saw was the work of public-school boys.

As we turned away from those tables, we saw another marked "St. Louis." Here was shown more work by little hands, more drawings, too, and all proving that those Western youngsters are having happy times in school with busy fingers. Next, we came upon some excellent drawings by pupils of a South End Industrial School at Boston. The boys of that school have a printing-press, and the girls can make bread as well as trim bonnets, for they exhibited both the hats and the loaves. Jamestown, in New York, is also teaching its boys and girls to work with their hands, and some of their work in the exhibition is excellent.

Did you ever think what it is to be blind?—to be unable to tell whether the paper you hold in your hand is white or blue or some other color. How could we do anything if we could not see? But in the Children's Exhibition, on a table covered with knitting and fancy work of blind children, was the strangest display of all—kindergarten work made by a hundred blind girls and boys! No bad work in it either; it all was neat and perfect. Yet those children have never seen the work their young hands have made.

A boy may lose a foot or a leg and be a cripple all his life. Shall he give up in despair and do nothing, or beg, which would be even worse? No. He has his hands and a brave heart. He will have a manly spirit even if he has a broken body. Well, on a table near the blind



PART OF THE EXHIBIT SENT BY THE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF CHICAGO.

children's work, was a collection of brooms and brushes,—new, well-made brushes, as good as you can find, and all made by the young workmen of the Crippled Boys' Brush Shop in New York.

There, too, were tables loaded with work from four orphan asylums in New York and Brooklyn, and we saw sewing, bread-making, net-making and cabinet-work done by young hands that have lost their hold on fathers' and mothers' fingers. Other friendly hands are leading them to be useful and skillful in many good works.

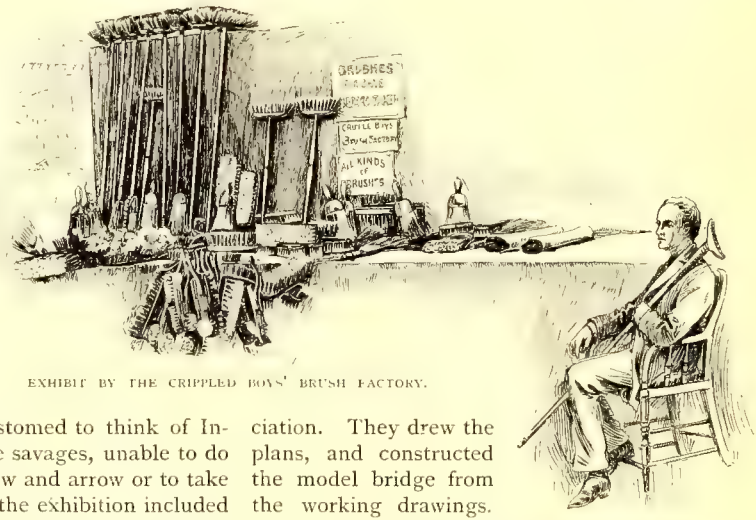
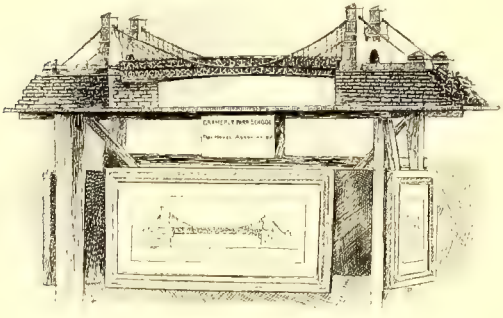


EXHIBIT BY THE CRIPPLED BOYS' BRUSH FACTORY.

We may have been accustomed to think of Indian boys and girls as little savages, unable to do anything except to use a bow and arrow or to take care of the wigwam. But the exhibition included also a display of objects made by Indian children at school. There was a set of harness, a pair of shoes, and some sensible coffee-pots made by Indian boys and girls. Like so many others, they are learning to use their hands.

We may pity those halt and blind, those neglected children from the wilderness, and those little ones who have known grief; but see how brave they are! They have wiped away all tears and found it sweet and wise to learn to work, to forget their griefs in industry. Depend upon it, if we had learned nothing more by coming to this exhibition than this, we should have learned a great deal—that work is a cure for many ills, that work actually means happiness.



WORKING-DRAWINGS AND MODEL OF A SUSPENSION BRIDGE. DRAWN AND CONSTRUCTED BY THE BOYS OF THE GRAMERCY PARK SCHOOL.

Near the door of the main hall was a fine model of a suspension bridge with towers and cables complete. Beneath it were drawings showing how the bridge was made. This was the work of the boys of the Gramercy Park School and Tool-house Association. They drew the plans, and constructed the model bridge from the working drawings. They built up the foundations and towers, piece by piece, and strung the cables and suspended the roadway. All, too, while the builders were attending school and without loss of time from their regular lessons.

And even now I have not told you of half the things in that beautiful exhibition. As we sat there, people were flocking in, young and old, teachers and pupils, eager to see what children can do.

And now, what does it all mean? Let us have a little talk about it.

To that exhibition, more than four thousand children sent the work of their hands. We do not think of them as Western children, as Eastern boys, or New York girls, as Hebrews, Catholics, as orphans, or blind, or anything else. They are children at school, and there is the wonder of it all. It is plain their schools are not like other schools and are very different from those I saw when a boy. It is plain that those children can do many things that children without their advantages can not do. And besides, they are probably happier than any children who ever went to school before.

Let us see why this is so. Most children go to primary school and then to grammar school and perhaps to high school and college, or to some private school. This exhibition plainly shows us that there is a new kind of school, that there are new lessons and new teachers coming. Books we must have. To learn, we must read; but we may read all about boats, and yet we can never learn to sail a boat till we take the tiller in hand and trim the sail before the breeze. The book will

help wonderfully in telling us the names of things in the boat and, if we have read about sailing, we shall more quickly learn to sail; but we certainly never shall learn till we are in a real boat. We can read in a book how to turn a heel in knitting, and may commit to memory whole rules about "throwing off two and purl four," and all the rest; yet where is the girl who can learn to knit without having the needles in her hands?

This then is the idea of the new school — to use the hands as well as the eyes. Boys and girls who can not make a crooked joint in woodwork and be satisfied; neither is he likely to be content with crooked work in word or deed.

The four thousand children whose work filled that exhibition hall, read books and study lessons precisely as do you; but they do more. For two, or perhaps four, hours every week they lay down their books and take up those splendid tools, the pencil, the needle, the hammer, the saw, and the file. Are they any less readers than those who only read? No; they are better readers, because



EXHIBIT OF THE AMATEUR TECHNICAL UNION.

go to the ordinary schools, where only books are used, will graduate knowing a great deal; but a boy who goes to one of these new schools, where, besides the books, there are pencils and tools, work-benches as well as writing-books, will know more. The other boys and girls may forget more than half they read, but he will remember everything he learned at the drawing-table or at the work-bench, as long as he lives. He will also remember more of that which he reads because his work with his hands helps him to understand what he reads.

Again, a boy who goes to one of the new schools, where once a week he spends two hours in a shop, and works with his hands, say to make a square block of wood "true,"—exact to the hundredth part of an inch,—will soon see that bad work is not square, is not true and fair. A piece of false work will seem ugly and show bad workmanship. He will go out of the shop proud that he can do true work; and all false things, whether in wood or only in thought, will seem bad and wrong to that boy. He they are workers; because by work they better understand reading.

I remember long ago a tear-stained book of tables of weights and measures, and a teacher's impatience with a stupid child who could not master the "tables." And I have seen a school where the tables were written on a blackboard — thus: "two pints are equal to one quart," and on a stand in the school-room was a tin pint measure and a tin quart measure, and a box of dry sand. Every happy youngster had a chance to fill that pint with sand and pour the sand in the quart measure. Two pints filled it. He knew it. Did he not see it, did not every boy try it? Ah! Now they knew what it all meant. It was as plain as day that two pints of sand were equal to one quart of sand; and with merry smiles those six-year-old philosophers learned the tables of measures; and they will never forget them. This is, in brief, what is meant by industrial education. To learn by using the hands, — to study from things as well as from

books. This is the new school, these are the new lessons. The children who can sew, or design, or draw, or carve wood, or do joinering work, or cast metals, or work in clay and brass, are the best-educated children, because they use their hands as well as their eyes and their brains.

You may say that in such schools all the boys will become mechanics, and all the girls become dressmakers. Some may, many will not; and yet whatever they do, be it preaching, keeping a store, or singing in concerts, they will do their work better than those who only read in books. The new schools are the best schools. Will there not be more of them every year? I think parents will see that it is an excellent thing for all boys and girls to learn to use their hands, that not to use the hands at all is to be helpless in the great school we all attend when we are men and women. The exhibition held last March may be only the beginning of a new education wherein the hard lessons of the books, that no little fellow ever could understand, shall give place to bright and interesting books about work and about things. There may yet be shops in every schoolyard, and embroidery frames on every girl's desk. There will be books, of course, and there also may be tools. There will be examinations indeed, but there may also be in every town an exhibition like the one I have told you of; and the fathers and mothers and all the good people flocking to the schools may see what the children can do with their hands. There will be speeches and recitations and music as now, and there may also be drawings and brass-work, embroidery, and designs in clay and in wood; and every child may be able to work as well as to study. No more tears over unmeaning lessons, but everywhere pleasure and interest because study is joined to work, and to learning is added industry.

THE TELL-TALE BARN.

By Esther B. Tiffany.

Oh, the funny little barn on a hill-side near our town!
With two wee, squinting windows in a row,
And a great wide-open door-way, like the mask-mouth of a clown,
It seems to be forever saying, "Oh!"
"Oh!" cries the little barn; "Oh!"
If you break a china dish
Or run away to fish,
"Oh!" cries the little barn; "Oh!"



One morning very early, we stole two pumpkin pies,
And thought we 'd go and eat them by the lake,
But when we looked behind us, there stared those watchful eyes,
And oh, they stared so hard it made us quake!
And "Oh!" cried the little barn: "Oh!"
If you stole a pumpkin pie
To eat it on the sly,
"Oh!" cried the little barn; "Oh!"

"I tell you now," said Jenny, "the old thing wont keep still
Until we put those pies right back, I know.
Let' s slip 'round to the pantry and lay them on the sill,
Or it will wake the folks up shouting, 'Oh!'"
For, "Oh!" cried the little barn; "Oh!"
Till we put away those pies
Before its very eyes,
"Oh!" cried the little barn; "Oh!"

WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

By Henry Eckford.

Eighth Paper.

As I have already told you, men can convey ideas to one another by making various kinds of marks. They can also speak to one another without using spoken words, by means of gestures. Animals likewise gesticulate, though in a much cruder way. You have probably seen deaf-mutes converse, eying one another sharply while their fingers kept fluttering and their features working in a lively play of expression. They were speaking a silent language, which is the motion-language of animals and the signal-language of savages carried to the highest point. Watch in any black berry patch the large brown thrush, the cat-bird, or the chewink. Every motion of the bird as it bustles about, is unconcerned. But let it catch sight of you, or let its eyes fall on snake or hawk or cat, and you will see the difference in its motions. Four-footed wild animals exhibit different emotions, such as anger or alarm, by various movements of the head and limbs.

Among savage nations, like our Indians and the wild tribes of Asia, whose nomadic habits cause their languages to become distinct from one another even when they belong to the same parent stock, and where intercourse is apt to be dangerous on account of feuds, the language of gestures has been wonderfully developed. A Zuñi will signal to an Apache, his enemy, and sustain a very full conversation with him across one of those tremendous canyons which are the marvel of our Southwest. For instance, putting the hand to the cheek and inclining the head means "sleep." Touching the heart means, "I am sincere." Thrusting forward the two fingers from the lips, to imitate the forked tongue of the snake, means, "you tell lies."

The lower orders of people in Italy have always been famous for quickness in making and reading signals, and a Neapolitan is often as expert as an Indian of the plains in the language of signals; in fact, he is smarter, for he will even talk by means of it to one of his kind while a stranger remains unconscious that they are communicating with each other before his face.

Some writers have argued that our letters must have been developed from signs once drawn roughly to indicate gestures made by the human limbs. An ingenious person has proposed an entirely new alphabet, which he considers much quicker and more sensible than our own. It is based on gestures natural to mankind and reduced from those which he considers the most important. But into this and into the endless varieties of shorthand writings and abbreviated writings proposed by inventors in what is called stenography, tachygraphy, and other strange-looking words selected from the Greek dictionary, we can not enter.

By sounds, too, ideas are conveyed between animals and between men. As used by mankind, we call the sounds speech; owing to the gulf that man in his pride wishes to set between himself and beasts, we call the sounds made by animals anything rather than speech. When your dog wags its tail, it uses a sort of gesture language. But when it barks, does it not speak? If you ever saw the great actor Salvini play "Othello," you will remember that he uses cries, like those of animals, to express rage, grief, or remorse, which are too great to find the measured relief of words. Birds sing their happiness and cry their distress. Between the disconsolate mewing of the cat-bird and its rich song of gladness at sunset, while the mother is safe on the nest, the difference is astonishing; so is the difference between the mellow song of the brown thrush and its squirrel-like bark at the certainty of danger, or its vicious clucking and hissing when its nest is found and touched. Jays have a discordant cry, but also a charming bell-like call note, which sounds rarely in the deep pine forests. Even fish sometimes make voluntary sounds, while the cries of our frogs and toads and insects, which make the wilderness joyous, at times are deafening. Animals, as a rule, have some kind of speech, however rude, however occasional may be its use.

But such marks as animals leave on sand or wood, in grass or bushes, can hardly be called writing by the widest interpretation, for they lack intention. To be sure, when the grizzly bear rears its ugly bulk against a redwood-tree and gashes the loose bark in order to stretch its claws, it leaves a sign behind which some animals, particularly those of its own race and those on which it most preys, undoubtedly can read. But the nearest approach, in an animal, to intentional acts designed to be seen or enjoyed by others, is the decoration of its curious house by the bower-bird of New Guinea. A pair of these birds will build an arbor of twigs and leaves for no apparent purpose except their own amusement, and then decorate it with bright

feathers and stones, as if they experienced pleasure in looking at it and wished other birds or creatures to see it. But even this is far from the rudest beginnings of writing.

Man writes from forethought and for the instruction of himself and others. Speech is a gift; writing an invention. Speech we share with the animals. Those parts of speech which we call ejaculations can not be separated from the cries of animals. You may have heard man called the talking animal. Would it not be better to call him the writing animal? His invention of writing separates him more than does articulate speech, from the lower orders of animate beings. No matter now how far back we go, or how far down we dig through the earth's crust to the layers of soil deposited nobody knows how long ago, wherever we find things fashioned by men, we find pictures that show the groping toward some kind of writing. Now, it is a portrait of a horse carved in outline on a piece of bone; at another time, it is a mammoth attacked by a hunter under cover of a wolf-skin. The difference between the brains of man and the brains of the highest animals is so great that, however we may suspect from other things that there was an age when men were little stronger in wits than the apes, we have as yet no certainty where and when a race of men lived who could not at least draw a picture in outline. The Bushmen, an African nation thought to be the lowest of living men in intellect, are now known to be marvelously expert in drawing. They cover the walls of their caves with well-drawn portraits of wild beasts.

So you see that the alphabet, which you learn at an age so early that you forget its difficulties, is perhaps the most curious and marvelous contrivance that has been produced by the brain of man. It is so old, that its origin is lost in the perspective of the past. To reconstruct its history is extremely difficult. The further back we go, the more confused are the records, and the scantier they become; but those which we find seem to point originally to a great variety of writings. The general history seems to be that of simpler from less simple — simpler pictures from complex pictures, simpler alphabets from alphabets more complex. Then a few chosen alphabets outlived all the rest; and finally one form, in great variation to be sure, rules now throughout a great portion of the whole world.

This, as you have seen, is the alphabet which we share with so many nations of different speech, color, and ancestry. Still, only half satisfied with the derivation of this alphabet, we ask, whence did it come to the Phœnicians? Was it evolved on Egyptian soil? Or did the Phœnicians perfect it from some old syllabary like those which I have already described to you. A syllabary of the ancient Hittites of Palestine has just been discovered and partly made out. Attempts have been made to trace it to the cuneiform picture-writing at Babylon, which also I have told you about; and some have thought it may have been born in India, out of a vanished syllabary, and its origin completely forgotten because of wars and the destruction of monuments. Or perhaps some very early or forgotten emigration of people from Asia into Egypt may have carried with it a crude alphabet, which, after further changes, was carried by another and a seafaring people, the Phœnicians, to the nations about the Mediterranean. One of David's captains was Uriah the Hittite. More and more is being learned nowadays about the Hittites, or Khetas, a Semitic nation that conquered and held Egypt for many centuries, long before David's time. It is thought by some that Joseph was sold by his brothers into slavery while the Hittites ruled over the patient Egyptians, who abhorred them and their gods. There seems to have been no difficulty on the part of Joseph and his brothers in making themselves understood by Potiphar and the Pharaoh that sat on the throne. If the ruling class was Semitic at the time, the court speech of the day was doubtless a dialect something like Hebrew, and this explains also why the starving sons of Jacob turned to Egypt for grain. The Hittites are considered the same people as the Khetas, the same also as the Shepherd Kings whom the Egyptians called the Hyksos. Perhaps it was during the reign of the Hyksos, or Hittites, and while the Hebrews were increasing mightily in numbers, and gradually falling under the displeasure of their rulers in Egypt, that the Phœnicians, their seafaring relatives, adapted those twenty-two letters from the great store of signs and symbols accumulated by long lines of Egyptian priests.

You have seen that the origin of the letters of our alphabet has been attributed to many different sources. One has been sought in the signal or gesture language, common to savage man, still used by civilized man under certain circumstances, and not unknown in its most general features to the lower animals. You may remember that the forms of letters have been traced back by some to the shapes of trees, and by others to the shapes of animals. The best reasoned origin of the Phœnician alphabet ascribes it to rude pictures of gods, men, animals, plants, and objects.

A young man came to one of the wisest Jewish Rabbis to be a disciple.

"My son," asked the Rabbi, "what is your occupation?"

"I am a scribe," he replied.

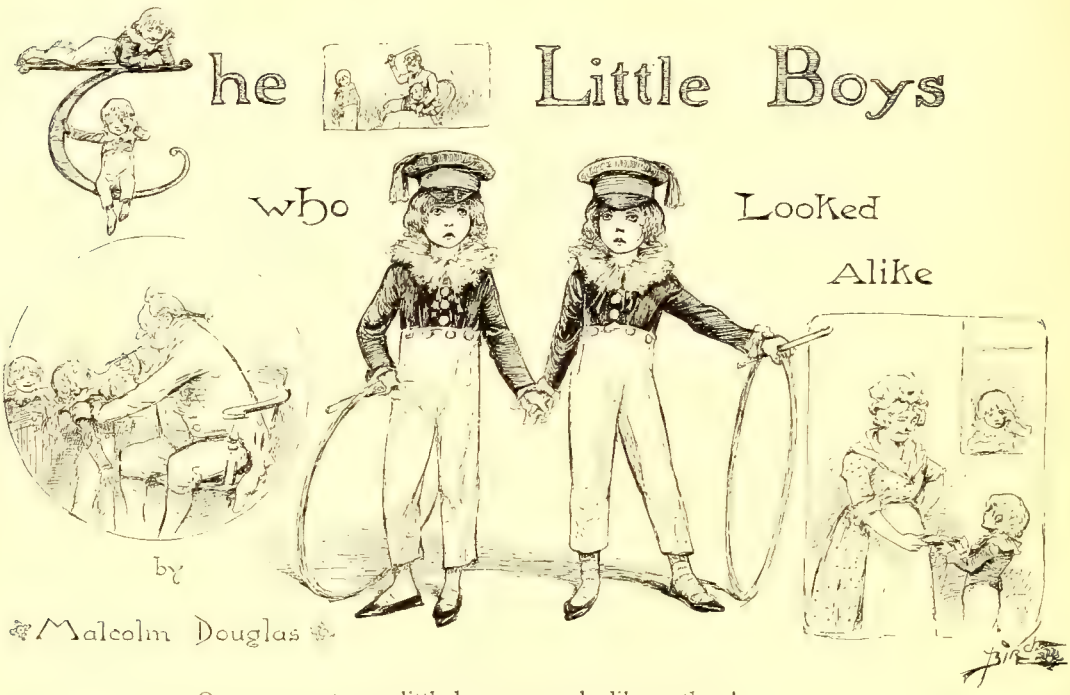
"Then," exclaimed the Rabbi; "be thou conscientious, O my son, for thy work is God-like!"

Many nations have held that their letters were the suddenly inspired inventions of demi-gods; others have maintained that only a god could have given so useful and admirable a thing to man. The divine origin of letters has been asserted in twenty different tongues. You have seen how many different earthly objects have been suggested as the source of letters. A Frenchman named Moreau de Dammartin, a Member of the French Institute, claimed that the letters of the alphabet were derived from the constellations which lie on the path of the earth around the sun; and certain old star-readers believed that they could read men's characters and destinies by the aid of the constellations from which Dammartin derived the letters of the alphabets. And to-day there are people who claim to read men's characters from their handwriting alone. As the writing of every nation is distinguished by certain strong national peculiarities, it is easy for an expert to decide to what nation a writer belongs. Having settled that, certain large characteristics which are common to all men, but in different degrees, can be seen in every handwriting. A certain number of men are calm, even-lived, sensible, and practical. Men of that class are almost certain to write plain, round hands in which every letter is distinctly legible; neither very much slanted forward, nor tilted backward; no letter very much bigger than its neighbor, nor with heads much above or tails much below the letters not so distinguished; the letters all having about the same general uprightness, and the lines true to the edges of the paper, neither tending upward nor downward. Exact, business-like people will have an exact handwriting. Fantastic minds revel in quirks and streamers, particularly for the capital letters, and this quality is not infrequent in certain business hands, as if the writers found a relief from the prosaic nature of their work in giving flourishes to certain letters. Firm, decided, downright men are apt to bear on the pen while writing, and to make their strokes hard and thick. On the contrary, people who are not sure of themselves, and are lacking in self-control, press unevenly, and with anxious-looking, scratchy hands. Ambitious people are apt to be overworked; they are always in haste and either forget to cross their t's, or dot their i's. They are also apt to run the last few letters of every word into an illegible scrawl. Besides those who do this naturally, there are others, silly or young people, who imitate the illegibleness in the handwriting of some one whom they admire. Flurried, troubled, and conscience-twinged persons have a crabbed and uneven handwriting. From all this it will appear that the claim of those who try to read character from handwritings is not so absurd as some people imagine.

I have now tried to tell you as plainly as possible the main facts about our alphabet so far as its history has been puzzled out. Those who are not afraid of large words, and wish to learn at greater length, should read the articles on the alphabet in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and also in "Appleton's Cyclopædia," and especially the two large volumes called "The Alphabet," written by Mr. Isaac Taylor. The number of special books and treatises in French, German, and English, bearing on different languages and their alphabets is too great to mention here.

We are taught the alphabet so soon after infancy that we naturally underrate its importance all our lives. Yet, who shall measure its importance to civilization? Writing has enabled mankind to store up knowledge. There are calculations and speculations which require so much straining of the mind, that advance to them and beyond them would have been impossible without the stepping-stones furnished by writing. For calculations, numerals and algebraic letters are the stepping-stones; for speculations, words and frequent sentences. The storing of ideas in books is often badly done, and people are always ready to groan over the vast accumulations of volumes and the very small proportion of ideas worth preserving. Yet, until volumes became general and no longer the mysterious conjuring books of the few, human knowledge was always more or less in danger of being swept from the earth by accidents to the few and scattered libraries. The more widely a book was spread in copies over the world, the less was the chance of its total disappearance. The printing-press aided in this kind of insurance of the knowledge of man against accidents. And neither printing-press nor alphabet need yet be considered as perfected. Our alphabet is not the best ever invented, but it is short and handy. As a subject for study, it yields to nothing that is connected intimately with the civilization of mankind. When we understand the history of the alphabet in all its course, and in all its minor points, we shall know the history of mankind ever since men first began to diverge widely from the beasts of the wood.

THE END.



OH, never yet were little boys so much alike as they!
Each looked more like the other than himself, folks used to say.
And since no one between them any difference could tell
Some incidents quite undeserved the two at times befell.

Their mother was so puzzled about telling which was which
That it made it very awkward when she had to use her switch;
And it frequently would happen that the guilty one went free,
While his righteous little brother would be placed across her knee.

When either of the little boys was vexed with childish ills
The good old doctor soon would bring his castor oil and squills,
And, in spite of tears and protests, he would very often make
The well one swallow all his horrid doses, by mistake.

Though one at school was always head, the teacher had to put
The other (who would never learn his lessons) at the foot;
So the bright boy for his indolence was ofttimes sternly chid,
And the dull one patted on the head for what his brother did.

And sometimes, too, the cook would make a little pie for one,
And give it to the other just as soon as it was done;
And, to keep the first from crying, she would roll him out one more,
But the second, when he came again, would get it, as before.

Oh, never yet were little boys so much alike as they!
Each looked more like the other than himself, folks used to say.
And since no one between them any difference could tell,
Surprising and unjust rewards the two at times befell!

THE KELP-GATHERERS.

[*A Story of the Maine Coast.*]

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XVII.

PERCIVAL AND THE WATCH.

After assisting to bring Olly safe to shore, Perce Bucklin had time to reflect upon his still unclaimed treasure-trove and to grow extremely anxious in regard to it.

He had not felt responsible for its first immersion in the sea. But it had received a second wetting while in his possession. That set him to considering seriously the damage salt water might do, if it should get into the delicate works, and he worried over this to such an extent that he could no longer keep quietly at work, with the watch still in his damp pocket.

"Boys," said he, "I 'm going to have some doughnuts." He had planned in his own mind that he would take that opportunity to conceal his prize in some safe, dry place.

"I 'm hungry too!" said Moke.

"So 'm I!" said Poke.

And all threw down their forks. Their early breakfast, their labor at the kelp, and their exciting adventure on the water, had made the morning seem very long, and prepared them for a substantial luncheon.

That was n't just what Perce expected. They were no sooner seated on the sand, with pail and basket and a bottle of spruce beer between them, than fresh restlessness seized him.

Whoever the owner of the watch was or was to be, he felt that it ought to go at once to the jeweler, and be cleaned and oiled. He suddenly jumped to his feet.

"Boys," he said, taking a piece of cheese in one hand and a wedge of apple-pie in the other, "go on with your lunch; I 'll be eating mine while I run up and see how Olly is getting along."

"Take some of Ma's spruce beer, first," said the twins.

Perce thanked them, but said he would have his share when he came back.

"Don't wait for me," he added, "if I should get to talking, and be a little late."

He had been gone but a few minutes, and the twins were still busy with their bread and butter and doughnuts, when they heard footsteps coming behind them, and looked around, expecting to see him on his return.

But they saw instead a strange man, with a resolute face under a shady hat-brim. A little behind him lingered two of the boarding-house ladies they had seen before.

"Where 's the other member of your party?" asked the man, after looking beyond the twins and all about. "The one you call Perce."

"Perce Bucklin? He just went up to the boarding-house," they replied; "he left us about five minutes ago."

"I 've just come from the boarding-house," said the man. "He was n't there when we left; and we met no such boy on the way."

"That 's strange!" said Moke.

And he and his brother began to call. The woods echoed their voices, but no other voice replied.

"I don't know where he is!" said Poke, astonished.

"He seemed to have something on his mind," said Moke; "and may be ——"

"May be he went to the village!" exclaimed Poke.

They could n't conceive why he should have gone to the village, but they remembered that he had spoken vaguely of having some errand there, which he must do before he returned home.

"Thank you," the gentleman replied, and went back to speak with the ladies. "That fellow has gone off to dispose of the watch," he said to them; "and I don't think these two know anything about it."

He had at all events thought it better not to mention the subject to the twins; in order that, if they should see Perce before he did, they might not put him on his guard.

Perce had, in fact, immediately changed his mind, after leaving his companions; if, indeed, he had any serious notion of going to inquire for Olly.

Instead of going to the boarding-house, he crossed a corner of the woods, in order to strike a road leading to the village, which was about three-quarters of a mile away.

As soon as he was well out of sight, he began to run, pausing only a minute or two in the woods, where he took out his prize, pressed the spring that opened the hunter's case, and looked at the still beautiful bright, white face of the watch.

"I don't believe it is hurt much!" he exclaimed joyfully. "I wonder how long it has been in the water!"

The pointers indicated ten minutes past two. Thinking the watch must have stopped soon after it dropped into the sea, he muttered:

"That might have been two o'clock last night, or yesterday, or some day of last week; who knows? Hullo!"

A new mystery! The second-hand, as he watched it, moved! He held the timepiece to his ear, and heard a faint tick.

The works were running still, though feebly. Then the watch could have been in the sea but a few hours; and it was no doubt some water that had got into it which had retarded without stopping the motion of the wheels.

"Eight hours slow!" said Perce, thinking it must be by that time past ten o'clock.

Astonished as he was, his purpose to visit the village remained unchanged. Indeed, it seemed to him all the more important that the watch, since he was convinced that it was as yet uninjured, should go to the jeweler's without delay.

He had not meant, from the first, to withhold it from its rightful owner, if he could find that person; but only to keep it from the twins, who might set up what he considered an unjust claim to half its value. He expected to advertise it, after putting it into the jeweler's hands; he had therefore no motive for disguising from the latter the manner in which it had come into his possession.

He was prepared to tell a straightforward story; only leaving out his want of confidence in the twins, of which he could n't help feeling ashamed. But unfortunately the jeweler was not in his shop. After a little search, Perce found him walking with a man on the street; and, coming to his side, whispered in his ear that he had a little job for him.

As they entered the shop together, Perce did not notice a third man, flushed with excitement and haste, who had followed him at a distance, and was now watching with an air of affected carelessness, to see what he would do.

As the jeweler went behind his counter, Perce stood before it, with his back to the door, and said breathlessly, in a low tone, as he produced the watch:

"Here 's something I want you to be rather confidential about until ——"

Until it could be advertised in due form, he was going to say; for he was anxious that no false claimant should get a description of the watch beforehand. But he had hardly yet recovered his breath, and while he was hesitating, the jeweler opened the watch.

"Where has this been? In the water?" he asked.

"Yes," said Perce. "And I want you to do whatever is necessary to put it into good order; and to say nothing about it until ——"

Here he stopped again, and looked quickly around at somebody who just then entered the shop.

It was Mr. Hatville, who, having stood a moment at the open door, watching the jeweler and the boy, stepped in quickly but quietly, and laying one hand, with a firm grasp, on Perce's arm, extended the other over the counter.

"Mr. Middleton," said he, "I don't think you mean to be a receiver of stolen goods. But it happens that you have my watch!"

"Yours, Mr. Hatville!" said the astonished jeweler. "I thought I had seen it before" (for Mr. Hatville had dealt with him at times, and had shown him his chronometer with much pride), "but never in such a condition!"

"It has run down, I suppose," said the owner, adding with grim sarcasm, "I hoped the thief would know enough to wind it! Boy!" he cried, tightening his grip on Perce's arm, "you 've no business to steal watches, if you can't keep 'em wound!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERCIVAL AND THE OWNER OF THE WATCH.

PERCE stood aghast and trembling, trying to speak. The jeweler spoke for him.

"This boy did n't steal it, did he? I know his father. He 's one of the selectmen of the town. You are Mr. Bucklin's boy, are n't you?"

"I am Percival Bucklin," said Perce, endeavoring to assume the proverbial boldness of innocence, but nevertheless appearing far more guilty than if he had been a hardened rogue. "I did n't steal it. I found it."

"Yes, and I know just where you found it!" said Hatville. "I know, too, just where *you 'll* be found, in about ten minutes, if Mr. Middleton will have the kindness to step out and call a policeman."

"Give the boy a chance," said the jeweler. "He belongs to one of the best families in town. I believe he 's honest. Tell just how you came by the watch, Percival."

"That 's what I was going to do when this man rushed in and grabbed me," said Perce.

He was once more beginning his story, when Mr. Hatville broke out again excitedly:

"Where's the rest of the chain?"

"It 's just as I found it," said Perce.

"And what 's the matter with the watch?" said Hatville. He had loosed his hold of the boy's arm, and taken the timepiece in both hands. "It has n't run down!"

"Worse than that," Mr. Middleton replied. "It has been in the water."

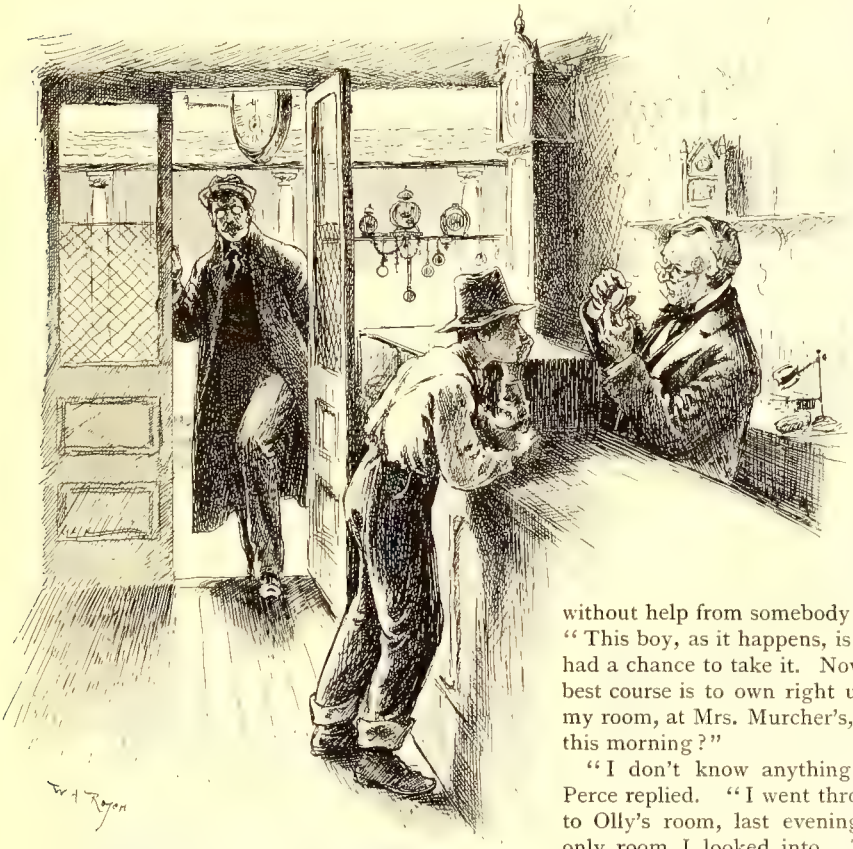
"Boy!" cried the angry owner, "did you have it with you when you went out to the Old Cow for Olly Burdeen this morning?"

"Yes," said Perce, "but——"

"And did you get wet?"

Hatville reached down and felt the boy's clothes, which were still damp.

"A wave dashed over me," Perce admitted, "but——"



"MR. HATVILLE STOOD A MOMENT AT THE OPEN DOOR, WATCHING THE JEWELER AND THE BOY."

"Now did you ever hear of anything so exasperating?" said Hatville, turning to Mr. Middleton with a grim and very unpleasant expression. "It was n't enough for this young rascal to take a man's timepiece, that had been regulated down to a second and a half a month; but he must also go and jump into the sea with it!"

"I did n't jump into the sea with it!" Perce spoke up impatiently. "Can't you hear what I have to say? I found that watch in the seaweed, on the beach, early this morning, just as the tide had left it a little while before. If it had n't been for getting Olly off the rocks, I should have thought to bring it here earlier. I meant to have it cleaned and oiled, and then to advertise for the owner, if he was n't heard from in the meanwhile."

"That seems a straightforward story," said the jeweler.

"What made him so sly with you, then?" Mr. Hatville demanded. "Was n't he asking you to say nothing about it, or something of the kind, when I came in?"

The jeweler had to admit that Perce had made some such request; which the boy hastened to explain.

"I said all that; and I was going to say more. I did n't want anybody to see it until it was advertised, and until the owner proved his claim by giving a description of it."

"Ah, very wise, indeed! and very plausible! But how did the watch get into the seaweed, without help from somebody?" returned Hatville. "This boy, as it happens, is the only person who had a chance to take it. Now, young fellow, your best course is to own right up. Were n't you in my room, at Mrs. Murcher's, last night, and again this morning?"

"I don't know anything about your room," Perce replied. "I went through the upper entry to Olly's room, last evening; but that was the only room I looked into. This morning I went into some gentleman's room — I don't know whose — to get a view from the window, while the ladies were hunting for a spy-glass; but I saw no watch there, and I did n't touch a thing."

"Besides, if you notice," Mr. Middleton remarked, "this watch — to be more than eight hours slow, as you see it is, and still going — must have been in the water considerably more than eight hours."

The argument seemed to strike Mr. Hatville forcibly. But a moment's reflection enabled him to put it easily aside.

"It had probably run down," he said; "and the boy has wound it since."

"Why! I have n't any key!" Perce exclaimed.

"And you did n't know it was a stem-winder?" said the owner, with incredulous irony.

Perce said, very truly, that he had n't examined it sufficiently to discover that fact; he had heard of stem-winders, but had never before seen one. Mr. Hatville smiled again.

"I can't yet feel quite so sure of this boy's honesty as you seem to, Mr. Middleton," he said. "There are some things that need to be explained: how the watch got out of my room and into the sea, in the first place; and how the chain was broken."

"If I meant to steal it, why should I break the chain?" Perce demanded.

"I don't know your motive; perhaps because you saw my monogram on the seal. Come, my boy," said Mr. Hatville; "come and show me just where and how you found it."

So saying, he left the watch in the jeweler's hands, and started to return with Perce to the scene of the kelp-gathering.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MISSING LINKS.

ON the way, Perce Bucklin's spirits did not rise, as a perfectly truthful boy's spirits might have been expected to do, under the circumstances.

He had already felt, with some uneasiness of conscience, that his disingenuous treatment of his partners in the kelp-gathering was unworthy of the son of so upright a father. But he was now appalled by the thought of what might be the consequences of his conduct.

As they walked down the road together, Mr. Hatville asked:

"Was anybody with you on the beach when you found the watch?"

Perce had known very well that some such question must come, and he had been dreading it. He had tried to think what he should reply; but now he could only stammer:

"Yes;—that is, no;—the Elder boys had just gone off with a load of seaweed, and I was waiting for them to come back with the cart."

"How far away were they? out of sight?" continued Mr. Hatville.

"No, not exactly. We were hauling the kelp into piles, just above high water;" explained Perce.

"Oh, yes! They were near you, then," said Mr. Hatville, who had observed the heaps of seaweed on the shore. "So they 'll know all about it. Let me hear your story first; then I will hear theirs. Just how it was found, you understand."

"It will be of no use for you to ask them," said Perce.

"How so?" replied Mr. Hatville, with another of his sarcastic, incredulous smiles.

"They did n't know anything about it," Perce acknowledged miserably.

"So you mean to say that you found a valuable gold watch on the beach, and said nothing about it to your friends, who must have been within sight and hearing at the time? That 's a likely story!"

"I don't wonder you think so," said Perce in deep distress. "But I 'll tell you why I did n't. We had gone into partnership for getting kelp and driftwood, and had made an agreement that we were to divide, half and half, everything we found—half for me and the team, which is my father's, and half for them. Then, you see, when I found the watch, I was afraid they might claim a share in it, provided the owner did n't turn up."

"Very ingenious!" was Mr. Hatville's skeptical comment.

"You may believe it or not; it 's true!" exclaimed Perce, in a broken and agitated voice. "I did a mean thing; and for that reason I 'd rather you should n't say anything to the Elder boys about it. But I suppose they will have to know it. I suppose everybody will have to know it!" And here his voice failed completely.

"I suppose the particulars will have to be known to several persons before we get through with this little business," Mr. Hatville replied. "Have you anything more to say for yourself?"

The boy had nothing more to say, except to describe more particularly how he took the watch out of the dripping seaweed, and to protest again his innocence of any dishonest purpose; all of which, however, did not seem to make much impression upon Mr. Hatville.

They walked on in silence down the sandy road, Perce as deeply wretched as if he had been already on his way to the lock-up.

Even if he were spared that last humiliation, he felt that his good name was gone forever. The taking of the watch might not be publicly proved against him; but, unless the mystery of its disappearance from the owner's room, and its re-appearance in the wave-tossed kelp on the shore—unless that could be explained, who would believe him guiltless? The suspicion might cling to him through life.

What would his father say? And how it would grieve his dear mother!

"We 'll not go to the beach now," said Mr. Hatville, "since your friends can't say anything to help you. I don't see why I brought you away from

the village, anyway. But never mind; we can trudge back there. And we 'll go to Mrs. Murcher's first — now that we are so far on our way."

Harsh as had been his treatment of a supposed culprit, under what seemed to him very great provocation, Mr. Hatville could n't help pitying the

"Give it to the others!" cried Perce passionately. "I don't want any pay for what I did. No, nor for saving this man's watch, either, — though I don't think I ought to be treated this way, as if I had stolen it."

"Does he deny it?" cried Amy Canfield, eagerly.



"'HERE THEY ARE!' SAID OLLY, AS HE HELD OUT THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIMSELF."

boy a little; and, now that his anger was cooled, he wished to reflect before deciding to turn so youthful an offender over to the officers of the law.

He kept Perce by his side as he mounted the piazza steps.

"Yes, I 've found him, and my watch, too," he said to the boarders, who came out to hear the news. "It was in his possession."

Glad as they were to hear of his good fortune, nothing but painful surprise and commiseration was expressed in the womanly and girlish faces that looked upon the unhappy boy.

"Oh, then! what shall we do with the money?" sighed Mrs. Merriman.

Whereupon it came out that the friends of Olly Burdeen had subscribed a small collection, to reward his rescuers. But, could they bestow it upon such a boy as this one had shown himself to be?

"Oh, of course!" replied Mr. Hatville.

"Of course I do!" Perce exclaimed, raising his voice in vehement protestation. "I found it in the seaweed, on the beach. But he wont believe a word I say!"

And he stood defiant, desperate, his eyes flashing through tears.

The most tender-hearted of the lady boarders could n't blame Mr. Hatville for declining to accept such a story as that. But just then another actor in the drama rushed upon the scene.

It was Olly Burdeen, himself, in his old clothes, his hair tumbled, his eyes excited, his voice choking as he tried to speak.

"The watch?" he gasped out. "He is n't to blame! I — I took it!"

In his room, at the end of the corridor above, he had overheard enough to know that the watch was

found, and that Perce was in trouble. Equally excited by the good news and the bad, he had obeyed an impulse of generosity and gratitude, and hastened to the defense of the friend to whom he owed his recent rescue.

But, strange to say, nobody believed him! He was delirious; he was telling a noble untruth; he was sacrificing himself for one to whom he fancied that he owed his life. Everybody believed implicitly in Olly; nobody believed in Perce.

Only Mr. Hatville, whose mind had reverted more than once to Olly, while considering the other's strange story, listened carefully, thinking that the clew to the mystery might at last be coming.

"How is that, Olly?" he asked.

"I just put on the watch, to wear it a little while with my new clothes," Master Burdeen confessed impetuously. "Then when the accident happened to me in the boat, I suppose the oar snatched it from my pocket. You did n't find the whole of the chain, did you, Perce?"

"The hook and the seal are missing," Mr. Hatville replied.

"Here they are!" said Olly, as he took from his pocket and held out the evidence against himself, glad enough now that he had not thrown it into the sea, when tempted to do so.

After that, nobody doubted his story.

"But why did n't you tell me this before?" demanded Mr. Hatville, as he took the missing links.

"I thought the watch was lost, and I was afraid," poor Olly confessed. "But I could n't bear to see *him* accused!"

After this frank acknowledgment from Olly, Mr. Hatville forbore to utter a single reproach, and only said:

"You need n't have been afraid, if you had only come forward and told the simple truth. The watch is found, and there 's no great harm done; though I shall have some trouble in regulating it again down to a second and a half a month. You 'd better go back to bed, Olly."

And Olly went; abjectly humbled, and blinded by tears of shame and contrition, yet almost happy in the wonderful relief the confession of his fault and the vindication of his friend had brought to his tortured conscience.

"I was sure he never took it!" he heard Miss Amy Canfield exclaim with glad vehemence; but he knew that she was speaking of Percival, not of himself.

CHAPTER XX.

PERCE SETTLES WITH HIS PARTNERS.

THERE was no longer any question as to what should be done with the contribution the boarders had made up to reward the humane efforts of Olly's rescuers.

They had collected ten dollars. To this Mr. Hatville begged the privilege of adding ten more.

"For finding my watch — and for my treatment of the finder!" he said.

But Percival could n't bear that anything like that should cloud the great joy with which the welcome light of truth filled his soul.

"I don't want any reward for anything!" he exclaimed. "I can't take your money!" And he pushed back Mr. Hatville's contribution across the hall table. "But I 've no right to refuse anything intended for my friends; and, if the ladies insist, I will take their money and give it to Moke and Poke."

"Moke and Poke!" said Amy, with a laugh. "What names!"

"They are my partners, on the beach. The Elder boys — Moses and Porter," Perce explained.

The ladies did insist; and, with light feet and a lighter heart, he hastened down the sandy path to the shore.

The twins, who had resumed their work, were inclined to show a little resentment of their partner's prolonged absence. They wished to know what "that man" wanted of him, and where he had been all the while.

"I've been getting a reward for you!" said Perce gayly.

"A reward?" cried Moke.

"For what?" asked Poke.

"For rescuing Olly," Perce replied, opening his hand and showing the money. "Here it is,— with the compliments of the lady boarders at Mrs. Murcher's.

"Oh!" ejaculated Moke.

"Ho!" aspirated Poke.

"We did n't want any pay for that!" said both together.

"But it took your time, and interrupted your work; and it really seemed a pleasure for them to give you something. Olly 's a great favorite up there," added Percival.

"Five dollars!" shouted Moke, brandishing his share above his head.

"Five dollars!" shrieked Poke, capering wildly on the sand.

They had never in their lives been so rich. But where was Percival's share?

"They offered me ten dollars — or at least the man did. But I did n't take it. The truth is, boys, ——" And, after a little hesitation, Perce told the story of the watch that he had found and restored to the owner.

"And it was Olly that borrowed and lost it?" exclaimed Moke.

"And never told us!" ejaculated Poke.

"Why did n't *you* tell us you found it?" cried both together.

"As we were partners,— going halves in everything,— I did n't know —" Perce blushed and stammered — "I did n't know but you 'd want your share of that, too!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Poke.

"Of course we should n't!" said Moke.

So that matter was settled,— far more easily and satisfactorily, Perce thought, than might have been the case if no owner for the watch had been found.

"Come!" said Moke, looking again at his money before pocketing it; "we 've done enough work for one day."

"Never mind about hauling any more kelp," said Poke.

"We 'll have the fun of coming again to-morrow," said both together.

Perce himself was quite willing to go home to dinner. So, having dumped their last load of seaweed (which would not be much more than a third of a load when, after it was well rotted, they should haul it to the farms), they filled up the cart-box with driftwood. Upon that they laid their blankets; and presently climbed up to the top themselves, after bidding good-bye to the beach and the bright sea, and turning the oxen into the wild woodland road.

Then, mounted comfortably upon their loaded cart, they drove back through beautiful sunshine and shade, making the woods ring once more with their voices in glad chorus:

"Now, run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day!"

Although he had no money to show, Percival was not the least contented of the three with the result of their work.

He had done something for his friend Olly, and for Mr. Hatville; and no reward could have given him quite so pure a satisfaction as the feeling that he had done it without reward.

Moreover, as he had liberated the watch and chain from their slimy environment of rockweed and kelp, even so his conscience and his good name had been freed from the entanglement that at one time threatened to drag them into a hideous abyss. To have kept his honor unsullied was a greater joy than the possession of many watches.

Yet I can not say that Perce Bucklin was made very unhappy when, not long after, he received by express from Boston a small package, which, on being opened, was found to contain a very pretty silver Swiss watch, and a card bearing Mr. Hatville's name. It was certainly a gratifying token of that gentleman's confidence and regard.

THE END.



FUN IN HIGH LIFE.

OLD TIME ARMS AND ARMOR.

BY E. S. BROOKS.



DO YOU not think that the garments of iron, of steel, or of bronze in which the soldiers of five hundred years ago rode to the wars must have been very uncomfortable? Look at the "effigies," as they are called, on the opposite page, representing four royal knights. These colossal statues, with those of twenty-four other noted warriors of history and romance, stand, a silent guard, around the magnificent tomb of the German Emperor Maximilian I., at Innspruck, in the Tyrol. These four mail-clad figures represent four of the bravest and most redoubtable of the knights of old—Arthur of Britain, Theodeobert of Burgundy, Ernest of Austria, and Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths. The armor is rich in ornament and decoration, but I have not a doubt that King Arthur felt much more cool and comfortable when he was eating that famous "bag pudding," which Mother Goose assures us the queen "did make" for him, than when he rode out from Camelot in the splendidly decorated iron war-clothes that are shown in the picture; and I am very sure, too, that the brave Theodoric was much happier and more at ease when as a boy he practiced Greek gymnastics at the Court of Constantinople, where he was held as hostage by the Emperor, than he did when, years after, he rode to the siege of Ravenna with that ridiculous iron kettle on his head and weighed down with the iron rosettes and jacket that we see in his picture before us.

But, while these metal clothes, uncomfortable, hot, and heavy though they were, have been a necessary style of wearing apparel ever since the forgotten ages when men began to quarrel and to strive, it was not until a comparatively recent date that warriors rode to battle wholly incased in armor. The Assyrians and Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans of the earlier days were satisfied with such partial protection as would shield the most vulnerable parts of their bodies—helmets, or head-coverings; greaves, or shin-protectors; and the short oval breastplates that guarded heart and ribs. The stout old Roman legionaries, bronzed and scarred with exposure and fighting, laughed rather contemptuously at the fresh levies which, when sent into the field, wished to shield their bodies as much as possible. Indeed, the first use of the word armor, as we understand it, is found in the works of a military writer of the latter part of the fourth century A. D., one T. Vegetius Renatus, who refers to armor as a defense worn only by the *young* troops; so you see that, after all, the boys were the first to incase themselves in armor and were the earliest of the knights.

But gradually, as men grew more careful of their bodies, they increased the safety-coverings; breastplate and greave and helmet grew into coat-of-mail, and suit of plate, until in the days of the knights—the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—the men who couched lance or wielded sword and met in the terrific battle-shock *seemed* to be men of iron, whatever they really were beneath their clanging clothes.

Look at the picture (Fig. 1, p. 938) of a knight in a splendid suit of armor, richly engraved. He lived and fought somewhere about the time of the heroic Edward of England, whom men, because of his sable armor, called the Black Prince. This warrior may have even followed the banner of Prince Edward; he may have fought with Bruce at Bannockburn, or against the cause of the people and Rienzi at Rome.

Certainly here is an instance in which "dress makes the man," as the old proverb declares. Not one of us could recognize the gentleman by his countenance on a second meeting, for even his face is concealed behind a decorated visor, or beaver,—a sort of face-door that works up and down on well-oiled hinges. The short cloth sack, emblazoned with his crest and worn over his armor, is the *tabard*, and from his plumed helmet to his pointed *sollerets*, or shoes of iron, he is one mass of metal. The two knights, alongside, in Fig. 2, are incased in somewhat less elaborate iron suits, though they also belong to the age of splendid armor.

In those days of hard hitting with ax and lance, alike in tournament and in battle, the head and the breast generally received the stoutest blows and needed to be the most securely protected. The head-pieces grouped together on page 939 are what a merchant nowadays would call "an assorted lot"; the *casquetel*, or helmet with an iron cape



BRONZE STATUES AT THE TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN I., REPRESENTING ARTHUR OF BRITAIN, THEODEOBERT OF BURGUNDY, ERNEST OF AUSTRIA, AND THEODORIC, KING OF THE OSTROGOTHS.

for protecting the back of the neck; the *bascinet*, or helmet with a pointed visor, and another just beneath it that looks like three joints of stove-pipe; the *tilting-helm*, used in the tournament or in the "tilting-field," looking very much like a "high hat" of to-day, in iron; the German *heaume*, or old Gallic helmet, with the basket-like cage to shield the face; the plumed *burgonet*, or old Burgundian helmet, and the rounded one, sometimes called a *morion;* and the last of the helmets, the helm and *casquetel* of the harquebusiers — those stout old fighters of the seventeenth century, who gave and took plenty of hard knocks in the Dutch wars, or in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides.



FIG. 1.— A KNIGHT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY IN A SUIT OF ENGRAVED ARMOR.

FIG. 2.— KNIGHTS OF THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

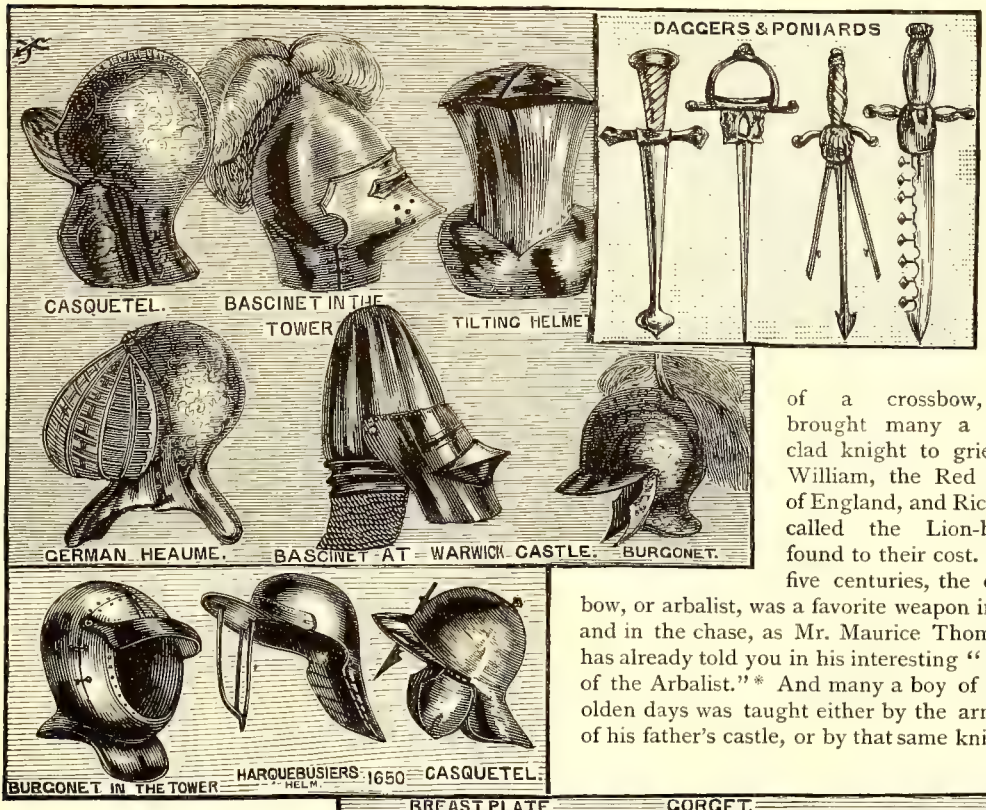
The breastplate, first worn in front only, was gradually added to until it became a *cuirass*, or iron jacket, laced at the sides. Around the neck was worn the metal collar, or *gorget;* the hands were incased in iron gloves, or *gauntlets*, sometimes armed with long, saw-like projections; and spurs of varying size and length were attached to the heels of the curious iron shoes that were known as *sollerets*.

Dagger and poniard, mace and lance, bill and battle-ax were the terrible weapons used by the gentlemen in the iron clothes to cut and carve, to pound and pummel, to hack and pierce one another,— and yet those were called the days of chivalry, of courtesy, and of courage!

War is always brutal, always terrible; but there seems something almost cowardly in the custom

of those "knights of old" in thus crawling for safety into suits of steel and iron, while the poor people who followed their banners to the wars — vassals and serfs, archers and bill-men — had nothing but leather jerkins and iron head-pieces (often not even these) to protect them from the charge and thrust of the mail-clad knights. And the funny side of it all is that sometimes knights thus covered with plate, like modern ironclads, would fight all day without either being hurt. In one of the Italian battles of the sixteenth century, two armies of knights sheathed in the best Milan armor fought from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon without one valorous warrior being killed or even being wounded. Do you wonder that Cervantes made such sport of those men in kettles and stove-pipe, as he did in his marvelous story of "Don Quixote"?

But, as necessity is called the "mother of invention," weapons, in time, were made that iron-cased warriors feared even more than mace or battle-ax. The archer's "cloth-yard shaft" might not be able to pierce the Milan armor, but a steel-headed "bolt" or "quarrel," sped with terrific force from the notch of a crossbow, has brought many a mail-clad knight to grief, as William, the Red King of England, and Richard, called the Lion-heart, found to their cost. For five centuries, the cross-bow, or arbalist, was a favorite weapon in war and in the chase, as Mr. Maurice Thompson has already told you in his interesting "Story of the Arbalist."* And many a boy of those olden days was taught either by the armorer of his father's castle, or by that same knightly



* See St. Nicholas for September, 1882.



"MANY A BOY WAS TAUGHT HOW TO STRING THE BOW AND HOW TO LAY THE BOLT."



LANCES, MACES, AND BATTLE-AXES.

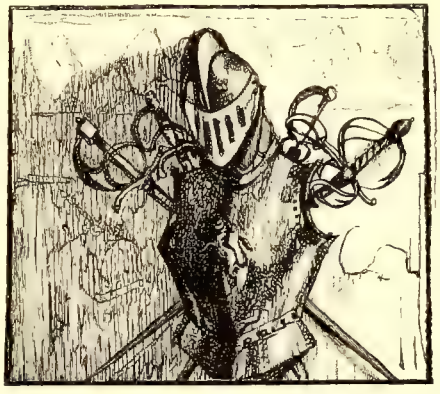
father, the baron and lord of the manor, how to string the bow and how to lay the bolt.

The battle of Waterloo, in which the iron-sheathed cuirassiers of Napoleon went down in defeat before the soldiers of Wellington, was the death-blow to defensive armor.

As gunpowder came into use in battle, and science improved the methods of warfare, the iron coats were found to be of little avail as a protection against shot and shell. Men grew braver as they dropped the heavy plates behind which they had hidden for centuries. And now they march unprotected by iron clothes, depending for victory upon their excellent drill and discipline and upon the deadly fire-arms which science has developed and perfected.

But, better yet, more helpful than casque or cuirass, lance or bill or battle-ax, more effective even than the ponderous Krupp cannon, the deadly Gatling gun, or the swift-loading Martini rifle, is the spirit of justice, of kindly courtesy, and of real courage, which now settles quarrels between men and nations. Argument, arbitration, and mutual concession are doing more to civilize the world than all the cruel war-weapons, and these kindlier methods render more and more useless the arms and armor of the long ago, which sprang, not from the friendships, but from the hatreds and passions of men.

But breastplate, helm, and sword, and all the knightly accouterments have served their purpose in the world's advancement, and as they look down



at us from the walls of library or museum could tell us many a story of daring and of valor in "the brave days of old."

NED'S BUTTERCUP.

By Bessie Chandler.

Ned picked in the garden, one morning bright,
A buttercup, fresh and yellow;
And his warm, chubby fingers held it tight,
For it pleased the little fellow.

But soon it drooped its satiny head,
(Such a sorry trick to serve us!)
"Oh, give it some water, Mamma!" cried Ned;
"I think it is getting *nervous!*"



BY ANNA M. PRATT.

SUCH an ill-behaved man she never had seen!
When she wanted a picture, pray, what did he mean
By hiding his head? And, under her breath,
She whispered: "Mamma, is he frightened to death?"
She wondered and wondered when would he begin—
When, presto! that instant a round, dimpled chin,
And a mouth where sweet kisses seemed coming and going,
And two merry eyes with their fun overflowing
Were caught by the sunlight.—Now see! There she stands
With a flower on her breast and her doll in her hands,
Her bonny face framed in her fair, waving curls—
The sweetest and dearest of dear little girls!



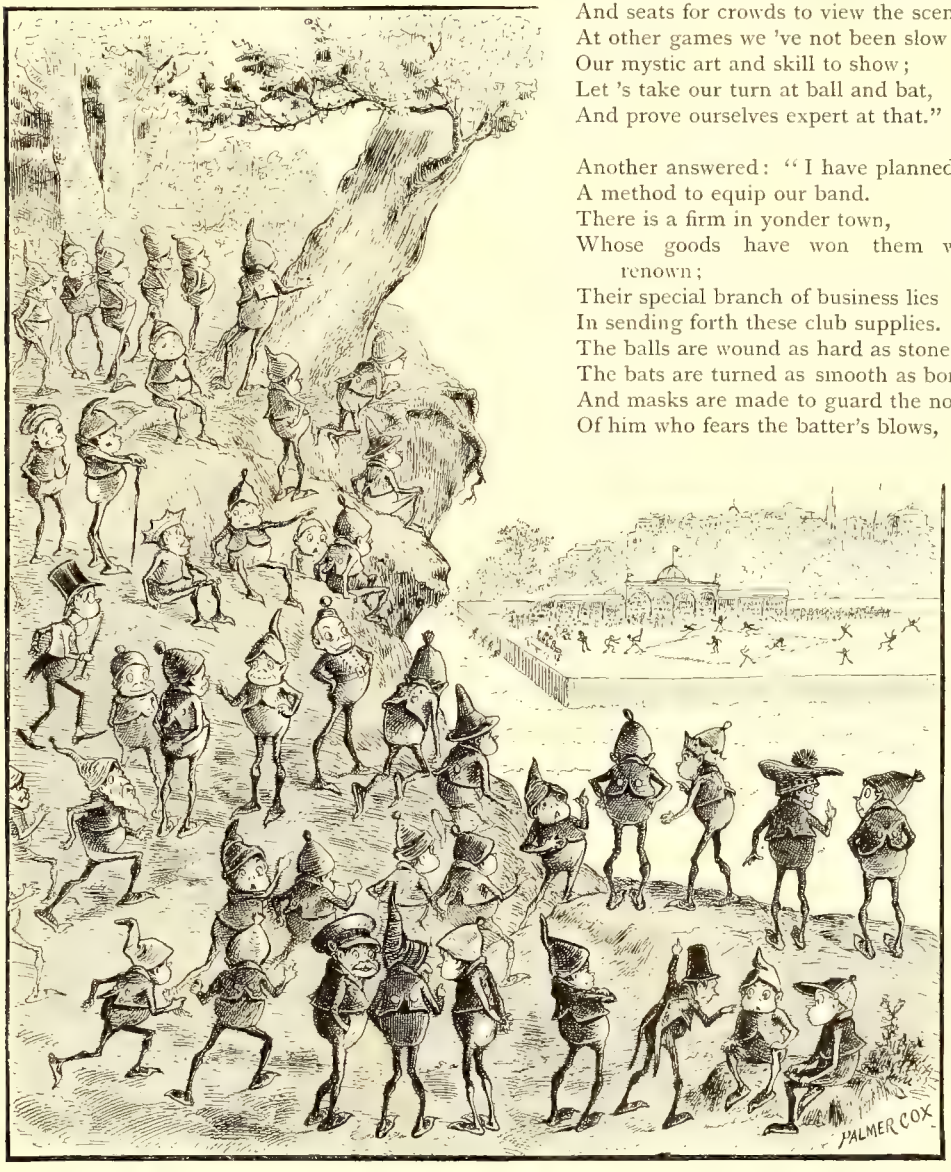
THE BROWNIES AT BASE-BALL.

By Palmer Cox.

One evening, from a shaded spot,
The Brownies viewed a level lot
Where clubs from different cities came
To play the nation's favorite game.

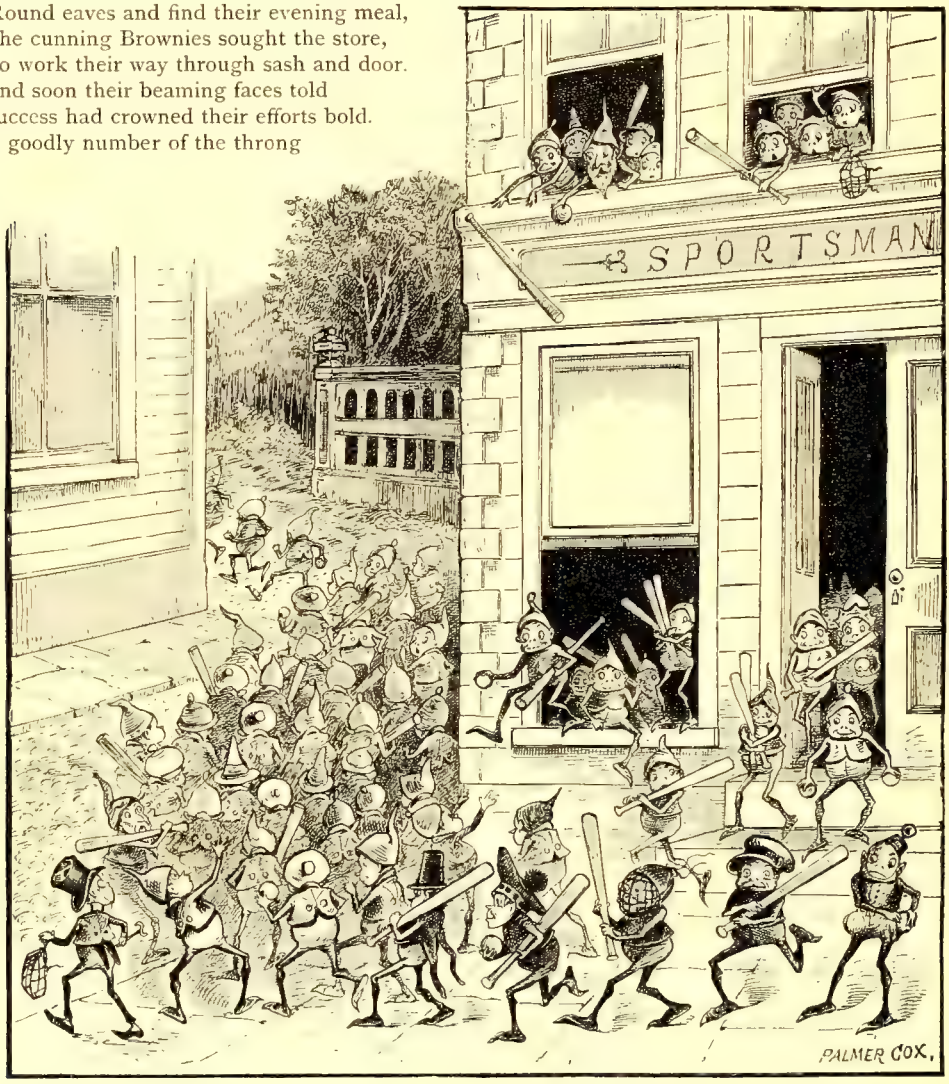
Then spoke a member of the band:
"This game extends throughout the land;
No city, town, or village 'round,
But has its club, and diamond ground,
With bases marked, and paths between,
And seats for crowds to view the scene.
At other games we 've not been slow
Our mystic art and skill to show;
Let 's take our turn at ball and bat,
And prove ourselves expert at that."

Another answered: "I have planned
A method to equip our band.
There is a firm in yonder town,
Whose goods have won them wide renown;
Their special branch of business lies
In sending forth these club supplies.
The balls are wound as hard as stones,
The bats are turned as smooth as bones,
And masks are made to guard the nose
Of him who fears the batter's blows,



Or stops the pitcher's curves and throws.
To know the place such goods to find,
Is quite enough for Browny-kind!"

When hungry bats came forth to wheel
'Round eaves and find their evening meal,
The cunning Brownies sought the store,
To work their way through sash and door.
And soon their beaming faces told
Success had crowned their efforts bold.
A goodly number of the throng



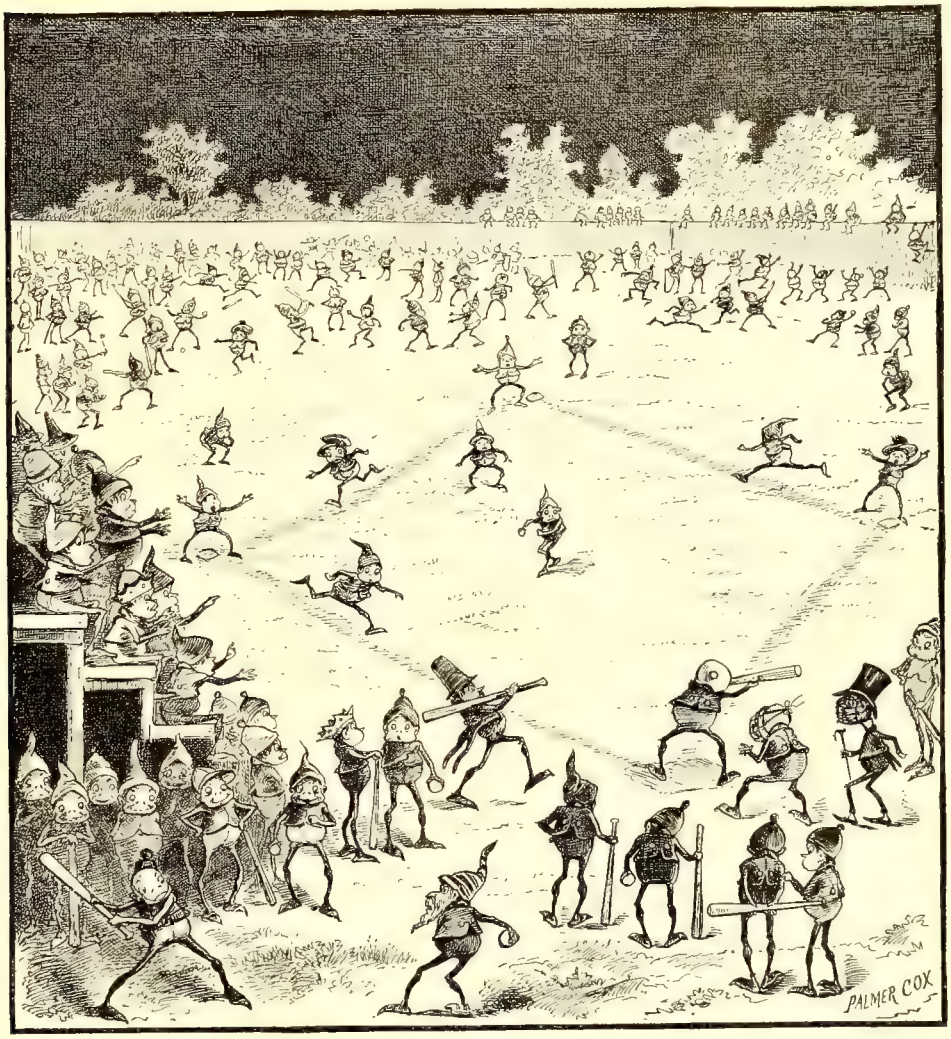
Took extra implements along,
In case of mishap on the way,
Or loss, or breakage during play.
The night was clear, the road was good,
And soon within the field they stood.

Then games were played without a pause,
According to the printed laws.
There, turn about, each took his place
At first or third or second base,
At left or right or center-field,
To pitch, to catch, or bat to wield,
Or else as "short-stop" standing by
To catch a "grounder" or a fly.

Soon every corner of the ground
Its separate set of players found.
A dozen games upon the green,
With ins and outs might there be seen;
The umpires noting all with care
To tell if hits were foul or fair,
The "strikes" and "balls" to plainly shout,
And say if men were "safe" or "out,"
And give decision just and wise
When knotty questions would arise.

But many Brownies thought it best
To leave the sport and watch the rest;
And from the seats or fences high
They viewed the scene with anxious eye,

They might have borne some points away,
To put in use a future day;
For "double plays" and balls well curved
And "base hits" often were observed,



And never failed, the contest through,
To render praise when praise was due.
While others, freed from games on hand,
In merry groups aside would stand,
And pitch and catch with rarest skill
To keep themselves in practice still.

And had our champion players found
A chance to view that pleasure-ground,

While "errors" were but seldom seen
Through all the games upon that green.

Before the flush of morn arose
To bring their contests to a close,
The balls and bats in every case
Were carried back and put in place;
And when the Brownies left the store,
All was in order as before.

ABOUT BREATHING.

BY HELLEN CLARK SWAZEY.

IT is a curious fact that, although breathing is a very simple and necessary accomplishment, there are a great many people who have forgotten how to do it in the best way. If you will watch a perfectly healthy baby when it is asleep, you will see that its shoulders are quite low and even, that its mouth is usually closed, and that it is breathing comfortably from its lower chest. We know that the lungs are the chief purifiers of the blood; but to perform their duty satisfactorily the air-cells of the lungs must be filled with filtered air and they must have plenty of room in which to work,— so we are, on the whole, well satisfied with the baby's method of breathing. In fact, we have reason to believe that the system has been taught by Nature herself; and when we can get Nature's methods at first hand, it is seldom worth while to try to improve upon them very much.

But when the baby grows up, if it chance to be a girl, her clothing is usually such that it interferes with the free action of muscles that are concerned in enlarging the cavity of the chest, so that the lower part of the lungs, which should be busy taking in their share of oxygen to make the blood fresh and bright, are seldom used, and the blood goes away from the lungs only partly freed from its impurities, while the lungs themselves do not get exercise enough for their own good.

But tight dressing, though the most serious hindrance to the habit of good breathing, is not the only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting and standing that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest; and it is as hard for the lungs to do good work when the chest is narrow and constricted as it is for a closely bandaged hand to set a copy of clear, graceful penmanship. Then there are lazy ways of breathing, and one-sided ways of breathing, and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now the nose was meant to breathe through, and it is marvelously arranged for filtering the impurities out of the air, and for changing it to a suitable temperature for entering the lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when air is swallowed through the mouth instead of breathed through the nose, it has an injurious effect upon the lungs. A story is told of an Indian who had a personal encounter with a white man much his superior in size and strength, and who was asked afterward if he was not afraid. "Me never afraid of man who keeps mouth open," was the immediate reply. Indeed, breathing through the mouth gives a foolish and weak expression to the face, as you may see by watching any one asleep with the mouth open.

It is well to establish the habit of deep breathing if it does not already exist, but, in addition to this, the reserve air which is left in the lungs after an ordinary expiration should be expelled and the lungs thoroughly ventilated at least twice every day. First, then, see to it that the air in the room is as pure and fresh as out-of-door air can make it. Then, with all tight and superfluous clothing removed, lie flat on the back and, with the mouth firmly closed, take a full, deep breath. Hold it eight or ten seconds, and then let it out. Take another, and yet another breath in the same way.

After that, take a breath into the lungs as slowly as possible, beginning to fill them at their lowest extremities, and inhaling gradually until they are filled to their full capacity, when the air should be exhaled in the same slow and steady manner in which it was taken in. Repeat this exercise three or four times. Now watch and see if the shoulders are kept drawn down and immovable while the air is inhaled, as they should be, or if they are drawn up, and are thus robbing the diaphragm and muscles of forced breathing of half their exercise.

When you have taken this movement again to make sure that the shoulders are in good position, throw your arms vertically over your head and take another quick, full inspiration, swinging the arms rapidly to the sides close to the body and back again over the head. Swing the arms up and down four times on the same breath, and repeat the exercise three or four times.

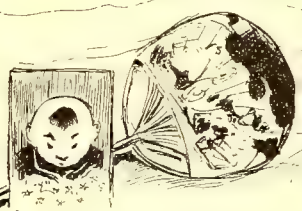
After this, it is a good plan to stand erect with the arms horizontal at the sides, and vigorously clap the hands from that position over the head a few times. When taking such movements in an erect position, always keep the chin two or three inches back of the vertical.

A few such exercises as these, for five or ten minutes at night and morning, will promote refreshing sleep and give increased vitality for duties and occupations of the day; and it may be noted in conclusion that an anæmic or low condition of the blood is seldom found where there is an established habit of full, deep breathing with the mouth closed.



BESSIE: "WHAT DOES 'INHERIT' MEAN, I WONDER? NURSE SAYS THAT MY GRANDPA'S PAPA PLANTED THIS TREE, AND THAT I 'LL HAVE TO INHERIT IT. I DON'T SEE WHY HE DID N'T INHERIT IT HIMSELF!"

JAPANESE BABIES



A little bird sings from over the sea:
"I've been to a land that pleases me.
'Tis a fabulous land where babies dont cry
From the time they are born till the time they die.

You queer little baby, way over the sea,
Tell us, oh, tell us, how can it be,
Aren't Japanese baby clothes ever too tight?
Dont Japanese babies wake up in the night?



Do Japanese teeth come through without pain?
Or Japanese children tease babies in vain?
Dont Japanese pins have points that prick?
Wont Japanese colic make little folk sick?



You queer little baby, if secret there be
Send it, oh, send it 'way over the sea!
There is no such secret. Far off in Japan
Some babies can cry, and they'll prove that they can!



JINGLE ● being words and pictures by

This quaint little bit of a man
Insisted on using a fan
Until it was known
By some he had flown,
But others said *sailed*, for JAPAN.

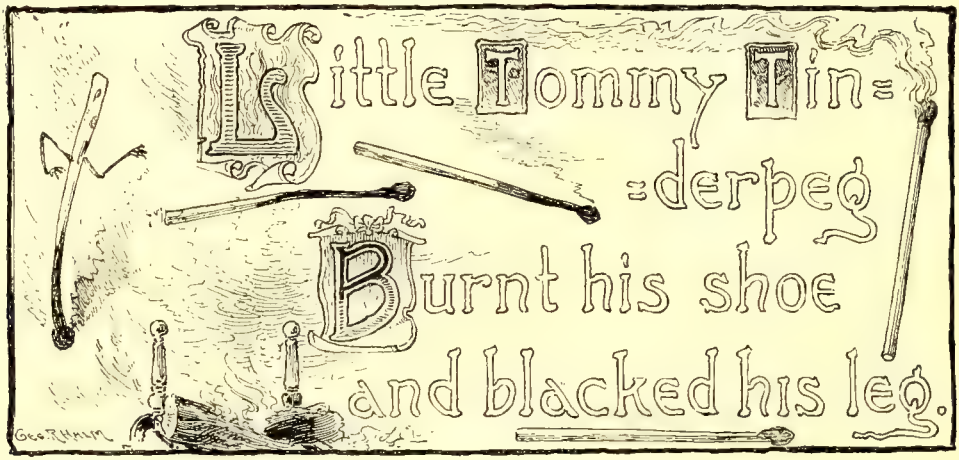




RIDDLES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

EVER so many days ago, away back in June before any of the hot days came, ST. NICHOLAS gave the Very Little Folk some riddles to guess. And now here are some more. These riddles, like the others, have little pictures, and if you look well at the pictures, you can guess the riddles. But nobody more than seven years old must try to guess them.

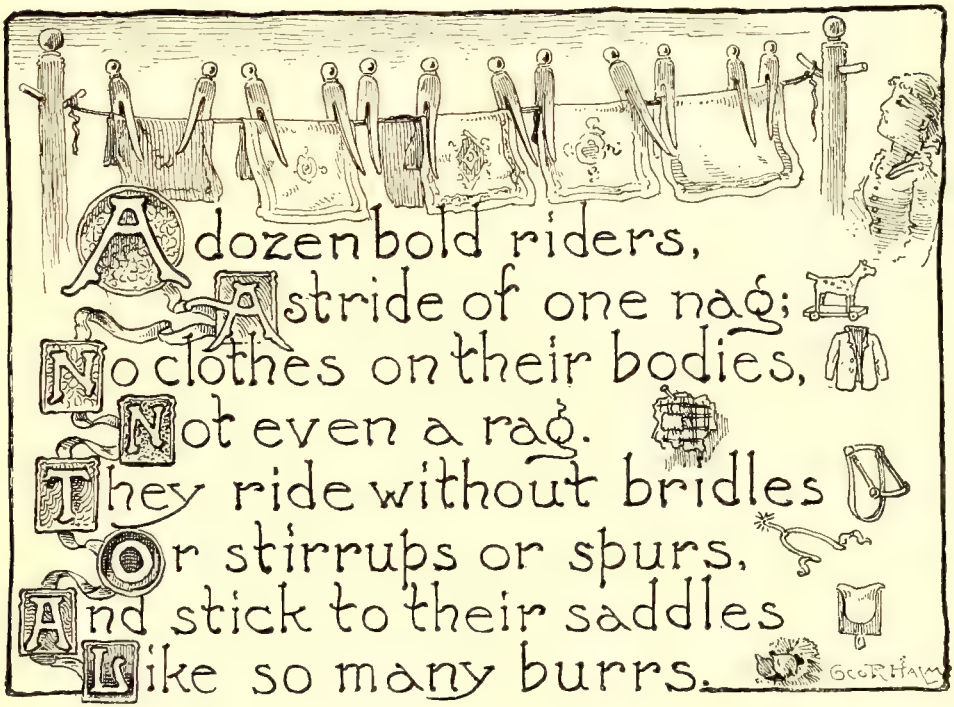
First of all is a riddle about Little Tommy Tinderpeg. You must have seen him often. He makes a bright light when he burns his shoe.



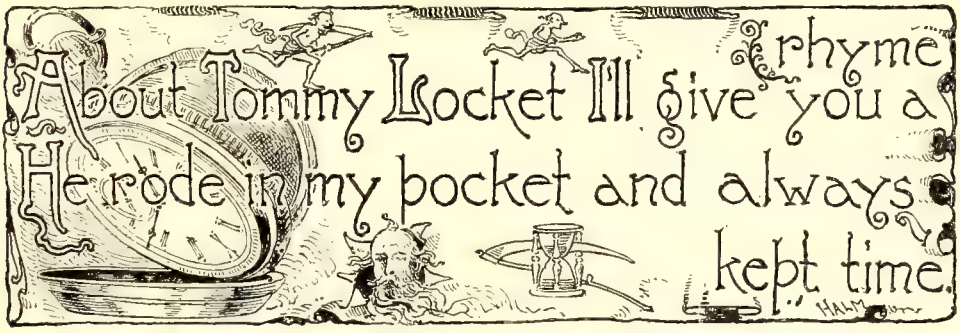
And now here is a riddle about another queer fellow, "Black-a-middle Dick." He is longer and stronger than Tommy Tinderpeg. And he leaves a black track behind him when he travels. You can guess who he is. Many little boys and girls know him very well, and have helped him to travel.



Next comes a good riddle about a dozen bold riders. Have you never seen the funny little fellows all riding one nag? When the wind blows, it is not easy for them to keep their places, and if it blows very hard, some of the little riders may fall off. But most of them ride well and hold on tight.



Here, last of all, is another Tommy. He is not at all like Tommy Tinderpeg. He has a round, pretty face, and he talks fast and keeps saying the same thing over and over, all the time. You like to look at him, and to hold him up to your ear to hear what he says. You can guess who Tommy Locket is, just by his name. So this is the easiest riddle of all.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I 'M told, my friends, that a beautiful red flower, known as "painter's-brush," abounds in Colorado. As it lies on the grass or leans against the stones and fences, it looks in shape and color precisely as if some painter had dipped the soft part of his brush in his brightest paint, and thrown it carelessly down. In midsummer these painter's-brushes are to be seen by the thousand. Now, as we look about us here in my meadow to-day, it seems as if a million painter's-brushes had been at work, high and low. Not only brushes dipped in red, but brushes rich with yellows, browns, grays, pinks, and deep dark crimsons. Ah, but it 's a fine piece of color, and the painting has been gloriously done! And though I 'm only a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, great thoughts stir within me at the sight.

But now let us take up the subject of

A PERFECTLY QUIET DAY.

ONE afternoon, not long ago, the Little School-ma'am lay in a hammock, looking up at the leaves.

"How perfectly still they are!" she said to herself. "Not a leaf moves!"

She was lying under an oak tree, a sturdy, steady kind of a tree, as you all know.

"Look at that tree yonder!" said one of the prettiest girl-scholars, pointing to a Norway poplar, the leaves of which are hung on long slender stems.

Lo, and behold, it was all in a quiver!

"Oh, that shakes just for the fun of it!" replied the Little School-ma'am, "for there is hardly a breath of air stirring. It is perfectly quiet."

The Deacon happened by just then, and overheard her last words. He stopped and asked her if she had any idea how difficult it was to get a perfectly quiet day? Whereupon, she owned that she thought it would be impossible.

"Well," he replied, "there was once an Italian named Guiglielmini, who wanted to try an experiment in which it was necessary that some balls should fall through perfectly still air from a certain height. So in August, 1791, he went up on a tower in Bologna, and tied the balls to the top with long, silken threads. Then he waited for a perfectly still day. Sometimes the air was quiet, but the tower would slightly tremble, and at other times the tower was steady, but the air was in motion. At last, in February, 1792, there came a day when the air and the tower were both still, and he climbed up as softly as a cat, and gently set his threads on fire, and down dropped the balls!"

"And what was the experiment?" asked the Little School-ma'am.

"Oh, it had something to do with the motion of the earth!" said the Deacon, as he walked away, smiling.

HOW HE PROVED IT.

THAT reminds me, by the way, of a funny rhyme sent to the Little School-ma'am by a friend of hers, Miss E. L. Sylvester. Here it is:

A clever old man of Montrose
Said: "I 'll balance my cane on my nose;
For so shall I prove
That the world does n't move
As a great many people suppose."

WALKING WITHOUT LEGS.

A LITTLE girl has sent you a question. She says she found three pretty brownish shells in the woods, one day, and she took them home to her little brother. They looked, she says, "very like similar shells that often are found on the sea-shore." Well, she put them on the sunny piazza, and ran to find Bobby.— And now you shall have the rest of the story in her own words:

"Bobby was eating bread and molasses, and so he ran out of the kitchen all sticky. When we went together to look at the shells, lo, and behold! the shells were gone! They had walked around the corner of the piazza. And, oh Jack, what do you think? We watched them, and they kept on walking! And they had n't any legs!

"Now this is a true story, dear Jack, and I want you to tell it to little boys and girls younger than Bobby and me (or Bobby and I, whichever is right), and see if they know how those shells walked, and what kind of shells they were, and if any other little boys and girls ever found any of the same sort in their woods or gardens.

"Your little friend, JAMESETTA C.

"I take up my pen again to say that we all know, of course, that snakes move along the ground without legs. But they do that motion entirely with their own insides, don't they? Those shells couldn't possibly move as snakes do.

"For fear you may think my name is strange, I will tell you that I am named after my grandfather, only James would n't do for a girl."

A QUEER SUNSHADE.

A WISE bird of my acquaintance, who has traveled far and wide, told me, not long ago, of a queer sunshade that was invented for the benefit of the British soldiers in the Soudan. (I don't know where that is, I 'm sure, and my bird was in too great a hurry to explain. But who cares? I know I can trust you young geographers to clear up any mystery of that sort.)

Well, as to the sunshade, my bird-friend said that the upright parts are simply light bamboo sticks. They are fastened to the shoulders of the wearer, and they support at the top a curved awning made of paper and painted green inside.



"But it would look so queer!" I said. "Would anybody have the courage to wear it?"—when from the grass near my pulpit up popped an old raven, whose specialties are ancient history, scarecrows, and eavesdropping.

"Don't you know," he croaked, "that the man who first carried an umbrella was ridiculed and hooted at?"

That raven, my dears, narrowly escaped a withering reply. But luckily I remembered something the Little School-ma'am read aloud, one sunny day, to a group of boys and girls, as they stopped to rest in my meadow. And what she read was the story of that very man — the original umbrella-carrier. And she was reading from ST. NICHOLAS itself!

The old croaker was right! So I assumed my most dignified air, and gave in.

But did that satisfy him? Bless you, no! Before he left, I had to admit that this new sunshade was merely a parasol carried on the shoulders instead of in the hand; that it was lighter than the common sunshade; that it left both hands free for sketching, playing ball, or what not; and that the old raven *might* live to see every civilized boy or girl walking along on sunny days with a cupola of this sort over his or her unabashed head.—Between ourselves, my dears, you need n't yet count upon this last as an up-and-down future certainty. I may take it back when I 've had time to recover from the raven's lecture.

By the way, there 's one good thing about that raven,— his memory.

A QUEER JUMBLE.

TALKING of queer things, here comes a queer jumble from a young fellow who says he lives in Maine by the broad blue main; and that there 's nothing like using the rod and the "line-upon-line" method when you find a school of fish that wont go to school; and——

Well, no Jack-in-the-Pulpit can make anything out of such stuff as that! But perhaps some of you clever youngsters can understand it. He sends these rhymes, too, which he calls

A LIQUID PRO QUO.

OH, shun the ocean big with fate!
Nor strive to make the free strait straight.

Sauce, if thou wilt, the river's source,
And brook no babbling brook, of course;

But keep the treacherous bay at bay.
(It 's tide no man hath tied, they say.)

And never see the midway sea,
But waive the wave that waits for thee!

THAT DEAR LITTLE LORD.

PITTSFIELD, ILL.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think it sounds rather saucy to say just Jack, to the preacher. My Papa is a pulpit man, too, and people call him Mr. Rose, but they leave off "in the pulpit," because he does not stay there all the time. He can tell me nearly everything I want to know; but there is one thing he is not sure about, and that is how to pronounce Fauntleroy. Should it be Faunt-Le-Roy? Or should the middle syllable be like the last syllable of the word little? I love the little lord so much, I want to know his name exactly. Your friend, HORACE ROSE.

Faunt-le-roy is correct. The vowel is sounded in the middle syllable.

I 'm always in my pulpit, dear Horace, but I 'm not always preaching. One eloquent sermon, however, I feel called upon to deliver at this present moment, for it concerns little Lord Fauntleroy.—[Have n't I heard all about him from the Little School-ma'am and the scholars of the red schoolhouse, and, for that matter, from every boy and girl I know?]—Well, the dear little lord is my text. In fact, he 's the sermon, too. So I need say no more except to publicly announce from my pulpit, with all due solemnity, that he is a boy after your Jack's own heart. And to every youngster among you, dearly beloved, I say, "Earl or no earl,— go thou and be like him!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am reading "Lord Fauntleroy," and like it very much, and I hope that the next number will be that the Earl will want the mother to Lord Fauntleroy to come up and live with them. I remain, yours truly, K. W. S.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you so much that I wish you would come every week instead of every month. I like the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" best of all. But you must not let him lose his title. M. C. W.

During the last few months, many of those who have been so deeply interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" have formed their own eager opinions of just how that beautiful story could, would, or should end. But all such readers, including K. W. S. and M. C. W., will agree that in the concluding chapters, printed this month, Mrs. Burnett has anticipated or fully satisfied their utmost desires.

CLOVERLEIGH, PA.

DEAR ST NICHOLAS: We are three little girls just the same age, for we are triplets. We look and dress just alike, and our big old brother calls us the "three little maids from school." We have a pony, a big dog, and a little cat, but we have no little boy to play with, and we wish that little Lord Fauntleroy was a really, truly boy and could come and play with us. We send our love to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and we hope that this, our very first letter, will be printed to surprise our dear Mamma and Papa, and to spite our big brother, who says nobody would print such a silly thing. Your loving little maids, ROSY F., DAISY F., PANSY F.

Here it is in print, dear little maids,—with ST. NICHOLAS's compliments to you and the big brother.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old; I have three sisters, two older and one younger than I. Susie, the eldest, is a great girl for reading; Helen, the next, is very fond of dolls,—she has six; but Edna, the younger, is a little rogue and likes to play ball with the boys best. We have taken you long before I can remember. I enjoy the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much. Is it a good long story? I hope it is. I went to see the game of base-ball on the 19th between the Chicagos and Detroits. I enjoy playing base-ball very much; although I am only nine years old, I think I can pitch a curve. I hope you will publish this. Your faithful reader,

JAMES C. M.

A CORRECTION.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to correct two errors that in some way have crept into my article on "Fishes and their Young," in the June ST. NICHOLAS. The two fishes figured on page 601 are described under the cut as being from the Sea of Galilee, and the impression given that they belong to the genus *Ophiocephalus*. They really belong to the genus *Chromis*, and are found in Lake Tiberias. On page 602, the description of the sea-horse—"These have a perfect pouch, into which the infant fishes are taken as soon as hatched"—is wrong; it should read, The *eggs* are taken into the pouch as soon as laid and kept until hatched.

Very truly yours, C. F. HOLDER.

PT. CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it is one of the very few stories by which I am *perfectly fascinated*. I am going to write a story myself, sometime, although I have tried more than once, and they got so stale I could n't finish them. But I am writing one now, and I am going to finish it, however stale it may get, or die in the attempt.

Whenever I read a real nice story, I just sit and wonder how any person *can* ever think of so many things to happen in such a mysterious yet "every-day" kind of way, and come out in the end all cleared up, and just as plain as though it had really happened! Then my wonder grows into admiration, and my admiration into awe, my awe into actual reverence, and then I throw down my book and give it up as past understanding, and go outdoors and play. I am on pins and needles to know whether "Ceddie" *was* the real Lord Fauntleroy or not; but he *must* be,—he 's too good not to be!

Next Tuesday I shall be fourteen. I take the whole care of the horse, and, of course, of the barn, too, and as father and mother are in Brooklyn, I am Papa! It is very wearing to have such a multitude of responsibilities, but I think that I shall be able to keep my family (one member of which is an unruly little girl of twenty) straight until my father comes to take the burden off my shoulders.

Your venerable and careworn friend,

ARTHUR MASON M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your little readers, nine years old. My sister began taking ST. NICHOLAS in 1876, and, though she is now grown, papa still takes it for me. I have never written to you before, but I enjoy the "Letter-box" very much, and especially the letters about the pets the children have. I would like to tell you about three pets we had. They were a black-and-tan dog named Cricket, a Maltese kitten named Tiny, and a pet chicken named Dick. They played together, and ate and slept together. The dog had a rug on the side porch, and they would lie down and cuddle up beside him, and all sleep soundly. Morning, noon, and night we set a pan of milk out, and the three pets would gather around and all drink at once. At play they would roll over each other, and never, at any time, did they disagree or seem to be tired of each other. The kitten and chicken are both dead now, but we have the little dog yet; and he knows a great many tricks, and seems to understand whatever he hears us say about him, and always minds what we tell him. If my letter is not too long, I hope you will print it. I love your magazine very much, and am always impatient for it to come. Your little friend, M. C. S.

With the foregoing letter came also a letter from M. C. S.'s mother, conveying such kind and hearty words that ST. NICHOLAS can not refrain from printing it also:

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish I could tell you what a blessing your magazine has been to our children, of whom the eldest, now almost nineteen years old, enjoys it as much as her little sister of nine. I have found it a great assistance in amusing and instructing my little ones, and I am sure they will never feel old enough to give it up.

We wish you a long and prosperous life, and hope you may for many years to come send the same joy and delight to the hearts of children everywhere that you have in years past, and to ours.

Respectfully, MRS. S. E. S.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for nearly five years, but I never wrote you a letter before. I think little Lord Fauntleroy is the sweetest little fellow I ever read about. Every time I get a new number of ST. NICHOLAS, I sit down on the rug by mamma and read "Little Lord Fauntleroy" out loud for mamma and my little sister to hear. Mamma and papa both like it ever so much. I liked "Davy and the Goblin" very much, too, and was sorry when it ended. But if I were to go on telling you how many of your stories I liked, I would make you so tired you would never put my letter in print. I am eleven years old, and I live out in the suburbs of Memphis. I sometimes get to studying out every one of the Brownies' faces, and whenever I do, it makes me laugh heartily.

Your faithful reader, E. P. P.

GARDINER'S ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years, and are very glad when you come to us every month. We live on an island, and are not very far away from Montauk Point, L. I. The island is very beautiful, and of about three thousand five hundred acres.

When we drive in the woods, we watch for the lovely deer, which are wild and leap away when they hear the slightest sound.

We each have our riding-horse, and enjoy it very much here.

We like the "Letter-box" very much, and enjoy the letters from Europe. My sister and I have crossed the Atlantic six times. Last winter we spent in Germany studying. I liked the stories of "Art and Artists" and "From Bach to Wagner" very much. Hoping my letter is not too long, and that you will find a corner for it in the "Letter-box," as it is my first, Very truly yours,

CORALIE L. G.

MONTVALE SPRINGS, BLOUNT CO., E. TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard people say that no one is perfect, but I guess they did not know you, for the only fault that any one could possibly find with you is that you don't come often

enough. You were so much company to me all last winter! For I live at a summer resort, and the children all go away in the fall, and there is no school near, and my sister and I have to be taught by a governess. I forgot to be lonesome while you were telling me such nice stories.

I am ten years old.

I hope you will live to be a thousand years old, and make every boy and girl that gets acquainted with you as happy as you make me. Good-bye, dear, good friend.

Yours forever, FRANK J. E.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if you ever had a letter from Ireland. I have an uncle in America who sends you to me; we all like you very much. The story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is so nice. I have one sister and one brother; also a cousin who lives with us. I do hope this will be printed, as this is my first letter to a magazine. I remain, your constant reader,

FLORENCE F.

SPRING HILL, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Tennessee girl, and I live in Maury Co. Mother gave you to me last year for a Christmas present. Papa took you for me this year; and I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best thing of all. My little brother is four years old; he likes the Brownies best. He calls one of our Jersey calves "Dhonabar," after a horse told about in ST. NICHOLAS. I have a beautiful little brown pony. His name is Bun. I am eight years old.

Your little friend, IRENE M. C.

By an error in filing, several letters concerning curve-pitching were overlooked two months ago, and so they failed to appear with the others in the August "Letter-box." But as the friendly correspondents who sent them have taken great pains to explain their theories, it would be unjust to withhold the letters and diagrams from the thousands of boy-readers who are interested in the vexed questions of how and why a ball curves. Some of these letters, therefore, are presented here; the remaining two or three will appear in next month's "Letter-box."

FRANKLIN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I have a word with your readers on that vexed subject, curve-pitching? Though I am not one of your subscribers, I have a younger brother who has been one for several years, and who also pitches for an amateur club here. Through him I have verified for myself the fact that a ball will curve in the direction in which it is rotating; *i. e.*, it will curve to the right, or "in," if it rotate in the direction of the hands of a watch, and *vice versa*. In this, I think, any careful observer of a curving ball will agree with me.

Now, all will admit, I think, that if it were possible to throw a ball in a straight line *without any rotation* whatever, there would be a cushion of air of greater density than the surrounding atmosphere *exactly* in front of the ball, and a partial vacuum behind it. Nor would this cushion of air have definite limits, but it would thin out gradually as it streams over the sides of the ball, thus (Fig. 1):



FIG. 1.

But now, suppose the ball be rotating rapidly to the right, in the direction of the hands of a watch. The sides of the ball, as they rotate, must carry by friction some of the surrounding air with them. That is, the point b (Fig. 2), as the ball rotates, will tend to carry air from its present location around to d, and so with any other point on the ball in proportion as it is on or near the equator of rotation.

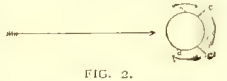


FIG. 2.

But when each point on the ball's equator reaches the point c with its load of air, it meets with a resistance produced by this cushion of air in front of the ball, and, in order to pass on, must leave its load behind it. In other words the air carried around in the direction b c d becomes massed against the cushion in front, and the cushion is thickened at and around the point c. And, on the other hand, each point on the equator tends to carry the air from the right-hand side of the cushion, the point c', and consequently, to decrease the density or thickness of the cushion at that point. So that we soon have the cushion of air not exactly in front of the ball, but somewhat to the left of front; thus (Fig. 3):

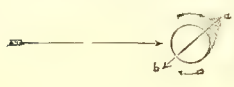


FIG. 3.

Now, since action is always equal to reaction, the cushion of air must push back against the ball just as hard as the ball pushes against it. And since the cushion is thickest where the combined forces of the ball are greatest, the cushion must push back hardest in the direction of a line drawn through the thickest part of the cushion and the center of the ball; *i. e.*, in the line a, b, Fig. 3, a direction against that of the onward motion of the ball, and to the right of it.

Finally, if at any instant we represent the force of the ball and its direction by the line A, B (Fig. 4), and the backward push of the cushion and its direction by the line A, C, then, according to the law of physics, that, "if two forces act on a point, and if lines be drawn from that point, representing the forces in magnitude and direction, and on these lines, as sides, a parallelogram be constructed, their *resultant* will be represented in magnitude and direction by the diagonal which passes through that point," the line A, D will represent the actual force and direction of the ball at the given instant.



FIG. 4.

But both the forces, A, B and A, C, are constantly decreasing from the moment the ball leaves the pitcher's hand, and, moreover, the force A, B decreases more rapidly than the force A, C, inasmuch as A, B is acting against the resistance of the air plus the attraction of gravity, while A, C is acting against the resistance of the air alone. Consequently, the direction of A, D is being constantly changed and away from A, B, and becomes a curve, instead of a straight or broken line. This curve will obviously have the direction, A, D (Fig. 5), or to the right, which is the direction in which a ball rotating to the right will curve.

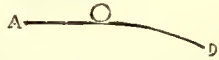


FIG. 5.

This reasoning will hold for a ball rotating in any direction, so long as the axis of rotation is, or tends to be, at right angles to the line of progression. The problem of the "drift" of a projectile from a rifle or rifled cannon is entirely different, and one I should like to see discussed after this one of "curving" is settled to your readers' satisfaction.

I think the above explanation solves the problem as well as explains all the fallacies of your former correspondents.

Very respectfully, S. P. E.

ANNAPOLIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your February number are two letters about curved pitching: one written presumably by an army officer, from Fort Monroe,— the other from Philadelphia, presumably by a naval officer. The army man states facts, and gives no explanation; the navy man fails to solve a well-known problem.

In the days of smooth bores and spherical cannon-balls (round like a base-ball, only larger), eccentricity, or difference between the position of the center of figure and center of gravity, or weight, had a very perceptible effect upon range and accuracy. Placing the projectile in the gun, with the center of gravity to the right, when the gun was fired, the projectile or cannon-ball took up a motion of rotation from left to right, and deviated to the right (Fig. 1); placing it toward the upper part of the bore, the ball rotated from down up, and deviated upward, or the range was increased (Fig. 2).

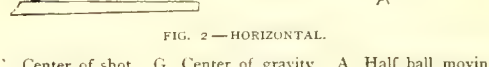


FIG. 1 — VERTICAL.

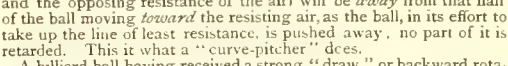


FIG. 2 — HORIZONTAL.

C. Center of shot. G. Center of gravity. A Half ball moving toward the resisting air. B. Half ball moving away from the resisting air.

All bodies free to move will follow the line of least resistance. The force acting upon the ball (the resultant of the forward movement, and the opposing resistance of the air) will be *away* from that half of the ball moving *toward* the resisting air, as the ball, in its effort to take up the line of least resistance, is pushed away, no part of it is retarded. This it what a "curve-pitcher" does.

A billiard ball having received a strong "draw," or backward rotation, striking another to one side of the center, makes a very perceptible curve after impact, until the original motion of translation has been overcome.

All these things were known before curved pitching ever was spoken of. Curved pitching was discovered accidentally, although, strange to say, many base-ball players were known always "to throw crooked," or with a curve.

Yours truly, E. B. BARRY, Lieut. U. S. N.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seen so many articles in your "Letter-box," on Mr. Harvey's excellent story, "How Science Won the Game," I thought I would write to you in regard to it.

I have carefully tried the experiments of throwing the ball so that it would twist in the directions indicated by the different writers, and so far but one method has been correct in every particular; namely, the one given by F. C. J. in the May number.

I wish I had been at the county fair when Arthur Dart's father offered ten dollars to any one who would successfully perform the "three stake proof," as I am certain that I should have made that amount by the operation, whether I had been asked to pitch the "in" or "out" curve, both of which I find equally easy to accomplish.

The question of why the ball curves after it has left the hand, I account for as follows: If the "in" curve is to be pitched, the ball touches the index finger the last thing before leaving the hand, and, as it does so, the hand is quickly and forcibly clenched, so that the ball is given a twirling motion. Therefore it curves to the right (provided it is thrown with the right hand). In the case of the "out" curve, the ball touches the thumb the last thing before leaving the hand, and consequently twists to the left, producing the "out" curve.

The "out" curve is so called because it is a ball thrown to a right-handed batsman when in position, so that it curves *out* toward the end of his bat, while the "in" curve is a ball thrown to a batsman which curves *in* toward his body.

The following may be safely taken as a rule as to curve-pitching. If the ball be thrown so it twists the way shown in Fig. 1, the ball will curve in; but, if it be thrown so it will twist as indicated by Fig. 2, the ball will curve out.

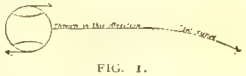


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

Trusting that this explanation is clear and satisfactory, and hoping to see it in the "Letter-box," I remain the stanch friend and admirer of our National Game,

WILL P. SNIKPOH.

FISHKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading with much interest the letters concerning the curving of a base-ball, and would now like to try my hand at offering an explanation. The theory that I present is not original, being taken from "Wood's Analytical Mechanics," p. 462, but it seems to be the one offering the best explanation of the actual facts of the case. I will omit what mathematics there is in it, in order to render it a little more easily understood.



Suppose a ball is moving toward G, and rotating in the direction shown by the arrow. Then the two quadrants A and D will move with equal velocities. B and C will also move with equal velocities, but B and C will not move as fast as A and D, because in the case of A and D the velocity due to *rotation* is to be *added* to that of *direct forward motion*, and in the case of B and C it is to be *subtracted*. Now the pressure of the air on a moving body varies, as some power of the velocity of the body; that is, the greater the velocity, the greater the pressure. The quadrant A moves against the air with a certain velocity, and the total pressure of the air on that quadrant will be a force, acting toward the center (if we neglect friction), which may be represented by the arrow at A. The quadrant B moves against the air with a less velocity than A; hence the pressure is less. Let it be represented by the arrow at B. The quadrant C moves *away from* the air with a velocity equal to B; hence the pressure on C must be less than that on B. The quadrant D moves *away from* the air with a velocity greater than that of C; hence the pressure on D will be less than that on C. Evidently now from this arrangement of forces the resultant force will lie somewhat in the position shown by the arrow R. This will tend to force the ball away from the direct line of flight and to curve it as shown by the dotted line.

Thus we see that it is the *pressure* of the atmosphere that curves the ball, and not the friction. The tendency of the latter is to curve the ball in the opposite direction, but this tendency is unappreciable. This is where the mistake of your correspondent in the February number lies; namely, in considering the friction instead of the pressure. The explanation of F. C. J. in the May number seems to me more correct. The theory of "A Curver" in the May number, that a ball could be curved more easily in a vacuum than in the air, is entirely wrong. It violates Newton's first law of motion. "A body continues in a state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line unless acted upon by some external force." In a vacuum there would be no external force, and the ball would not curve at all. Prof. Wood, in the article referred to, proves that the more slowly a ball is thrown with a given velocity of rotation the more will it curve. Does any one know how this is practically? Hoping that I have not taken up too much of your space,

I am, very sincerely yours, J. R. S.

BRADY CITY, MCCULLOCH, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing Mr. Stevens's letter on the "curve" in your April number, I am tempted to reply to it. Unfortunately, the data on which his theory is founded are incorrect. A ball twisting to the left will curve, not to the right, but to the left.

May I offer another explanation. The facts are that: 1, the axis of rotation is perpendicular to (or rather the plane of rotation or twist is parallel to) the plane in which the curve lies; and, 2, that the curve is in the *same* direction as the twist.

When a ball is thrown with sufficient velocity, the air is (as Mr. Stevens tells us) "compacted in front of the ball." When there is little or no twist, the resistance of the air is equal on both sides of the ball, and there is no curve.

Now, if the wind be blowing across the path of the ball, the resistance is unequal, and the ball curves away from the wind; so that in practice allowance is made for this curve when throwing a ball in a high wind.

When there is no wind, but the ball is thrown with sufficient velocity to create considerable resistance from the air, and at the same time is twisted so as to rotate on its axis, then the resistance offered at a, c (Fig. 1) is greater than that offered at a, b; for a, c is advancing with the velocity of the throw *plus* the velocity of the twist, while a, b is advancing with the velocity of the throw *minus* the velocity of the twist. Consequently a greater resisting force being exerted at a, c than at a, b, the ball yields and is forced into the curve B, A′, just as a cross wind would deflect it. The result is a curve—because the forces are constant while the ball is in motion.

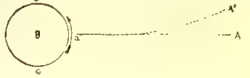


FIG. 1.

Again, conceive of the ball B (Fig. 2) as at rest and the wind acting on a, b in the direction c, a. The angle of incidence being equal to the angle of deflection, the result will be to force the ball in the direction c′, a—the same result as is produced by the wind acting on a sail.

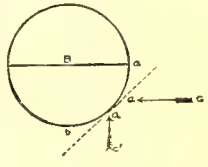


FIG. 2.

On this theory, the relation of the velocity of the twist to the velocity of the throw will determine the nature and degree of the curve, and the point of departure from the straight line.

If the ball be thrown too slowly, there is not sufficient resistance to affect its course materially. If it is thrown too swiftly, the velocity of the throw will overcome the tendency of the twist, and there will be no perceptible curve.

For this reason the ball, when first thrown, will proceed in an apparently straight line until its initial velocity is so far diminished as to nearly equal the velocity of rotation, when it will begin to curve.

Again, the ball would have a tendency to curve in the direction of rotation were there no resistance from the air. For, in the plane of rotation the circumference at c moves more rapidly toward A than at the point b (Fig. 3); hence it has a tendency to advance over a greater distance than b in a given time, but is held back by b. This gives centrifugal and centripetal forces acting from b to c, and a consequent tendency of c to revolve around b, which, in connection with the motion of both toward a, would give the curved line a-A′ as the path of the ball.



FIG. 3.

As a familiar example, take a child's wooden hoop and toss it from you with sufficient upward tendency to overcome gravity, at the same time causing it to revolve rapidly in a plane parallel to the horizon, and you will find that it will describe a curve in the direction of the rotation and fall at your feet. This is an extreme illustration of this factor of the base-ball curve; the diameter of the hoop being so much the greater, of course gives a far greater velocity of rotation in comparison to that of projection than the smaller diameter of the base-ball can give.

This same principle is involved in the explanation of the motion of the boomerang of the Australians and the toy of the same name.

Yours sincerely, ROBERT S. DOD.

OUR thanks are due to the young friends whose names here follow, for pleasant letters which they have sent us, but which are crowded out of the "Letter-box":

Arthur E. Clark, Jr., A. G. C., M. M. Stevens, Urbanna Myrover, "Gladys, Gipsy, Sibyl," Blue Bell, "Hie" and "Tie," T. A. T., May Elden, Herman N. Steele, "Yum" and "Tum," Daisy Smith, Phil Riley, Annie M. Porter, Daisy A. C., Lucy E. D., Mable H. W., Amelia N. F., and Annie L. D., Francie Mackenzie, "Maiden Hair and Moonlight," Mabel F. Rigby, W., I. S. B., E. T. C., Carl W., Isabel Eldridge, Kittie Loper, Aimée and Goldina Mendelson, Herbert A. Megraw, Gerald B. Wadsworth, F. W. L., Amy D. Smith, Imogene Avis, May, David Blair, and May E. Masten.



LOUIS AGASSIZ

His Life and Correspondence *

No person capable of appreciating a beautiful record of a consistent and noble life can begin to read Mrs Agassiz's book and leave it unfinished; and no one can finish reading it without receiving a fresh baptism of faith, hope, and love.

"The work is written in so captivating a style that the reader seems almost to see Agassiz, the boy, catching the fishes and studying their movements in the old stone tank near the Swiss parsonage where he was born. Sympathy is felt for the youth threatened with blindness, but still so intent upon his chosen pursuits that he studies fossils in a darkened room, using his tongue to feel out the impressions when his fingers are not sensitive enough. Enthusiasm is aroused when the young man exploits his glacial theory, which, opposed by Buckland and other scientists, afterward makes converts of them all."

I have been deeply impressed by the manifestation of Agassiz's distinctive traits and peculiar powers, at a very early age. It is this that makes the record of his life so inspiring to young men. When our boys read what a boy of nineteen may be, and may do, they will not be satisfied with lives devoted in large measure to trivial enjoyments; and they will regard as of less consequence the height of their new collars, and the tie of their cravats.

From the time he was born in the little cottage by the Lake of Morat, until he was laid to rest at Mount Auburn, the story of Agassiz's life is a constant inspiration. Whether Louis Agassiz was right or wrong, we respect the manliness that refused to accept the doctrine of evolution, because his reason was not convinced of its truth.

I can scarcely conceive a greater blessing to this country, restless as it is in its haste for riches, vexed as it is by the clashing of opposing interests, than that the sweet and consecrated spirit of Louis Agassiz should steal into the unquiet breasts of American young men, and fill them with the like self-forgetting devotion to simple truth.

In Memoriam.

It is with deep sorrow that I have to announce the death of one of our most prominent and promising members. William D. Shaw, son of Mr. Thomas Shaw, died at Côte St. Antoine, June 29, aged 19 years. Mr. Shaw was one of those young men who had caught the spirit of Louis Agassiz, and already at his early age he had given promise of a useful life.

He was the leading spirit in founding our Montreal Chapter, which grew, principally under his direction, into one of the largest and strongest on our roll. A member of the B. A. A. S., he was about going to England to take part in the proceedings there. He was a devoted student of natural science, and his collection which he recently gave to the Montreal Chapter was one of the largest private collections in the city.

Mr. Shaw was our Canadian Secretary, and his loss will be deeply felt by many Chapters of our Association.

Notes.

Water-spider. I found a large water-spider under a bridge. I placed it in a bottle and fed it flies. Instead of building a web, it stays on a stick, and jumps at the flies when they come near it.— Alex. E. Wight.

Electric light and insects. In four or five evenings, by examining the ground closely near our electric lights, I found specimens of Telea Polyphemus, Actias Luna, Platysamia Cecropia, Callosamia Promethea, and other large moths, including several hawk-moths; also many varieties of beetles

Hardly any were found outside the shadow around base of pole.— Peter T. Bourne, Sec., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Birds of Fulton Co., Ky. No bird is given that I have not seen here and fully identified. Nomenclature according to Coue's Key:

1.— *Turdus migratorius.* American robin. Transient visitant in spring and fall. Abundant. Many killed and eaten here.
2.— *T. Mustelinus.* Wood-thrush. Rare.
3 — *T. fuscescens.* Wilson's thrush. Transient. Common.
4.— *Mimus polyglottus.* Mocking-bird. Summer resident. Growing scarce. Many young taken for the cage. A young one sells for from 25c. to $1.
5.— *Mimus Carolinensis.* Catbird. Common.
6.— *Sialia sialis.* Bluebird. Resident. More common in winter than in summer.
7.— *Lophophanes bicolor.* Tufted titmouse. Resident.
8.— *Parus atricapillus.* Black-capped titmouse. Abundant in winter.
9.— *Sitta Carolinensis.* Sap-sucker. Abundant in winter.
10.— *Troglodytes domesticus.* House-wren. Abundant in winter.
11.— *Dendræca æstiva.* Summer yellow-bird. Common.
12.— *Pyranga rubra.* Scarlet tanager. Summer resident. Rare.
13.— *Pyranga æstiva.* Summer red-bird Common.
14.— *Hirundo erythrogastra horreorum.* Barn-swallow. Common summer resident.
15.— *Passerina cyanea.* Indigo bunting. Common summer resident.
16.— *Cardinalis Virginiana.* Cardinal grosbeak Common.
17.— *Trochilus colubris.* Ruby-throated humming-bird. Common.
18.— *Cathartes aura.* Turkey buzzard. Common resident.
19.— *Zenaidura Carolinensis* Turtle-dove. Common.
20.— *Anas boscas.* Mallard. Very common.

[*These are only selections from a long and nearly complete list sent by L. O. Pindar. It shows what an observing boy can do.*]

Grasshoppers climbing trees Toward evening, I noticed on an apple-tree a very large number of grasshoppers, apparently climbing the tree. It seemed to me that they were going to "roost" for the night.— E. F. Stevens. Chapter 465.

Ruffed Grouse drumming. Hearing some one say that the thunder-like noise was made by the grouse's wings striking upon the log upon which he was sitting, I determined to find out for certain. Since then I have noted four things:

1. The wings are always held half-closed at first; *i. e.*, the outer joint half-doubled against the one next it.
2. The wing is first raised and then pushed outward from the body.
3. The wings are not used alternately, but both at once.
4. The wings do not strike the log, but are drawn in by a quick motion against the sides of the bird.— E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Hydræ hunting I send you a drawing of a *hydra* which

* Edited by his wife, Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. With portraits, illustrations, and index. In two volumes, crown, 8vo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

(natural size) is about half an inch long I have seen a *hydra fusca* catch little animals smaller than itself by means of its lasso, and, when they were dead, drop them without eating them.—Alex. Wight, Framingham, Mass.

A motherly rat. I found in a nest a mouse, of the common sort, so young that its eyes were not yet open. A friend having a white rat with a litter of young, we put the little fellow among them. The mother rat at once adopted it and took good care of it for two weeks, when it escaped.—Frank H. Foster, Sec 440.

Flowers, birds, insects, and worms of Japan. Before coming to Japan I was told that the flowers here had no perfumes, and the birds no songs.

This certainly was misinformation, as there are both, though not so intense or so various as at home.

The skylark is the most conspicuous of the birds, at least, so far as voice goes, and pours forth as much music as any half dozen of our songsters. No wonder the poets have gone mad over him.

Will some of our English friends tell us whether the skylark sings any in the *fall* in England?

Very many of the worms and caterpillars that live on the leaves of trees and shrubs — and every tree and bush seems to have one or more of these enemies — have a queer way of spinning themselves a sort of sack or cocoon covered with bits of twigs and leaves One end of the cocoon is left open, and through this the worm sticks its head and feet, thus carrying its jacket around with it while eating.

The earth-worms are very striking. They all possess much more springing power than any I ever saw at home. Even the small, common kinds will jump entirely off the ground when touched. Some grow to an enormous size. The largest I saw this summer were fully ten inches long and from three-eighths to one-half an inch through when contracted. Some are beautifully striped — in rings — with a prevailing blue color, but changing in the light like variegated silk.—C. M. Cady.

A robin fights. While on a tramp, one day, I saw a robin give a cow-bird a sound thrashing.

A "fish-fly" walks out. I found, one day, in Wine creek, some queer-shaped larvæ. They looked like large wrigglers I picked some up and, while looking at them, I saw the back of one split open, and out walked a fish-fly. I thought it would have trouble in getting its tail out, but it did n't. It just gave a twist and out came the tail.—F. V. Corregan, Oswego, N. Y.

Strange food for tortoises and mice. I am very much interested in the attempt to teach habits of scientific observation to the young people of our country, and therefore venture to send you two facts new to me in regard to the feeding habits of animals. Last summer I was passing through a grove, about twenty rods from the Housatonic river, when my attention was attracted by a large turtle (for reasons mentioned below, I think it was a land-tortoise, though I do not know one kind of turtle from another), with its neck stretched out to its utmost extent, busily engaged about something. As I drew near, it pulled in its head with a sharp hiss, and I saw that it was standing near a fungus, or toad-stool, about an inch thick and three inches across (when whole), nearly half of which looked as if it had been nibbled away; and, on looking at the tortoise's mouth, I saw bits of the toad-stool sticking to it. On mentioning this to my brother (who knows far more about animals than I), he said, "That is queer, for I found a land-tortoise eagerly eating a toad-stool in my woods, this summer." My brother lives on Long Island.

For many months my sister and I have been puzzled by seeing a mouse in our room, though he had no apparent hiding-place. One window of ours always stands open at the top all summer, and below it is a thick woodbine. One evening in September, I was busily writing by this window, of which the blinds were closed, but the slats open, when I heard a tapping noise, which I thought was insects Looking up, however, I saw a little mouse, which, on seeing me, disappeared through the slats of the blind. I sat quite still, and in a minute he came back, and, to my astonishment, began catching and eating the small insects which my light had attracted to the window. He was not a field mouse, but an ordinary house-mouse, and could not have been driven to this diet by extreme hunger, for he was very plump.

Perhaps these habits in mice and turtles may be well known, but, as I never heard of them, I venture to send them to you.

Yours truly, V. Butler, Stockbridge, Mass.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT OF TEXAS.

THIS remarkable plant of Texas is one not frequently spoken of by botanists, but nevertheless it is interesting and worthy of a high place among the many beautiful flowers and plants which clothe the boundless plains of Texas during eight months of the year. In its style of growth it somewhat resembles the climbing rose, and is covered with densely grown and flexible thorns about a quarter of an inch long, and turned backward like hooks. Its top (that part above the earth's surface) dies out when the cold "northers" begin to blow; but early in spring the tender shoots spring up from the old stock. It thrives best among rocks mixed with the yellow alkaline clay common to these regions. Its flower is of the most exquisite and delicate beauty, and its delicious perfume is not to be classed with that of the rose or other sweet-scented domestic flowers. The flower, when blooming, does not burst open after the manner of the rose, but in one night a myriad of little silk-like threads or petals of a deep pink color shoot out from a green ball, much resembling those seen on the sycamore, though much smaller; and, as the king of day peeps smilingly over the distant horizon, it greets him with its delicate beauty and delicious odor. But now we come to the remarkable part of its structure, the leaves. These grow from each side of a stem much in the same manner as those on a walnut tree, but of course not so large, the entire stem rarely exceeding an inch in length. Now draw your finger along this stem, touching the bright green leaves on either side, and what happens? The instant you remove your finger the little leaves close with the uppermost sides tight together, and thus they remain for several hours, as though insulted by such an act of impudence. Even the touch of a stick or a strong wind will close these ill-tempered leaves. If you touch one individual leaf it closes, while the others remain in their natural position.

This plant is also known as the "Indian tracker," it being said that the Indians, who now roam about over the beautiful plains of the Indian Territory, and even on those of Texas, used to track their enemies and game by observing the condition of leaves on the sensitive plant.

It also grows in Missouri, and, perhaps, in Arkansas, but among the rocky hills and cañons of Texas seems to be at home.—Alfred V. Kern, Wichita Falls, Wichita Co., Texas.

YOUNG WALKING-STICKS.

I WILL tell you about a walking-stick I caught last summer. It was the largest one I had ever seen, though they are quite numerous in the woods about here. It measured four inches from its head to its tail. While waiting to get a bottle to preserve it in, I kept it in a small pasteboard box, and when I was ready to transfer it to the bottle of alcohol, I found it had laid six eggs The eggs were about the size of a large pin's-head, oval in shape, shiny black about four-fifths of their length, the other fifth white. Well, I put the bug in the bottle, and glued the eggs on a piece of stiff paper and put them away in a pasteboard box The other day I happened to open the box and found that two of the eggs had hatched. The inmate of one was a perfectly formed little walking-stick one-fourth of an inch long, its legs about the thickness of a fine hair, and the same length as its body. The other one was two-thirds outside of its shell, and was of a bright green color.—John H. Kinzie, Riverside, Illinois.

EXCHANGES.

MOUNTED microscopic objects, mostly vegetal, for others, or for books on the microscope, vegetable histology, etc.—A. E. Warren, Jefferson, O.

Determined botanical specimens, for same. Send lists.—Norman C. Wilson, The Dalles, Oregon, Sec. Ch. 28.

Correspondence solicited.—Ch. 187, Newburyport, Mass. G. A. Noyes, Sec., Box 933.

I shall be glad to send specimens of anything I can get here, to those who will pay the postage, or send pressed flowers in return. —Kittie C. Roberts, 212 W. Peachtree street, Atlanta, Georgia.

A CORRECTION.

WE were misinformed by an unscrupulous person regarding our badge-maker, Mr. Hayward. He has not retired from business, but may be addressed as heretofore at 702 Broadway, N. Y.

CHAPTERS, NEW AND REORGANIZED.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
975	London, Eng. (G)	4	Francis Felix Francillon, 21 Regent's Park Terrace, Gloucester gate, London, N. W.
230	Brazil, Ind. (A)	11	Geo. B. Bennett, Box 169.
28	The Dalles, Oregon (A)	12	Norman C. Wilson, Wasco Co.

DISBANDED.

834	Westfield, Mass. (A)	Miss Mary D. Clark.
511	Blackwater, Florida (A)	Miss Kittie C. Roberts.

Secretaries of Chapters 701–800 will kindly forward their reports as soon as convenient. All are invited to join the Association.

Address all communications for this department, to

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

CONNECTED PYRAMIDS. Centrals, Pastoral. Cross-words: 1. P. 2. bAa. 3. guSto. 4. MonTero. 5. O. 6. eRa. 7. leAch. 8. galLeon.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Engine.

BURIED QUADRUPEDS. 1. Alpaca. 2. Beaver. 3. Bison. 4. Ermine. 5. Chamois. 6. Genet. 7. Loris. 8. Llama. 9. Lemur. 10. Paco. 11. Paca. 12. Panda. 13. Tapir. 14. Jackal.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Hap. 3. Humor. 4. Cambric. 5. Pored. 6. Rid. 7. C.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Leap. 2. Earl. 3. Area. 4. Plan. II. 1. Plan. 2. Line. 3. Ants. 4. Nest. III. 1. Plan. 2. Love. 3. Arts. 4. Nest. IV. 1. Nest. 2. Echo. 3. Show. 4. Town.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cold wave; finals, Manitoba. Cross-words: 1. ClaM. 2. OlgA. 3. LoaN. 4. DemI. 5. WanT. 6 AltO. 7. VerB. 8. EllA.

TRIANGULAR PRISM. From 1 to 2, Celt; from 1 to 3, chip; from 2 to 5, toupettit; 1 to 4, catechism; 3 to 6, proboscis; 4 to 5, mint; 4 to 6, mass; 5 to 6, trellis

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Michaelmas; from 11 to 20, roast goose. Cross-words: 1. Macaroni. 2. Bibulous. 3. Peculiar. 4. Cashiers. 5. Gratuity. 6. Deterges. 7. Lampoons. 8. Imporous. 9. Chastise. 10. Pristine.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Graceful, tossing plume of glowing gold,
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge.

Seaside Goldenrod.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Bacon. 2. Aroma. 3. Coped. 4. Omega. 5. Nadab.

OCTAGON. 1. Hop. 2. Papal. 3. Harelip. 4. Operate. 5. Palaver. 6. Liter. 7. Per.

BEHEADINGS. Thomas Edison. Cross-words: 1. T-hank. 2. H-aunt. 3. O-pens. 4. M-isle. 5. A-skew. 6. S-urge. 7. E-bony. 8. D-rink. 9. I-deal. 10. S-ewer. 11. O-read. 12. N-once.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Husking frolic.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name, but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1"—Topsy and Eva—"Betsy and Bob"—Jo and I—Maggie T. Turrill—Shumway Hen and Chickens—Joseph Brobston, Jr.—Mary Ludlow—The Spencers—Little Miss Muffet—Francis W. Islip—Two Cousins—C. and H. Condit—H. and S.—Madge and the Dominie—"Dash"—"Original Puzzle Club"—J. L. A. O. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Pelham, 1—Reba Neal, 3—C. E. Thompson, 1—Paul Reese, 2—C. R. M., 1—Capt. Bomb, 5—Maud E. Palmer, 8—Mamma and Katie, 1—Capt. Dag, 1—Tripod, 1—"A. D. Onis," 1—Birdie Koehler, 7—Kittie, Belle, and Bird, 2—R. G. Welson, 1—Yum-Yum, 1—Gum Tree, 3—Bee, 2—R. H. Wedin, 1—Moses, 1—W. L. C., 3—Mush and Milk, 4—J. C. A., 5—Fin, Fur, and Feather, 3—"Me and Be," 4—A. Maude Doty, 2—E. D. N., 4—"Pards," 5—Lena B. R. Pierce, 4—"Sophia and Traddles," 5—C. Furstenberg, 1—W. K. C., 1—J. and M., 3—Aloha, 3—D. B. Shumway, 7—Effie K. Talboys, 5—E. E. P. and A. S. C., 3—"Whiskers," 1—Mamie R., 8—T. J. S., 4—Nellie and Reggie, 8—A. Hieronymous, 4—"Agricola," 6—Spa, 1—Mab, 4—M. L. Everett, 8—L. C. B., 8—"Retlaw," 1—Bat and Ball, 1—F. D., 5—"B. L. Z. Bub, No. 2," 8—Addie C. Bowles, 1—Mary and Sallie Viles, 7—L. M. B., 8—Lee, 5—Jack Tar, 1.

DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD the first word indicated by stars to make the second, the second to make the third, and so on.

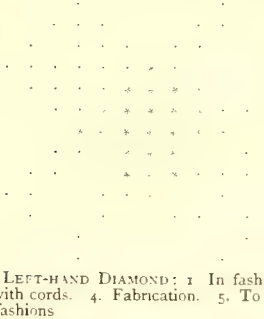
The ship rode in an * * * * * * * bay;
Asleep, * * * * * * *, the master lay;
A * * * * * * and rugged man was he,
And, like the * * * * *, at home at sea;
He, like the * * * *, swooped on his prey,
Whene'er the * * came his way.
But now, while * the needle kept,
Forgetting all, he lay and slept.

E. L. E.

EASY HALF-SQUARE.

1. AN isthmus through which a canal is being cut. 2. Out of a straight line. 3. A girl's name. 4. A girl's name. 5. A personal pronoun. 6. In half-square.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In fashions. 2. A cover. 3. Fastened with cords. 4. Fabrication. 5. To condescend. 6. A title. 7. In fashions.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In fashions. 2. Part of a flower. 3. An artificial water-course. 4. Papal envoys. 5. A coloring substance. 6. A portion. 7. In fashions.

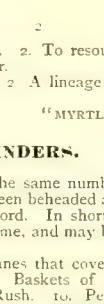
III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In fashions. 2. To doze. 3. Dating from one's birth. 4. Constitutions. 5. A city in Italy. 6. A meadow. 7. In fashions.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In fashions. 2. A dance. 3. A public house. 4. Heeds. 5. A kind of nut. 6. Three-fifths of a musical term meaning slowly. 7. In fashions.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In fashions. 2. To endeavor. 3. Equipped. 4. Poetical companions. 5. An affray. 6. A river in Scotland. 7. In fashions.

M. A. S.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



UPPER SQUARE: 1. A denomination. 2. To resound. 3. The sovereign prince of Tartary. 4. To inter.

LOWER SQUARE: 1. A kind of nail. 2. A lineage. 3. A piece of land. 4. Achievement.

Diagonals, from 1 to 2, a case.

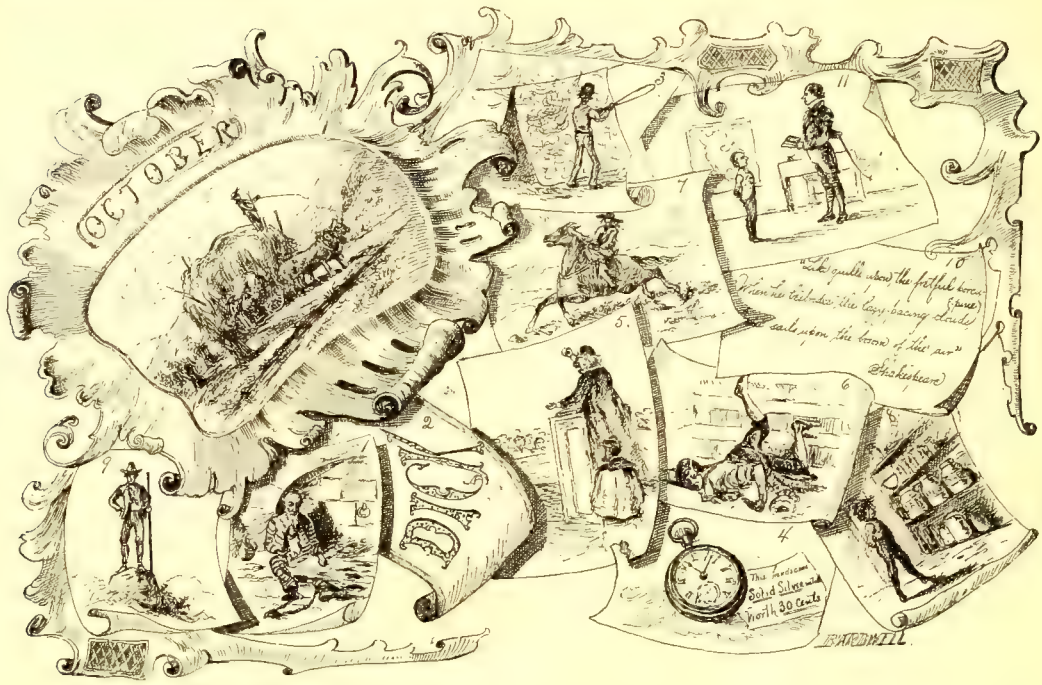
"MYRTLE GREEN."

UNIFORM REMAINDERS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters; and the letters of each word, after it has been beheaded and curtailed, may be transposed to spell the same word. In short, the middle letters of each word described are the same, and may be transposed to form the same word.

1. Zealous. 2. Rancor. 3. Membranes that cover the brains. 4. To exchange. 5. To impede. 6. Baskets of wicker-work. 7. Uttered foolishly. 8. Divided. 9. Rush. 10. Pertaining to a Mediterranean island. 11. Looked earnestly. 12. Negotiates.

SIDNEY J.



EACH of the small pictures may be described by a word which rhymes with "celebration." The initial letters of the words to be supplied spell a busy season of the year. The following lines hint at the meaning of each picture:

My first is great ——— ;
My next a common ——— ;
My third a thorough ——— ;
My fourth an under ——— ;
My fifth an earnest ——— ;
My sixth a painful ——— ;
My seventh, rapid ——— ;
My eighth, a terrible ——— ;
My ninth, a perfect ——— ;
My tenth, a foolish ——— ;
My last, compulsory ———

"ROB ROY."

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. MY primals spell one who inherits; my finals, a weaver's machine; primals and finals combined, a personal chattel, which descends by inheritance.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to herbs. 2. An inhabitant of a northern country. 3. A coloring matter. 4. Redemption.

II. MY primals and finals each spell a name for the sperm whale.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fastening. 2 Like a monkey. 3. Demented. 4. Songs of a certain kind. 5. Singly. 6. Smallest. 7. The emblem of peace. 8. A South American animal.

"EUREKA" AND MAX.

PI.

THREE si a tabufile tripis ringbathe wno
Tis wellom chinsers no eth drescutle steer,
Dan, morf a breake lufl fo cresthi syde,
Gourpin wen rylog no eth mutnau dowos,
Nad grippnid ni rawm ghlit eth lardpile uscold.

ANNIE AND A.

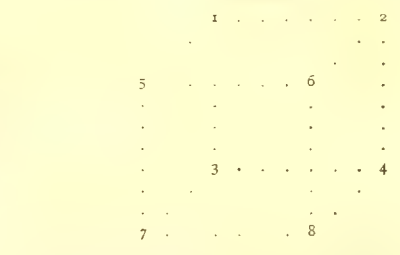
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and forty letters, and form a stanza by Bryant.

My 101–98–106–115 is a vast number. My 125–22–53 is astern. My 73–107–136–79 is animation. My 45–57–116–4 is to move. My 105–48 127–28 is unmixed. My 107–83–59 is used for illuminating purposes. My 17–63–90 is a nickname for Boston. My 69–34–111–119–13 is a fine city. My 99–134–70–92–49 is to appropriate. My 129–2–122–25–40 is the name of an eminent English naturalist and divine of Selborne. My 35–6–132–65 is the name of a distinguished American poet and artist, born in 1822. My 94–26–32–112–1–8 is a name well known to literature, borne by a man and his wife. My 97–103–21–43–15–18–96–55 is another similar name. My 88–21–138–140 is a famous English humorist and author My 67–75–61–7–71 is the reputed author of the Iliad. My 113–50–11–102–37–12–91–38–114 is an eminent poet born at Pallas, in Ireland, in 1728. My 47–76–109–86–42 is a celebrated Italian epic poet. My 81–29–23–124–27–20–84 is the inventor of the Kindergarten. My 110–14–126–51–16 is a celebrated Scottish poet. My 117–135–72–3 is "The Bard of Twickenham." My 78–128–5–68–120–41 is a poet now living. My 130–46–64–36–131–44 is a famous writer of witty verses and essays. My 121–62–30–137–82–89–139–85–118–33 is the best-known American poet. My 58–9–104–66–87 is "The Wizard of the North." My 108–39–10–24–123–95–56–80–60 is the real name of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh." My 133–52–93–77–74–19–54 is the real name of "Boz."

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

CUBE.



ON a pleasant day in August we took one of the many 1 *to* 2 plying between city and 2 *to* 4, and with 3 *to* 4 hearts started on a day's pleasure trip. Some 5 *to* 7 pointed out many objects of interest. On landing, we took a stroll and then seated ourselves on some old 1 *to* 5 to eat a 6 *to* 8 and to watch the beautiful white 3 *to* 7 that were 1 *to* 3 over the water. A few 5 *to* 6, trying to gain health and 7 *to* 8 by a plunge in salt water, were thrown into a panic by a mischievous boy who cried out that he saw 2 *to* 6 close by. The bathers were glad to take refuge on solid 4 *to* 8.

"KATASHAW."

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the second and the sixth row of letters will each spell a name given to the last day of October.

1. Military. 2. A small round mass. 3. Smoothly. 4. To treat with tenderness. 5. A company of travelers. 6. Capable of being molded. 7. Ardent. 8. Blooming. 9. Gross. 10. Regards with reverence 11 To retain. 12. A little ring.

F. S. F.